Isadora Meets Her Match, By Erica Jong

The Mysterious Death of a Master Wiretapper

What Teddy Kennedy Is Thinking Now

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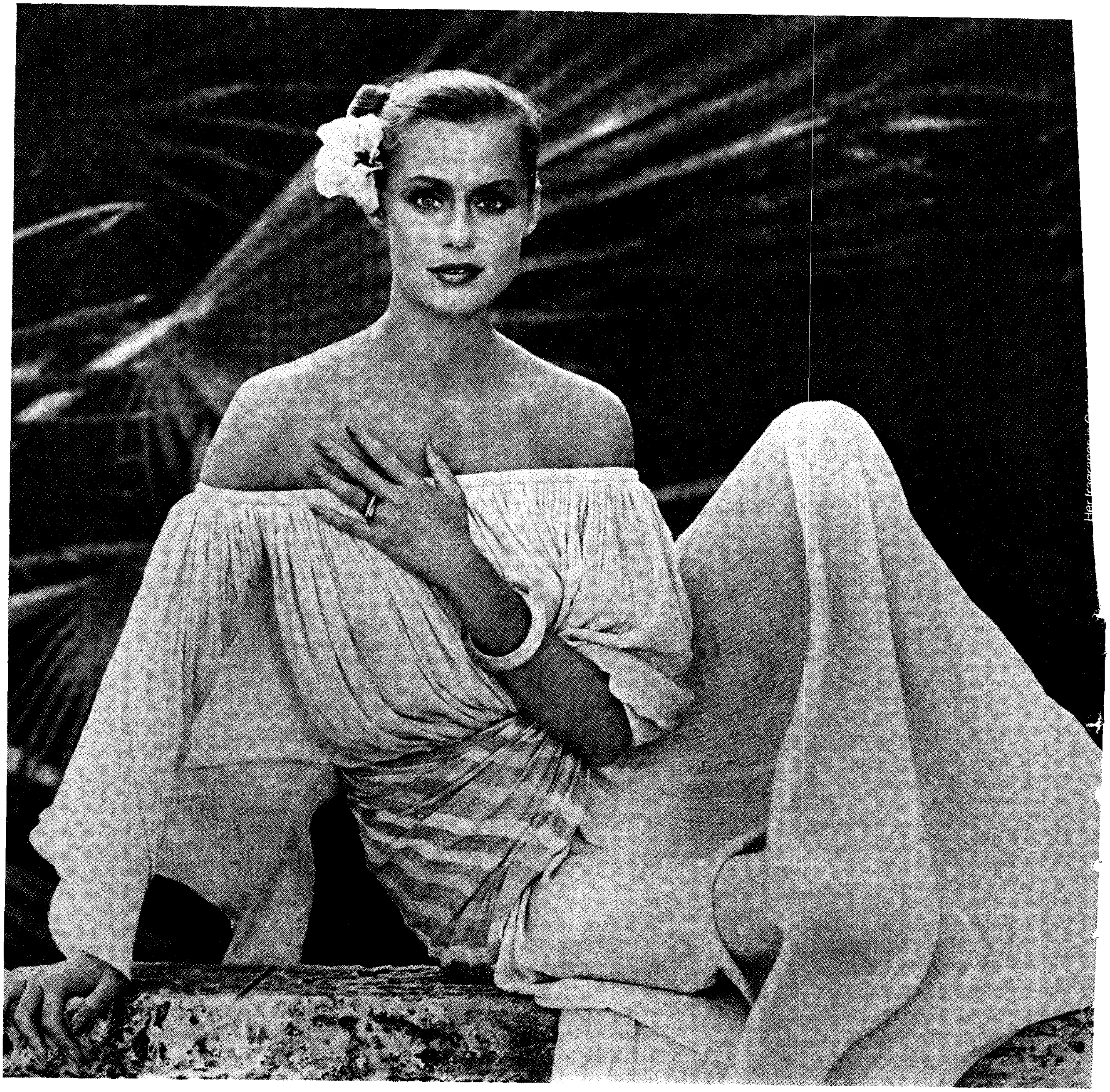

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'ULTIMA' II
CHARLES REVSON

VOL. 10 NO. 11

MARCH 14, 1977

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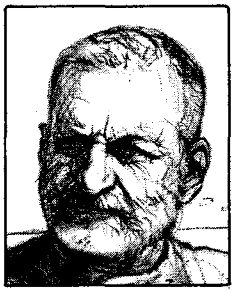
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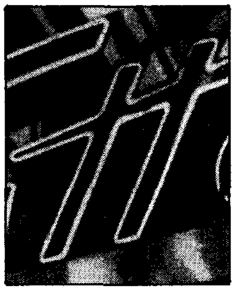
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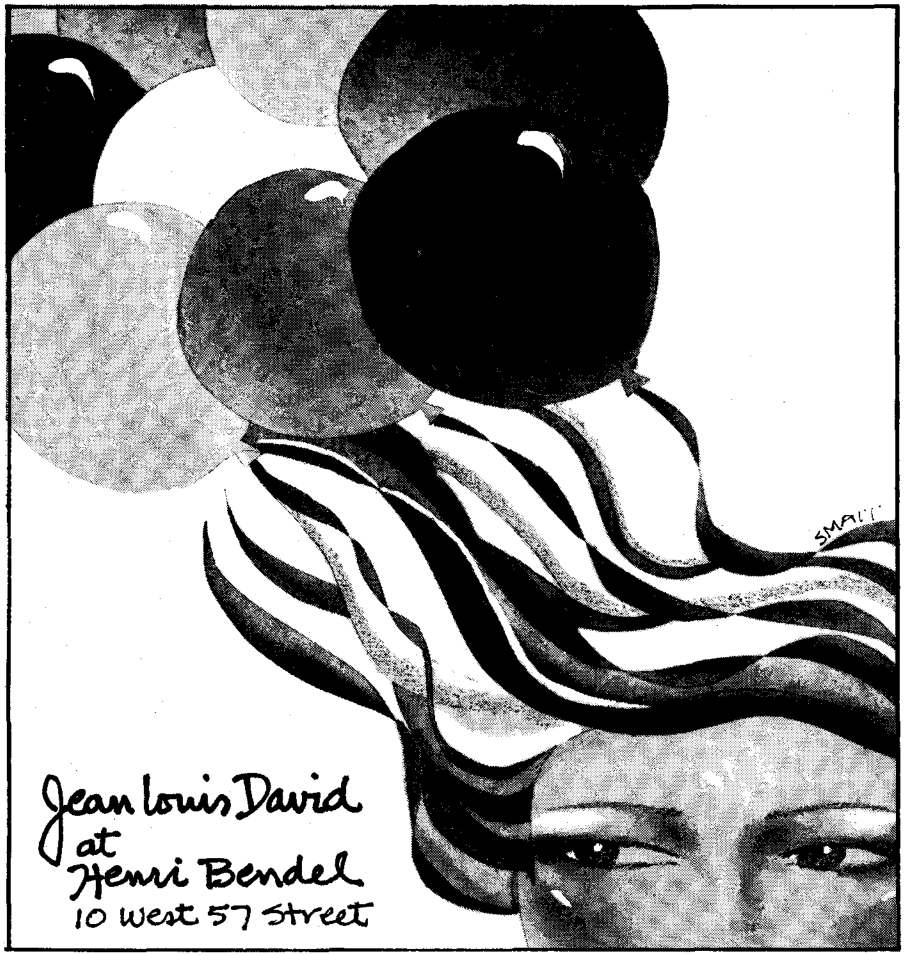

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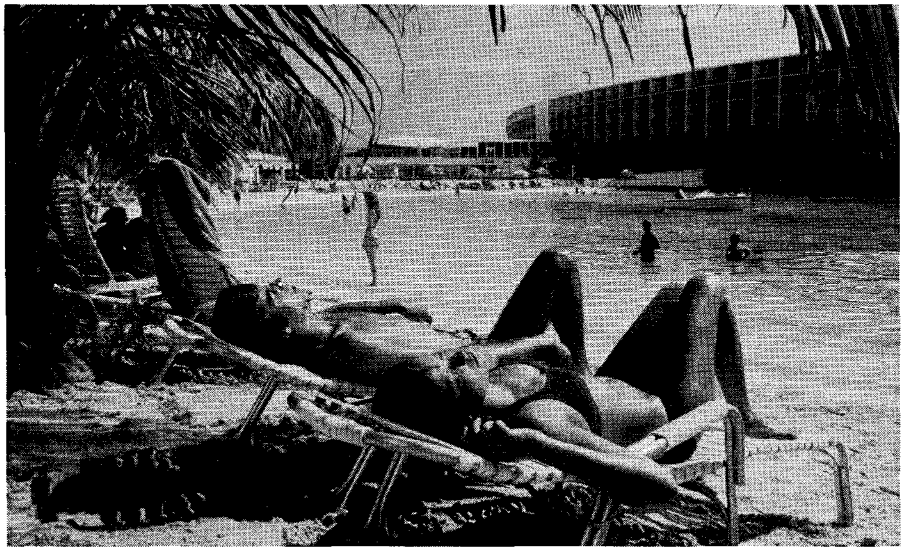

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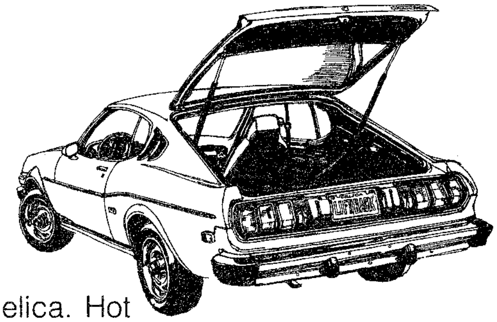
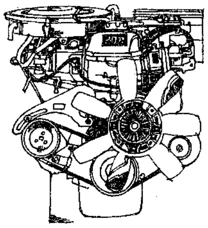
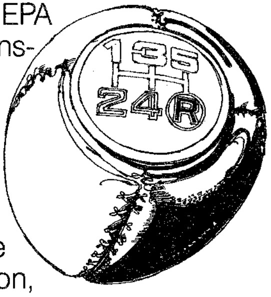


That's the 1977 Toyota Celica. Hot because Celica was chosen as Motor Trend's 1976 Import Car of the Year. Hot because there are three models, including the racy '77 GT Liftback. Hot because the Celicas are built with Toyota's famous toughness and durability. Their welded unitized-body construction eliminates body nuts and bolts to make them three of the most durable cars on the road.



Hot Performer. The '77 Celicas are powered by the revolutionary 20R engine—a 2.2 liter overhead cam design. Built from the ground up to give power, durability, and great gas mileage. For example: In 1977 EPA tests the Celica GT with 5-speed transmission got 37 mpg highway, 22 mpg city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California and EPA designated high altitude ratings will be lower.



Hot Items. A lot of hot features come standard on the 1977 Celicas. Like MacPherson strut front suspension, steel-belted radials, power front disc brakes, rally clock, reclining bucket seats, tinted glass, and much more. We're proud of the '77 Celicas. In fact, we're proud enough to say, if you can find a better built small car than Toyota...buy it.

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LETTERS

Where There's Smoke There's Ire

"Twenty-six Hours of Insanity: A Marijuana Nightmare," by Robert Tucker [February 21], reinforces my previous suspicion that psychologists are the most unstable individuals in our society. First off, don't mix scotch and wine before smoking good Colombian. Second of all, don't write about it afterward. If the symptoms produced by extremely strong marijuana are not what you desire (e.g., time-space distortion, memory impairment, fragmented speech, confusion, irrelevance), then I'd suggest staying away not only from grass, but also from liquor, big cities, psychology textbooks, family life, television, and any other upsetting elements.

Hamilton Kahn
Truro, Mass.

The article on a colleague's bad reaction to marijuana is an excellent report and a warning as to its adverse effects on some people. Drugs affect people differently and sometimes dangerously. Once, during a visit to a psychiatric hospital in Salé, Morocco, I saw a whole ward of patients hospitalized as a result of prolonged cannabis-smoking. Although it is not physically addictive, it should be used with caution, if at all.

Dr. Pierre C. Haber
Manhattan

Good "Dr. Smith" [the pseudonym of the psychologist who had the bad marijuana experience] might indeed find it to his advantage not to mix booze with the weed until he has enough experience to handle both. Perhaps he should stick with nicotine and alcohol—both are government-supported, despite the well-known and well-documented lethal implications.

L. Fernandez
Charlestown, Mass.

The subject of the possible dangers or harmful side effects of marijuana usage is still highly controversial and I don't intend to argue for either side. What's unbelievably alarming is the thought that an individual such as your 35-year-old psychologist is behind the wheel of a car when he is in no condition to drive responsibly. There are enough traffic accidents and fatalities on our roads today without adding the menace of your Dr. Smith.

Renée Solomon
Bayside, N.Y.

Why don't you do articles on how easy it is to walk into any park in New York and get drugs, many more dangerous than marijuana? Why don't you do articles on legal versions of amyl nitrite, which any teenager can purchase anywhere in New York, rather than pick on a relatively harmless drug which is certainly here to stay? Your article misses the point.

Michael Luther
Manhattan

At last, an article that is down-to-earth even though it is about getting high. The ills of marijuana will never be known unless personal experiences (like Smith's) are printed. Thank you!

Nancy Husos
Newburgh, N.Y.

"Twenty-six Hours of Insanity" certainly *was* a nightmare. That scandal-sheet sensationalism belongs to the "reefer madness" of the thirties. At a time when the state legislature is finally reconsidering one of Rockefeller's disastrous drug laws, it's a kick in your readers' heads.

A dozen joints and one freakout do not make a drug expert, no matter what his psychiatric credentials are. The medic's description suggests the effects of grass mixed with PCP (phencyclidine—an animal tranquilizer that has disorienting and quasi-hallucinogenic effects in humans), though Dr. Smith may simply have been higher than he expected on some good weed and gotten scared—this does occasionally happen to naïve smokers, especially in an unfamiliar setting. Whatever the cause of this episode, such idiosyncratic reactions do not justify repressive laws any more than the deadlier effects of alcohol misuse justified the whole crazy scenario of Prohibition. By the way, are you sure some DEA man didn't dream up this tale over some confiscated dope?

Gary Stimeling
Science editor, *High Times* magazine

"Twenty-six Hours of Insanity" could very well have been used on a final exam in experimental psychology, followed by the question "How many factors render this account invalid or unreliable?"

Granted, Dr. Smith's "nightmare" was not a laboratory experiment and should not be held to such strict critical observation. Yet, Dr. Tucker does purport to offer a cogent analysis and a conclusion. Why was marijuana found to be the culprit? The evidence for it is no stronger than for the martini he drank, the scotch, the wine, or his own metabolic instability. As Dr. Tucker suggests, perhaps the real source of trouble was the mixture of liquor with particularly strong pot. How does this lead to a conclusion which blames the latter rather than the former?

Alan Froggatt
Princeton, N.J.

SUNY Side Up

As a member of the State University Board of Trustees serving with representatives of City University's Board of Higher Education on a joint committee actively examining inter-institutional coordination, I must take exception to unwarranted and misleading statements by Ronald Rubin in the "City Politic" entitled "CUNY's Future: It's All Politics" [February 14].

Rubin's perception of SUNY as a threat to CUNY's future is well refuted in the following quote from a position paper on governance recently adopted by the State University's trustees.

> ...We are persuaded that while we work vigorously to keep vital both State and City Universities as separate institutions, we also must be prepared to consider creative options if the status quo should sharply shift. . . . If it should turn out that a new public higher education arrangement in New York is the best alternative to weakening either SUNY or CUNY, we will then firmly commit ourselves to the search for a new design. But that moment has not arrived, nor do we think it will.

The executive committees of both the SUNY and CUNY faculty senates share the deep regard of their governing boards for the preservation of quality public higher education in New York State. The committees have met on their own initiative and are continuing to collaborate.

Donald Blinken
Manhattan

Canine Correction

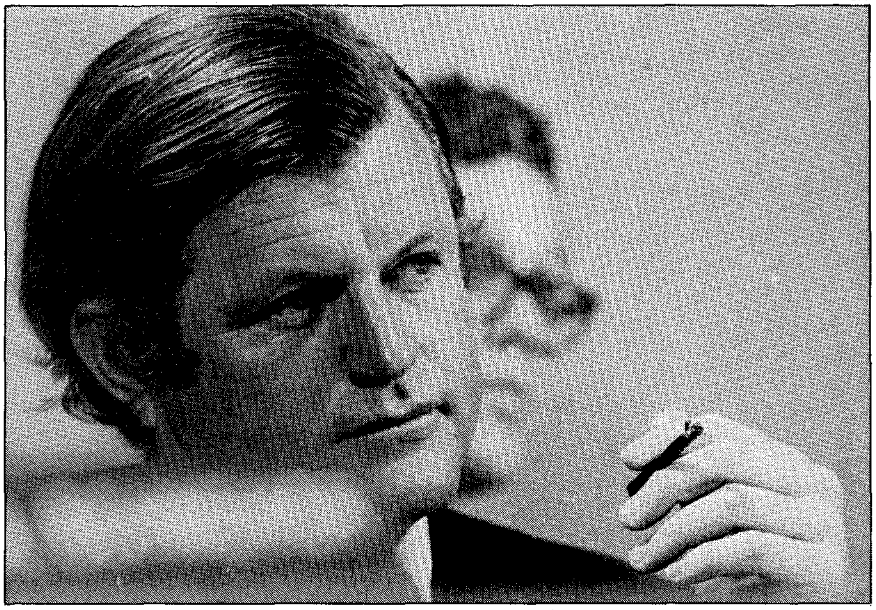
The "poodle" keeping Nancy Graves company on page 59 of your February 28 issue ("Feel of Flying," by Thomas B. Hess) is a Kerry blue terrier—the national dog of Ireland.

Jeff Malester
Montvale, N.J.

The Capitol Letter/Nick Thimmesch

THE SENIOR MR. KENNEDY: HUNKERING DOWN TO WORK

UPI



Senator Kennedy: *"I find my juices are still running. I enjoy my work."*

"He's come a long way since Chappaquiddick," observes a Republican senator of estimable reputation. "There's an unspoken admiration for him just for sticking to it. I differ with him on national health and six other issues, but I've got to give him credit for hunkering down to his work. He's still glamorous, but he's lost that air of elitism. He's far more accepted by his colleagues. Kennedy's a better senator and has better control of his staff now. He's not so surprised to find something for the first time in his speeches.

"He's never extinguished the presidential thought, nor should he. But now, instead of being the scion of the Kennedy family who fell from grace, he has made himself solid and could run on his own terms."

What has happened is that Edward Moore Kennedy has grown up in the U.S. Senate. He is no longer just an appealing heir to the Kennedy name or a megaphone-advocate for the left. Kennedy is now a powerful senator, and in the weeks ahead that power will show itself as Congress comes to grips with its chores.

Kennedy is now 45, older than his brothers were when they ran for the presidency. More liberal than JFK or RFK, more thoroughly grounded in issues, he is certainly more a "Man of the Senate." Jack was standoffish as a senator, easily bored. Bobby Kennedy was impatient, anxious to take hold and command. Teddy is collegial enough to please Jim Eastland, judiciary-committee chairman, and to develop an accommodation with hardy John McClellan, criminal-laws-and-procedures-subcommittee chairman.

When Teddy went to the Senate fourteen years ago, President John F. Kennedy already had one kid brother in town, Bobby Kennedy, and wasn't totally pleased with growing criticism of a Kennedy dynasty. But tragedy and time have greatly changed Teddy's lot. He has spent nearly two thirds of his adult life in the Senate, is the nineteenth-ranked Democrat, and will probably be chairman of the powerful judiciary committee in two years. He is a classic beneficiary of the seniority system.

He rambles when he talks, creating a fragmented, even frenzied, picture of what must be done. He runs his hand through his shock of russet hair (tufts of gray over the ears), puffs on panatelas, and roars laughter when provoked. Suntanned and less paunchy than he was a year or two ago, he seems relieved of the strain of having others play his name for president, as they did in 1968, 1972, and 1976.

"You usually run for the presidency just one time," he says, "and that office offers an opportunity to impact on people's lives. But the Senate does too. What goes on here sometimes makes an impact beyond what a lot of presidents can achieve."

During the Nixon and Ford years, Kennedy was often up on his hind legs, baying liberal vehemence against the foe in the White House. Kennedy's charisma and following almost dictated that, in the name of the Democratic party. Now, with a Democrat in the White House, there is no need for Kennedy to rally troops. Kennedy wasn't very visible during inauguration week. "This is his time," he says of Jimmy Carter.

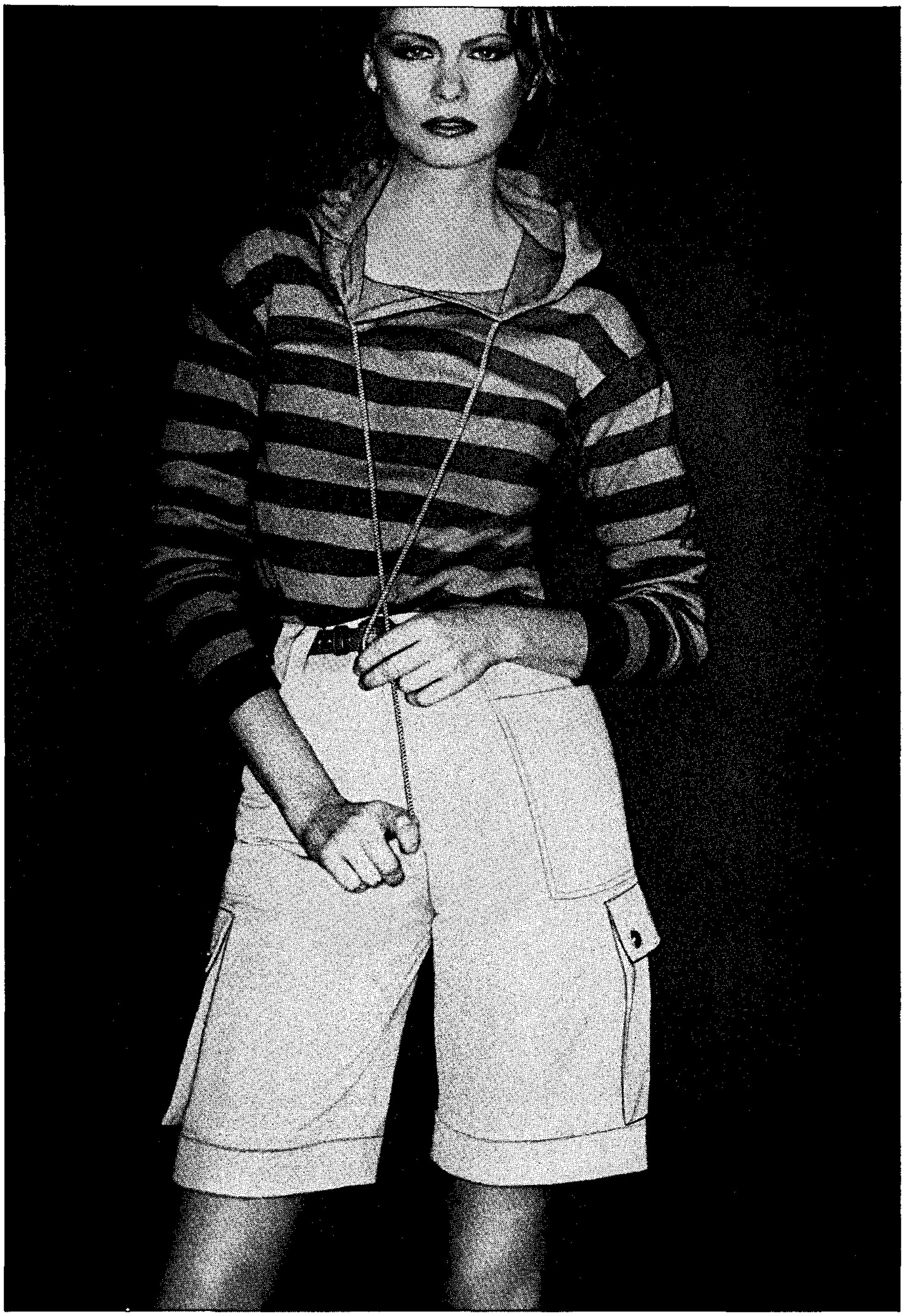
"There's a sense of hope and anticipation up here. There's a lot going for President Carter, a sense of well-being toward the new administration. There will be no upstaging. We're off to a new start, and I look forward to being part of the effort."

As the new chairman of the antitrust-and-monopoly subcommittee, Kennedy promises "an extremely active agenda." The Nader hyperactivists want Kennedy to use his new post to wage major war on corporate crime, to conduct sensational hearings replete with juicy details on bribery, embezzlement, kickbacks, and other cardinal sins of executive life.

It won't happen quite that way because Kennedy does not want to lose credibility in his other quests—a new criminal code; the innovations he discussed at the joint economic committee; tax reform; and his Holy Grail, a health security system. But Kennedy gives clues when he says, "It's extremely difficult to justify to a young kid who steals a car that he ought to go to jail for two years while someone who steals the treasury of a city gets a slap on the wrist." Kennedy has urged judges to "authorize the same stiff sentences for the businessman or corrupt official who uses a pen instead of a gun to rob the public."

Kennedy is equally firm in pushing for mandatory minimum sentences for criminals convicted of street crimes. Kennedy cuts the air with his hand when he declares that in New York City less than half the crimes are reported, and of every 100 reported, only 1.5 percent wind up with someone going to jail.

"While we want mandatory sentencing, we have a feature providing some flexibility. We will require judges to take a positive action in finding mitigating circumstances which would excuse a convicted felon from a mandatory sentence.



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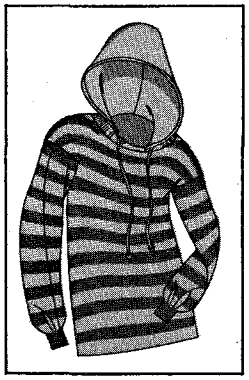

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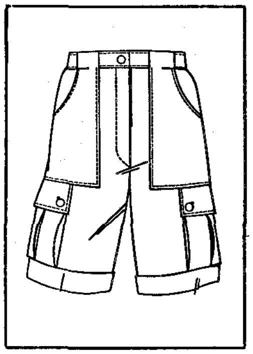

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"The principal victims of crime are poor people. It isn't a liberal or conservative issue. Crime fell into the rhetoric of the Nixon administration. People became either hard or soft on crime. You couldn't be reasonable about it. Liberals were scared off. We have liberals working on all sorts of important issues—energy, health, education—but never on crime.

"But you can't justify this kind of prosecution of street crime if you don't also have vigorous prosecution of white-collar crime. We'll have hearings, but I don't know where we're going with it yet."

Kennedy readied himself for his thrust into anticrime legislation by hiring Kenneth Feinberg, 31, who had been assistant U.S. attorney in the Southern District of New York. "It's hard to say no to him," Feinberg says.

Kennedy's office and committee staffs are the envy of the Senate. The bright young men don't come running as fast as before, but they still arrive, sleeves rolled up. Kennedy actually controls an annual payroll upward of $1 million.

Much of what is drilled into Kennedy's head comes from Harvard. It was Professor James Q. Wilson's heretical treatise on crime (poverty isn't the prime cause, it's permissiveness and soft sentencing) that was absorbed by Kennedy and put to use. Kennedy did not graduate from Harvard Law School, but most of his lawyers did. Even after leaving the staff, the good ones come back for special duty, as Milton Gwirtzman has. He wrote Kennedy's eulogy to his brother Robert, and the speech Kennedy delivered following the sacking of Archibald Cox in the Nixon Saturday Night Massacre. Occasionally, these "outsiders" are paid by the Park Agency, the Kennedy-family business operation.

Indeed, Kennedy is so stuffed with information by this squad of experts that to talk with him is to be earnestly bombarded by facts and figures. He can recite that there are only four brain-scanners (X-ray devices) in all of Britain while there are seven in Boston alone, that the $250 charged for each picture has inflated Medicaid costs and is often unjustified "when you consider that half the children in major cities are not immunized for polio" because of funding cutbacks. "The machines got the money," Kennedy says, and then he's telling how 36 community mental-health hospitals were maintained in the Nixon years, but now, under Carter, "we're down to zero, because technology eats up the money. Half the deficit in New York State's budget is Medicaid. The other half is welfare reform, and I'm hopeful we'll be active in this."

In the middle of his Senate career, Kennedy's high-powered rhetoric against the Vietnam war and defense spending and for social programs was more often cheered by activists than listened to by the Senate's influential. But many a gray head has left the Senate, and Kennedy's younger allies are now as middle-aged as he is. Moreover, there is no more a conservative bloc in the South. Conservative sentiment has swung southwest and west, and northern Senate liberals are the new power bloc. So senior Teddy can swing votes and advance or impede legislation.

Senator George McGovern, admittedly an old friend, has seen Kennedy mature and notes that "he's always had the advantage of an excellent staff, and he makes them work hard. Ted uses his intelligence to ask them a lot of questions, and it makes him creative."

While Teddy is popular in the Senate, his national popularity rises and slips. Senator Howard Baker, when he was hot in the Watergate investigation, actually bested Kennedy in one of Gallup's trial heats. Massachusetts polls usually show Senator Brooke edging Kennedy in public favor. And there is unyielding opposition to Kennedy from the right.

"His moral preachments in the Senate offend me," says Allan Ryskind, Capitol Hill editor of *Human Events,* a conservative weekly, "because of Chappaquiddick. His sermons are reprehensible and grotesque.

"Kennedy attacked South Vietnam and his own government on the refugee situation, and yet he doesn't say a word about the 300,000 prisoners the Vietnamese Communists are holding. There are people on the left, like Joan Baez, criticizing Hanoi on this, but not Kennedy. And he says nothing about the thousands being murdered in Cambodia. He will criticize the Soviets for the way they treat dissidents, and that is good, but he never says a word against the atrocities in the Third World.

"His record on defense spending parallels that of Bella Abzug. His health plan is horrendous. Even the liberals at the Brookings Institution say its cost is astronomical. Kennedy throws dollars at every problem. It upsets my dinner to think that Teddy will one day be chairman of the judiciary committee."

Kennedy is also regarded as a despised traitor by antiabortion and antibusing folk, is under grave suspicion by the more militant women's groups, and is snidely attacked by critics who claim his "indentured servants" (staff) carry loyalty too far. Inform him of all this in droll fashion and he breaks into hearty laughter. "There are those who don't agree with me," he says.

There is toughness and humor in Kennedy that probably saved him from being crushed. He wasn't that eager to take the easy way of becoming a senator in 1962, when his name put him in office. With both brothers alive and way ahead of him, Teddy figured the Senate was his career.

With the assassination of President Kennedy, Teddy's bond with Bobby became closer. Bobby's death was a terrible shock and rooted fatalism in Teddy. He now had Bobby's family to look after, as well as his father, who had been felled by a stroke in 1961. Old Joe hung on, a mute cripple, for eight years. Teddy was often at his side, telling the old Irishman what was going on, hoping for smiles and signs that he understood.

Teddy also went through an airplane crash in 1964 which almost took his life and left him immobilized in a hospital for four months; Chappaquiddick, which goes without saying; the humiliation of losing his Senate-whip job to Senator Robert Byrd; the continuing emotional-alcohol problems of his wife, Joan; and son Teddy's dreadful bout with cancer which cost the youngster a leg and then half his hair to chemotherapy.

Of all this, Kennedy says, without showing emotion and almost like announcing a policy statement: "Anytime you are struck by misfortune, it's an important time for re-evaluation and reflection. That's happened to me under a number of different circumstances. It's an opportunity to sift through what's important and what's less important. Hopefully, you come out with a firmer sense of your own values and a finer sense of what's important in life."

"He thinks about the presidency," says his friend former Senator John Tunney, "but it would take a change in attitude on his part, and that is unlikely. He could make the Senate his only career. He has become first-rate there. Ted has survived even by taking incredibly unpopular stands at times."

"I won't reflect much on my life," Kennedy says. "I go on, but I'm not introspective. I find my juices are still running. I enjoy my work. Being up here fourteen years gives me an advantage in comprehending problems. There's a constant gearing up. Maybe your views aren't correct, but you're in there.

"You feel a sense of being able to handle the job. That's important whether you're a writer, a machine-

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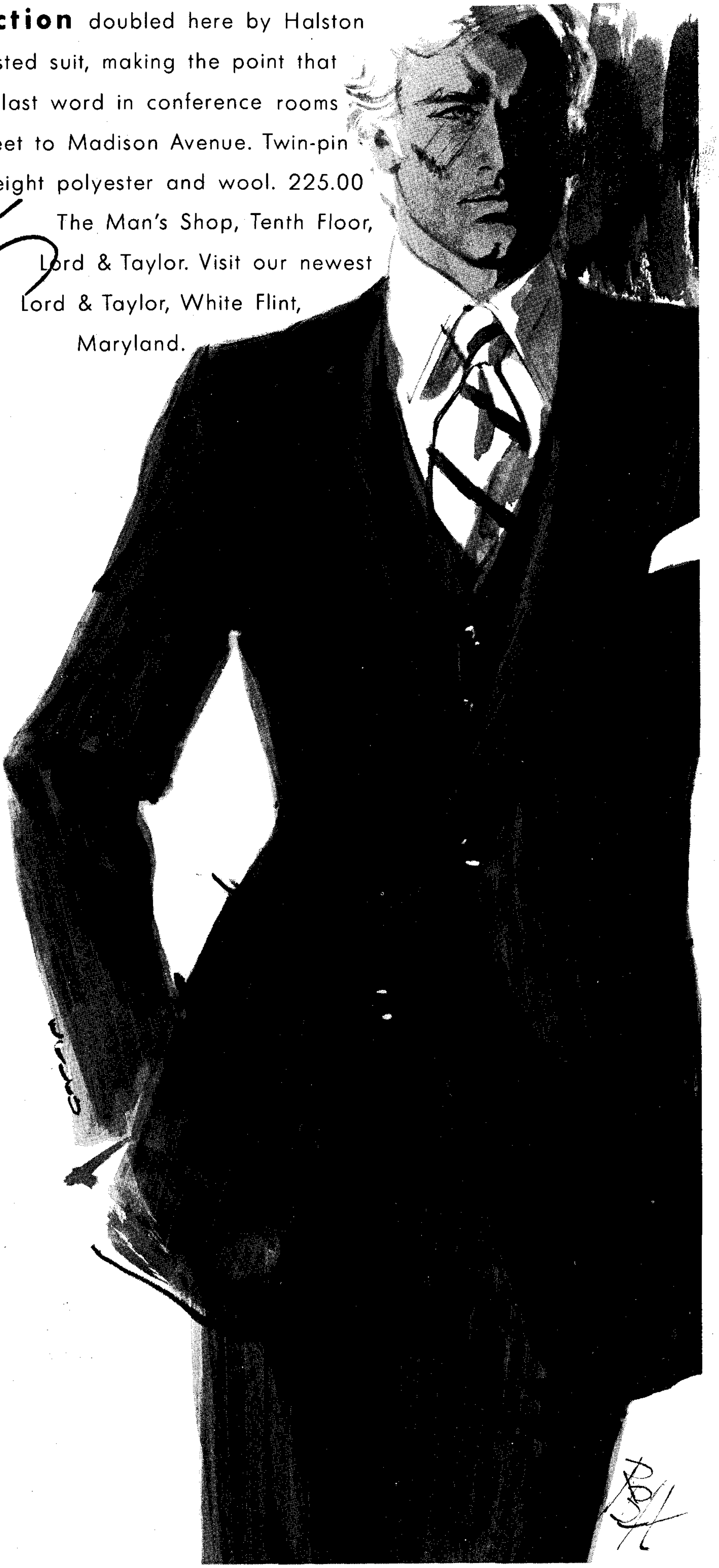


tool operator, or a bus driver—doing it well. You feel you are doing it the best you can."

Teddy has at least a score of nephews and nieces, and he likes to be with them, especially Bobby and Ethel's children. But his special attention goes to 24-year-old Joseph Patrick Kennedy III, whom he has taken in tow for political tutoring.

"Young Joe," as he is called, was appointed Kennedy's campaign manager in his fourth Senate race last fall. Naturally, Teddy won, with 70 percent of the vote. Young Joe described his Kennedy political life this way: "It's like living in South Boston, where the guys take you out in Pleasure Bay and throw you overboard. You either sink or swim. I come from an Irish family, and that is the way it is done."

"Joe is giving consideration to some form of public life," Teddy says, deadpan. "He's really undecided. He's been working on things I've asked him to do out of my Boston office, like the inquiry on the *Argo Merchant* tanker disaster and on matters dealing with the Indians in Mashpee.

"He's very sensitive about what he can bring and is concerned whether he has something to offer. That's a wonderful quality. So many young people at his age think they've got it all. The fact that Joe wonders is good."

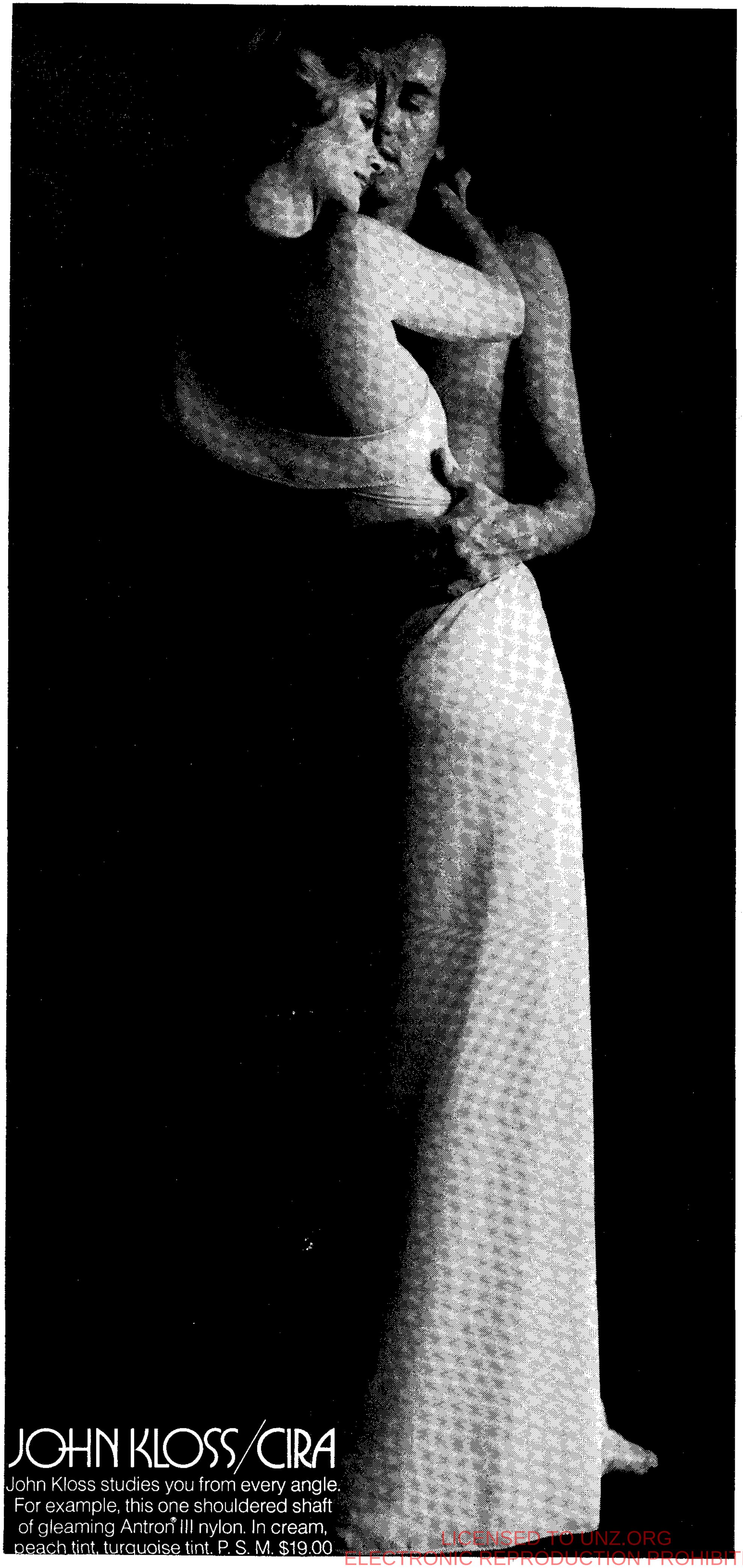
Joe could run for a City Council post in Boston or go the more likely route and run for Congress in 1978. Mike Harrington's seat in the House would be left open if Harrington decided to run for the Senate against Ed Brooke. Somehow, one senses there's another Kennedy coming out of Massachusetts.

At times Teddy is so restless in his conversation that he sounds like the Casey Stengel of the Senate. But then there are times when he sits back, puffs on the panatela, and says, unexpectedly, "I love that quote of Mencken's: 'For every complex problem, there's a simple answer, and it's wrong.' [Loud laugh follows.]

"I'm basically hopeful, though. I got a good deal of that from my parents. They had their reverses. But they had humor."

In half a minute, though, Teddy is urging his visitor to attend "a helluva good lecture this afternoon at Georgetown University sponsored by the Kennedy Institute." He explained: "We've got an awfully good fellow there, and Eunice says today's the best day."

The subject of the lecture, by Father Hans Kung, a liberal Roman Catholic theologian at the University of Tübingen, was "Why Be a Christian?" Teddy was so enthused about Kung that he canceled his schedule to hear him. ▬



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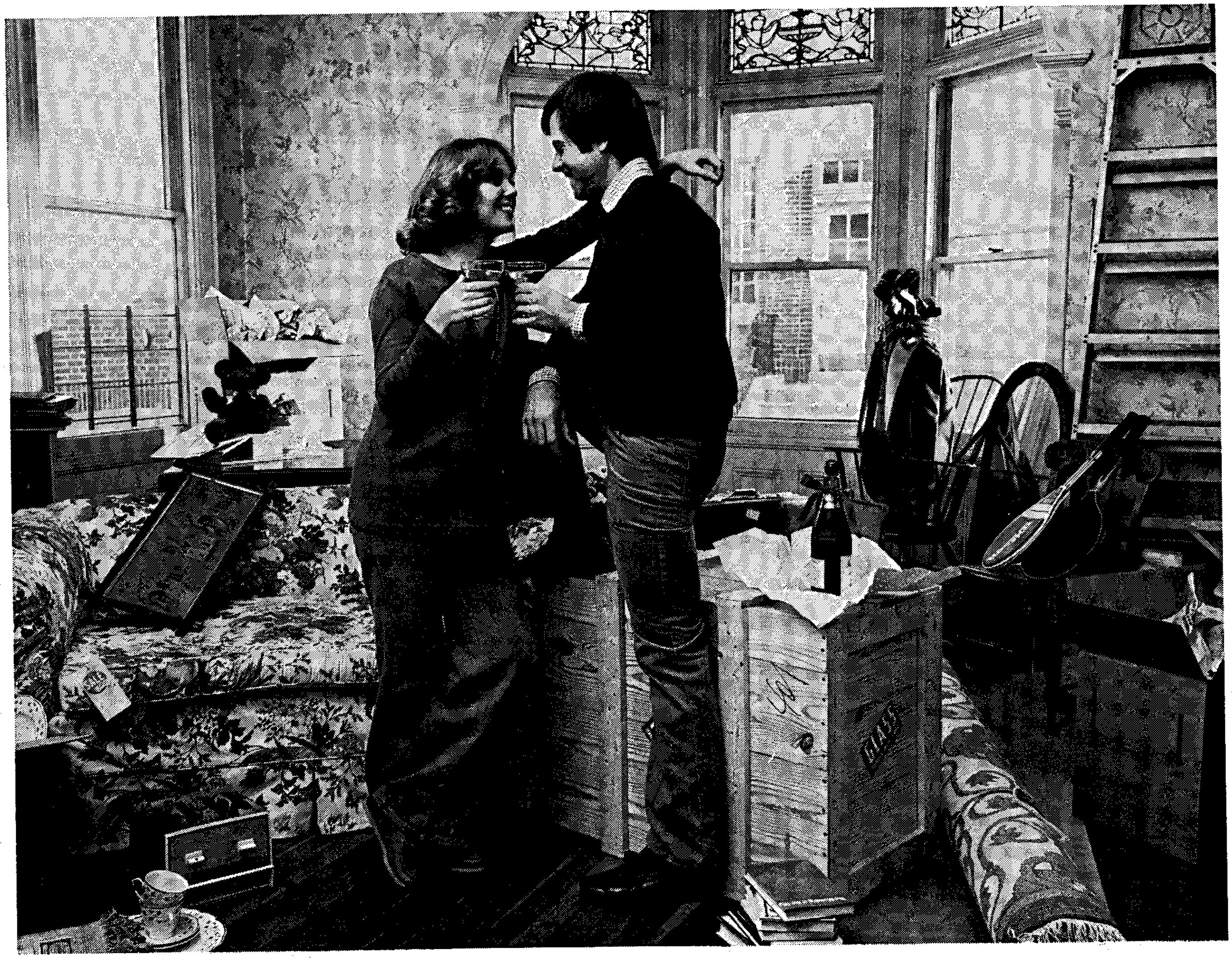

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MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

March 8 through 15

Wednesday, March 9

The Farmer–A returning World War II combat veteran struggles to revive his rundown southern farm. His financial problems get him involved in a violent underworld financial power play. With Gary Conway and Angel Tompkins, directed by David Berlatsky. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Cine; Loews Triplex.

Islands in the Stream–Can best be defined as senescent adolescent fantasy, about Hemingway's great sculptor on the far side of middle age whose marriages have failed, but what the hell—he has three sons, an island in the sun, a good, blowsy whore. George C. Scott's solid craftsmanship has enough gusto to keep the movie at least half alive, in plodding Book-of-the-Month style. Franklin J. Schaffner directs. Coronet.

Mohammad, Messenger of God–Directed by Moustapha Akkad, film stars Anthony Quinn, Irene Pappas, Michael Ansara, Johnny Sekka and Michael Forest, and details the last twenty years in the life of the Moslem prophet. It marks the first major international production to be financed by mid-east Arab countries. Rivoli; Columbia II.

Thursday, March 10

Welcome to L.A.–Robert Altman's film about urban isolation stars Keith Carradine as a returning composer, with Sally Kellerman, Geraldine Chaplin, Harvey Keitel, Lauren Hutton, Sissy Spacek, Viveca Lindfors, Denver Pyle, and John Considine as the people he finds searching for love and contact in "the promised land gone slightly sour." Baronet.

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

All the President's Men–Alan J. Pakula has directed a film containing an unending concatenation of performances by actors, known and unknown, but not a single weak link. From Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman down to the least bit player, there is such perfection of acting as one scarcely associates with Hollywood filmmaking. It is well worth seeing the film twice: once for everything about it, and once more just for the acting. Little Carnegie.

Buffalo Bill and the Indians or Sitting Bull's History Lesson–Despite a poor script and plot incoherence, there is substantial talent on display here. There is expert handling of the camera and actors, very able shooting of action and crowd scenes, avoiding the usual cliches, and intermittent but hearty comic sustenance for eye and ear. The editing is lively, the set and costume design consummate. The acting is a mixed bag: Paul Newman cannot help scoring, and there is good work from supporting players Joel Grey, Kevin McCarthy, and Harvey Keitel. 3/13, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Carrie–Brian De Palma's horror movie with grandiose aspirations to social satire. Attempts at humor are never successful and come almost when one is inclined to be moved by somebody's plight, so that the nonjokes yield authentic bad taste. The plot crawls with self-contradictions and improbabilities, and the bad characters are ludicrous while the good ones are saccharine. 3/9-15, Playboy.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchella that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Paris.

Face to Face–Ingmar Bergman's latest is doubly disturbing. First, because it may be the most harrowing portrayal ever of a nervous breakdown, and, secondly, because it shows a supreme filmmaker in total control of his medium merely marking time. The one incontrovertible splendor of the film is Liv Ullman's performance. It is not just sublime acting; it is a piece of great, invaluable daring. Fine Arts.

F for Fake–Orson Welles's new nonfiction film could have been both fascinating and important. But: It is not new, it is not nonfiction, and it is not quite a film, having been made for TV. There's about 40 minutes' worth of materials that has been stretched to almost three times that length. D.W. Griffith.

Fellini's Casanova–This film which lasts over two-and-a-half hours may well be the most ponderous specimen of imaginative vacuity ever devised. Particularly offensive and depressing is that Fellini has taken a fascinating protagonist and very rich story only to make them as hollow and aimless as he himself must have become. Cinema I.

Fun with Dick and Jane–Even if the film were a good deal worse it would still deserve to be seen for the greatly gifted Jane Fonda who is the only all-purpose actress we've got in Hollywood today. She is by far the most irresistibly smart-alecky wife since Myrna Loy in the *Thin Man* series. Theme concerns a couple, living beyond their means, who turn to a life of genteel crime. Loews State I; Loews Tower East.

Grey Gardens–About two socially prominent recluses living in a sprawling Southhampton mansion, where everything has gone to seed, and numerous cats, racoons, a widowed mother in her seventies and an unmarried daughter in her fifties are living amid monstrous untidiness and filth. There is certainly no love of truth in the Maysles brothers, the directors, who, out of ostensible objectivity, do not ask any of the questions that need to be asked here, but assume that a truth will reveal itself. 3/9-15, Thalia.

Juliette et l'Air du Temps–Rene Gilson's film about an eighteen-year-old farm girl drifting in the amoral world of the rootless young in Paris. 3/8, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

A DESERT SHEIKH

Omar Sharif stars in **Lawrence of Arabia** with Peter O'Toole. Winner of an Academy Award for Best Picture and for Best Director (David Lean), the film plays from March 13th to 15th, as part of a ten-week series of motion pictures from Columbia, at the **Regency.**

Harlan County, U.S.A.–Barbara Kopple's well-intentioned piece of work about a coal miners' strike in Kentucky that lasted thirteen months and led to, after the brutal shooting of a miner, the mine owners' acceding to the miners' demands, which were nothing more than the right to unionize. Cinema II.

King Kong–This new version, directed by John Guillermin, tried hard to come up with things the original lacked—Freud, feminism, ecology, social satire, spoofing of astrology, and above all, sympathy for the ape. The romance now is much more between beast and girl than between boy and girl. But nothing substantial has been added and something considerable has been forfeited. Embassy 49th.

The Late Show–If you like latter-day variations on the private-eye movie—variations that consist chiefly of tongue-in-cheek deflations of the genre, you may find this film just your thing. Though its plotting is rudimentary and its illogic gigantic, it has oodles of atmosphere and a likeable way of not taking itself too seriously. Lily Tomlin is totally winning. Sutton.

The Marquise of O...–Eric Rohmer's film version of Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 novella is as intelligent and successful as such an undertaking can get. The liberties the director has taken are minimal, and generally inventive as well as dramatically justifiable. Quad; 3/9-15, St Marks Cinema; 3/16-22, Thalia.

Mr. Billion–A man learns he has inherited his uncle's fortune and must claim it within 20 days. A host of characters who learn about his luck are immediately after him. With Terence Hill, Jackie Gleason, Valerie Perrine, Slim Pickins, William Redfield, and Chill Wills. Plus the Easter Show. Radio City Music Hall.

McCabe and Mrs. Miller–One of Robert Altman's more pretentious movies, with quirky goings-on in the Old Northwest: people behaving with contrived oddity, the sound track blurry with several concurrent conversations, Vilmos Zsigmond's camera doing highly *recherché* things. Even the weaker conditions seem to be picked for their eccentricity. There are moments of baleful fascination, but the general effect is like trying to read by the light of a fireworks display. Julie Christie and Warren Beatty are undistinguished in the leads, but some of the supporting players do better. 3/13, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Mother Kusters Goes to Heaven–This is one of Rainer Werner Fassbinder's not-so-bad films. The story of an elderly, working-class woman whose husband suddenly goes berserk and kills one of his factory bosses and himself, it is perfectly serviceable, but Fassbinder develops it with his customary mixture of heavy underscoring and cavalier offhandedness. New Yorker.

Network–Sidney Lumet's latest film is a further lap in Paddy Chayefsky's, the scenarist's, fascinating race against decrepitude and impotence. But Lumet continues to improve as a director, and the acting, by William Holden, Robert Duvall, Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, Beatrice Straight, is impressive. Greenwich; 34th St E; Loews Triplex.

Obsession–Paul Schrader wrote the screen play and his friend Brian De Palma directed. The result is an unholy mess. It is the story of a rich land developer who, through foul play and bad luck, as well as through his own improvidences, loses his adored wife and daughter in a combination kidnapping and car accident. The plot as a whole is a major piece of arrant absurdity. Thru 3/8, 8th St Cinema; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Cine.

The Pink Panther Strikes Again–Distinctly superior to its predecessor, *The Return of the Pink Panther*, this one features also some jolly movie parodies and mild political satire along with good-natured and often amusing slapstick, old hat though it may be. With Peter Sellers, Herbert Lom, Colin Blakely, Leonard Rossiter, Lesley-Anne Down. 72nd St E.

Providence–Alain Resnais's first English-language film is his first unmitigated disaster. John Gielgud, the partially hidden narrator of the film, an old dying man, imagines a convoluted scenario involving a love triangle made up of his legitimate son, his illegitimate son, and the former's wife (Dirk Bogarde, David Warner, and Ellen Burstyn). Cinema III.

Pumping Iron–A specialized sort of documentary film about muscle men and, to a much lesser extent, their families, trainers, fans; a film that cannot help having a certain freak-show appeal. Yet it does have its riveting passages, as when we see the screen wellnigh explode with the superhuman, or superbovine, exertions of these body builders, or when Arnold Schwarzenegger, the champion of champions, gives out with mischievous bits of witty cynicism. Plaza.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Quad; Embassy 46th; RKO 86th II; Gramercy; Columbia I.

The Sentinel–Michael Winner's latest unspeakably vulgar movie in the supernatural horror genre is dreadful, and the only moments of true horror occur when we are forced to watch Sylvia Miles in the nude. 86th St E; Columbia II; thru 3/8, Rivoli.

Seven Beauties–This film establishes the already remarkable Lina Wertmuller as a major filmmaker. A film about life and death, love and hate—all the great subjects, in brilliant color (both figuratively and literally thanks to Delli Colli's great photography) but also with rare delicacy. Memorable performances by Giancarlo Giannini, Shirley Stoler, and others. This is a comedy to make you cry, a tragedy to make you think. See it! 3/9-16, 8th St Cinema.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze and cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. Quad.

Silver Streak–An expensive attempt, directed by Arthur Hiller, at crossbreeding *The Lady Vanishes* and *Twentieth Century.* It is not so much a cross-fertilization as a cross-sterilization. Jill Clayburgh, once again unworthily cast, once again keeps her head above ditchwater. Gene Wilder is miscast in a young-Jimmy Stewart role, and Patrick McGoohan is loathsome above the line of duty. RKO 86 I; Trans-Lux East; thru 3/8, Art.

Slap Shot–An amusing movie as long as you don't look at it very closely, and forget it as fast as you can. George Roy Hill's film about the ice-hockey scene has no point of view or even consistency of style. It fluctuates between realism and absurdism, cynical casualness and manic exaggeration, moral indignation and total indifference. Beekman; National; Murray Hill.

Small Change–Francois Truffaut's film is small potatoes, a totally unstructured agglomeration of episodes, some charming, some ordinary, some tired and rather tiresome. It all leads up to nothing more than a lengthy tirade or homily by a sympathetic teacher who lectures his pupils about the need for comprehension and above. Thru 3/8, Olympia; Quad; Playboy.

A Star is Born–This third version of the film, with Barbra Streisand in what seems to be both the female and male leads, is not only unneeded, it is emphatically uncalled-for. Streisand's notion of acting is to bulldoze her way from one end of a line to the other without regard for anyone or anything; you can literally feel her impatience for the other performer to stop talking so she can take over again. Forum; Waverly; Loews Triplex; U.A. East.

The Story of Adele H.–Francois Truffaut's film; about the daughter of Victor Hugo who, growing up in the Channel island of Guernsey, whither her father was banished, had the misfortune to fall in love with a British lieutenant who eventually tired of her, both on Guernsey and in London, where she had followed him. Unfortunately, Truffaut has opted for swift, short episodes, trying to make out of lean, restless vignettes a sweeping canvas of love, madness, personal tragedy. The gifted, adorable, rising young star, Isabelle Adjani, under twenty when she made this film, plays Adele, and Bruce Robinson the lieutenant. Thru 3/8, Olympia; Quad; Playboy.

Thieves–This may not be the worst movie you ever saw, but is may well be the most annoyingly cloying. It is one of those horrible examples of how an extremely limited, intensely self-satisfied, repetitious, and predictable cleverness can become—within minutes—more offensive than witless. Herb Gardner wrote it and ended up pseudonymously directing much of it. Marlo Thomas, Charles Grodin, Irwin Corey played in it. Thru 3/8, Coronet.

Twilight's Last Gleaming–Robert Aldrich's film may well be the first main-line film that tries to take full account of the Vietnam-Watergate debacle on behalf of Hollywood. It is laid somewhere in the near future but tries to come to grips with our recent past and its possibly fearful consequences. Unfortunately, its sincerity does not seem to exclude sensationalism. Loews State II; Loews Orpheum; thru 3/8, Eastside.

Swept Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August–Arrogant capitalist mistress and maltreated manservant are shipwrecked alone together on a desert island. Now he becomes the provider, patriarch, and despot, and she the slave and mistress who ends up loving it—until the roles are reversed again. An old, schematic plot serves the highly talented filmmaker Lina Wertmuller very well for her witty yet earnest, outrageous-seeming yet penetrating and often gripping film. Well acted, prettily photographed, and, above all, intelligently written and directed. Not without flaws, but provocative and rewarding. 3/9-16, 8th St Cinema.

Un Type Comme Moi ne Devrait Jamais Mourir–Michel Vianey's comedy about a youth who drops out from his "successful" life and retreats to the womb—of his car! 3/10, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Voyage of the Damned–Film is numbingly earnest in its intentions and crushingly dull in its execution, which is a pity for several reasons. Based on a shattering historical event with serious present-day implications, in handling so many characters, there is scant opportunity for developing any of them. Here characterizations are reduced to formulas and platitudes, a shorthand that is the very antithesis of living art. With Faye Dunaway, Max von Sydow, Oskar Werner, Jose Ferrer, Orson Welles, James Mason, Malcolm McDonald, and a zillion others. Thru 3/8, Loews Triplex.

The Wonderful Crook–A film, directed by Claude Goretta, about some of our most vital problems, stated so quietly, subtly, and originally that the worse mistake would be to see in it only its wistfully delicious story. It is a true, even if seemingly far-fetched tale, told here with unaffected brilliance, with stunning control of both the cinematic medium and a *verité* far beyond mere *cinema.* 68th St Playhouse.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 3/8, *Silver Streak.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). Thru 3/9, *A Star Is Born.* From 3/10, *Welcome to L.A.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *Slap Shot.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, at Laguardia Pl (674-2560). 3/8, Avant-Garde VI; *The Three Ages.* 3/9, *Lancelot du Lac; Socrates.* 3/10, *L'Atalante; Lancelot du Lac.* 3/11, *Nights of Cabiria; L'Atalante.* 3/12, *Women in Love; Nights of Cabiria.* 3/13, *Sons and Lovers; Women in Love.* 3/14, *L'Amour Fou.* 3/15, Avant-Garde VII; *The Navigator.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 3/8, *Juliette et L'Air du Temps; Moi Pierre Riviere Ayant Egorge Ma Mere, Ma Soeur, Mon Frere.* 3/9, *Le Petit Marcel; Noroit.* 3/10, *Sept Morts Sur Ordonnance; Un Type Comme Moi Ne Devrait Jamais Mourir.* 3/11, *Woman of the Year; Adam's Rib.* 3/12, *Cries and Whispers; Persona.* 3/13, *Buffalo Bill and the Indians; McCabe and Mrs. Miller.* 3/14, *The Hound of the Baskervilles; The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.* 3/15, *Beach Under the Sidewalk; The Long Misery.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Fellini's Casanova.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Harlan County, U.S.A.*

Cinema III, 2 W 59 (752-5959). *Providence.*

Cinema Village, 12th St E of 5th Ave (WA 4-3363). 3/8, *The Conversation; Three Days of the Condor.* 3/9, 10, *Where's Poppa?; Harold and Maude.* 3/11, 12, *The Wild Bunch; Straw Dogs.* 3/13, 14, *A Very Natural Thing; Something for Everyone.* 3/15, *Godfather II.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Rocky.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). Thru 3/8, *The Sentinel.* From 3/9, *Mohammad, Messenger of God.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). Thru 3/8, *Thieves.* From 3/9, *Islands in the Stream.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *F for Fake.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 3/8, *Twilight's Last Gleaming.* From 3/9, *The Farmer.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). Thru 3/8, *Taxi Driver; Obsession.* 3/9-16, *Seven Beauties; Swept Away.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *The Sentinel.*

Elgin, 8th Ave & 19th (675-0935). To be announced. Senior citizens, 25¢ at all times.

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (757-2408). *Rocky.*

Embassy 49th, at Bdway (582-4066). *King Kong.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 3/15, to be announced.

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Face to Face.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *A Star is Born.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Rocky.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Network.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *All the President's Men.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). Thru 3/8, *Taxi Driver; Obsession.* From 3/9, *The Farmer.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 3/8, *Taxi Driver; Obsession.* From 3/9, *The Farmer.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Twilight's Last Gleaming.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *Fun with Dick and Jane.* II. *Twilight's Last Gleaming.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Fun with Dick and Jane.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. *Network.* II. *A Star Is Born.* III. Thru 3/8, *Voyage of the Damned.* From 3/9, *The Farmer.*

Murray Hill, 34th at 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Slap Shot.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd (956-7078). 3/10, 2:30, *Caravan;* 6 p.m. *Love's Crucible;* 8:30, *Johan.* 3/11, 2:30, *Johan;* 6 p.m. *Caravan.* 3/12, noon, *Vera Cruz;* 2:30, *The Wild Duck;* 5 p.m. *High Aspirations.* 3/13, noon, *Vera Cruz;* 2:30, *Gunnar Hede's Saga;* 5 p.m. *The Cat and the Canary.* 3/14, noon, Film shorts; 2:30, *Love's Crucible;* 6 p.m. An Evening with Ron Taylor: *Suckalo.* 3/15, noon, Film shorts; 2:30, *The Wild Duck;* 6 p.m. What's Happening.

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *Slap Shot.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Mother Kusters Goes to Heaven.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 3/8, *Small Change; Story of Adele H.* 3/9-16, Porn films.

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 3/8, *Small Change; The Story of Adele H.* 3/9-15, *Carrie; The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Pumping Iron.* (Live body building demonstrations after evening performances.)

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. *The Marquise of O...; Claire's Knee.* II. *Rocky.* III. *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.* IV. Thru 3/12, *Small Change; The Story of Adele H.* 3/13-16, *Now, Voyager; Marked Woman.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 3/8,9, *Here Comes Mr. Jordan; The Whole Town's Talking.* 3/10-12, *On the Waterfront; The Wild One.* 3/13-15, *Lawrence of Arabia.* 3/16-19, *The Big Heat; Beat the Devil.*

Rivoli, Bdway at 49th (247-1633). Thru 3/8, *The Sentinel.* From 3/9, *Mohammad, Messenger of God.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. *Knockout.* II. Thru 3/10, *Sandstone; What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?* From 3/11, *The Great Texas Dynamite Chase; New Girl in Town.*

RKO 59th St I & II, nr 2nd Ave (688-1717). I. *Network.* II. Thru 3/10, *Sandstone; What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?* From 3/11, *The Great Texas Dynamite Chase; New Girl in Town.*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Silver Streak.* II. *Rocky.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at St Marks Pl (777-1955). Thru 3/8, *Flesh Gordon; All Screwed Up.* 3/9-15, *The Marquise of O.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The Wonderful Crook.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *The Late Show.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 3/8, *The Pit of Loneliness; The Children's Hour.* 3/9-15, *Grey Gardens; Gimme Shelter.* 3/16-22, *The Marquise of O...; Medea.*

Theater St Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 3/8, 9, *The Gracie Allen Murder Case; Death Kiss; Bulldog Drummond Comes Back.* 3/10,11, *Cabin the Sky; Stormy Weather.* 3/12-14, *Flying Down to Rio; The Gay Divorcee.* 3/15,16, *Forever Amber.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Network.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Silver Streak.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Network.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *A Star Is Born.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *A Star is Born.* (Every Fri & Sat at midnight, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show.*)

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, March 8

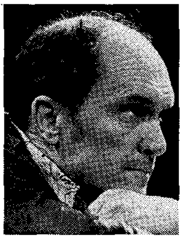
Romeo and Juliet–Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright in the Shakespeare tragedy; directed by Theodore Mann; also in the cast are Jan Miner, Jack Gwillim, David Rounds, and Lester Rawlins. Previews now prior to a 3/17 opening. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdwy (581-0720).

Monday, March 14

Mark Twain Tonight!–Hal Holbrook recreates his Tony-Award-winning role in a one-man show. Preview tonight and the premiere is tomorrow. Twelve performances only. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

CURRENT

LOW-GRADE CROOK



Robert Duvall stars in **American Buffalo,** David Mamet's brilliant black comedy about worthless wordsmanship and man's inactivity toward man. Directed with hairspring timing by Ulu Grosbard. It's the first substantial American play of the season. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long and Josephine Premice. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

California Suite–Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes and Marge Redmond look as foolish as they are made to sound. Mon thru Sat at 8; Sat, Sun, Wed mat at 2. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

The Cherry Orchard–Formerly a play by Chekhov, now the victim of a rampaging, self-indulgent reshaping (wherein winsomeness becomes slapstick, etc.) by Andrei Serban. Even at this monstrous disadvantage, however, the haunting Ranevskaya of Irene Worth, as well as the pure visual beauty of the production, are probably worth the trip (if you happen to live close by, at any rate). Thru 4/10. Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Chicago–A music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature, it demands to be seen. *(J.S.)* Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's taut, energetic direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Comedians–Trevor Griffiths's uneven but often brilliant dissection of the place of laughter in today's world of debased standards. There are gags here to please the crowd, but they explode like smoke-bombs. Mike Nichols's direction is wonderfully taut and understated, and a splendid all-male cast, notably Jonathan Pryce as a funnyman filled with hatred, provides some spectacular theater even when the play loses its way, as it occasionally does. Mon, Wed thru Sat, at 8; mat, Wed at 2, Sun at 3. Music Box Theater, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dirty Linen & **New-Found-Land**–Tom Stoppard's interlinked playlets, both set in a Parliamentary committee room, elevate the fine old art of farce-writing to a high intellectual level. The joke-spinning is murderously, achingly funny, no less so for the intricacy and the dazzling literacy of Stoppard's word-gaming. If you feel certain pains on leaving the theater, that's your laughing muscles being reactivated after a long, dismal season of rest. Ed Berman directs, and the cast is fully the equal of its London counterpart. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed mat at 2. Golden Theater, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes beserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Alec McCowen and Michael Snyder. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Fiddler on the Roof–Nothing has aged so much that this 1964 Bock-Harnick-Stein musical has lost any appreciable glow. Even so, as Zero Mostel has had to slow down his timing in the lead role, and as some key members of the new cast fail to erase memories of their predecessors, it becomes increasingly clear that the real "Fiddler" is Jerome Robbins, whose staging transmutes common clay into something like gold. Since Mr. Robbins returned to restage this revival, it has become, once again, an imperative. Mon thru Sat at 8, Wed mat at 2. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Wed thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5:30 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. *(J.S.)* Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard, Sherman Yellen. Mon, Tues, & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Wed at 2 & 8. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–With words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic armor and cut all communication with humanity. The play is, at once, both wittier and more profound than Gray's excellent *Butley* and, as directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. As the hero, a man on his way to becoming a robot, Tom Courtenay may be a little *too* charming, but his way with the language is indeed elegant. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

A Party–Adolph Green and Betty Comden are such charming hosts, and their song lyrics embody so much of the spirit of Broadway theater at its sassiest, most iconoclastic, that the "and-then-we-wrote" format of their retrospective becomes heady, classy entertainment of high order. Even their manner of presentation, at a "party" that looks more like a hangover, becomes immensely likeable. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Pippin–The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Director-choreographer Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. *(J.S.)* Tues, Wed & Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 45th nr 8th Avenue (CO 5-2412). Moves 3/15 to the Minskoff, 45th W of Bdway (869-0550).

Same Time, Next Year–Sandy Dennis and Don Murray in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti,* and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle,* it is genuinely funny, often moving, and slyly perspicacious throughout. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. *(J.S.)* Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars William Chapman. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tear-jerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone.* As the Fox himself, George C. Scott mistakes pose-striking for comic acting, and Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'.* Ugh. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

Unexpected Guests–A new comedy by Jordan Crittenden about events that occur to a man who comes home from work to find his wife has run off with a cello salesman. With Jerry Stiller, Zohra Lampert, Anne Ives, Michael Vale. Directed by

Charles Grodin. Little Theater, 240 W 44th St (221-6425).

The Wiz–New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. *J.S.)* Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Tues thru Sun at 8; mat Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Another Way To Love–Dramatization of sex fantasies, performed without nudity. Mon thru Sat, at 8 *p.m. Fri & Sat also at 10:30. Sat mat at 3 p.m.* $7.50. Bijou, Bdway & 45th (966-0322).

Ashes–David Rudkin's play begins as a witty, low-key piece about a couple struggling to have a baby; gradually, and inexorably, the scope widens to embrace a wide range of brilliant disturbing thoughts about life itself. The play (by a Britisher hitherto unknown here) is something close to wonderful, as *is the performance by a four-member cast directed* by Lynne Meadow. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Balcony–Jean Genet's play, in the new Royal Shakespeare Company translation, directed by Christopher Martin. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10:15; Sun at 2:30 & 7. 3/9-4/3. CSC, Abbey Theater, 136 E 13th (677-4210).

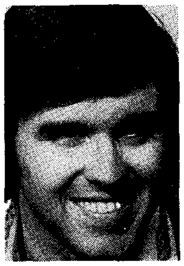
The Caucasian Chalk Circle–Brecht's play, directed by Fritz Renevitz. 3/9-14, 16, 17, at 7:30. $6. La MAMA Annex, 66 E 4th St (475-7908).

Children of Adam–*Original theater piece based on a* series of songs by Stan Satlin which follow the journey of a love-relationship. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 3/20. $2.50. Shirtsleeve Theater, 931 First Ave at 51st (689-0780).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that *end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle* of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this rather special show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Double Bill–Harold Pinter's *Landscape* and *Silence*, directed by Stuart Howard. Fri thru Sun, thru 3/13. $3. *Theater*, (289-3402).

18TH CENTURY HERO



Terry Ewart, as a Revolutionary War character, helps point out **The Contrast** in a production of Royall Tyler's comedy of European manners. 3/8-11, 17, 19 at 8 p.m. In repertory with Nicholas Rowe's *The Fair Penitent*, an English tragedy, 3/12, 14-16, 18 at 8 p.m. 3/19 at 2 p.m. Wooden O, 335 W 38th St (736-5720).

Drama Committee Repertory–Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Pt I*, Sat at 7:30; Sun at 5 & 8:30, 3/12-4/24. GBS's *How He Lied to Her Husband* and Annajanska, Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; Sun at 5 p.m. thru 4/24. $3. Gate 10th St (929-8377).

Each in His Own Way–The second of Pirandello's trilogy, directed by Maurice Edwards. 3/11-13, 18-20, 25-27. Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. *$2.50. Classic Theater, 100 Park Ave (242-3900).*

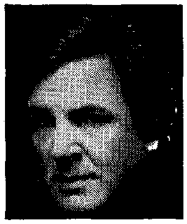
End Game–Samuel Beckett's play, directed by Steve Chernak. Fri & Sat at 10 p.m. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Fair Weather Friends–Comedy by Philip Magdalany and Kenneth Pressman, directed by Richard Place. 3/10-19. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3. $2.50. Playwrights Horizon, 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

The Fantasticks–In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous drivel has finally found its audience: one man who attends *regularly because it cures his insomnia. Tues-Fri at* 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Foul Shot–Edward J. Silva's play. 3/9, 11, 12, at 8 p.m. $3. Broadway Methodist Temple, 174th St & Bdway (942-1769).

TWINS, AMONG OTHER THINGS



Danny Aiello plays the father in **Gemini,** Albert Innaurato's play about an Italian family in South Philadelphia gathering to help the only son celebrate his 21st birthday. Directed by Peter Mark Schifter. 3/8-4/10, Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Greenwich Village Follies–Revue, with music, lyrics, and vignettes by Ronnie Britton. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sat also at 10:30. Sun, 5 & 7:30. Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave (533-8010).

Hagar's Children–A new play by Ernest Joselovitz, directed by Robert Graham Small, about Christmas Eve in a home for emotionally disturbed teenagers. From 3/8. Public Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-1750).

Happy End–The Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical is revived and stars Shirley Knight and Christopher Lloyd. It's about the Salvation Army colliding with a den of gangsters in pre-prohibition Chicago. Tues thru Sun at 8; mat, Wed 3/9, 16, 30 at 2 p.m. Sat mat on 3/26 at 2 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. Premiere is 3/8 and closing is 4/3. Chelsea Theater, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

High Infidelity–A comedy by John Dooley, directed by Martin Oltarsh, which satirizes faddist therapies and politicians. 3/8-13, at 8 p.m. Theater for New City, 113 Jane Street (575-9415).

Home of the Brave–Arthur Laurents's play, directed by David Dreyfuss. Thurs thru Sun at 8:30 p.m. Thru 3/20. $3. NYTE, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

International Theater Festival–Opening the season is the Centre Culturelle Du Marais from Paris presenting (in French) *Sauvage* and *Competition*, written and directed by Maurice Guillaud in the first and second floor theater, 3/9-12. Single-play admission is $4. Both plays in one evening $6. One plays at 8, the other at 10. La Mama ETC, 74A East Fourth St (475-7908).

The House of Bernarda Alba–Lorca's play, in an *English language presentation, dealing with the* triumph of repression over freedom in the lives of five daughters and their mother. Fri thru Sun at 8; mat at 4:30 Sun, thru 4/10. $4. INTAR, 509 W 53rd (247-6776).

A Husband for May–An original musical by Karl Friedman, and Barry Heimowitz, with an all-Oriental cast. 3/12, 13, 19, 20, at 3 p.m. $1 (25¢ for children). Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand (766-9334).

Jean Cocteau Theater–Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops To Conquer*, 3/11, 12, at 7:30, 3/13 at 3 p.m. Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker*, 3/11, 12, at 10:30. $4. 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!–Staged by Caymichael Pattern, with Geraldine Brooks, Kathleen Chalfant, Paul Dooley, Michael Tucci, and Dalienne Majors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7:30 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. $8.50 & $7.50 Westside Cabaret, 407 W 43rd (541-8394).

Juno and the Paycock–Sean O'Casey's play about *the life of a poverty-stricken Dublin family during the* Irish Civil War. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 4/10. $3. Irish Arts Center, 553 W 50th (757-3318).

The Knight of the Burning Pestle–Written by Francis Beaumont in 1607, play is directed by Ron Daley. 3/9, 10, 11, 12, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Marymount College, 221 E 71st (472-3800).

Kopit Festival–Six one-act plays by Arthur Kopit. Generally Fri thru Mon schedule thru 3/12. Call 243-7494 for details. $2.50. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th St.

Ladies in Retirement–A revival, directed by Barry Moss. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 3/20. Theater-Off-Park, 28 E 35th (TR 9-8956).

Last Chance at the Brass Ring–A gay romantic comedy by Sidney Morris, directed by Peter Dowling. Thurs thru Sun at 9 p.m. Thru 3/28. $3. The Glines, 260 W Bdway at 6th (a block south of Canal) (925-2619).

The Looking Glass–Joseph MacLaren's play. 3/15, 16, 17, 22, 23, 24. $2.50. St Benedict RC Church, 340 W 53rd (757-0876).

Mamet's Plays–*Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *Duck Variations*, two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about — well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takazauckas deftly underscores. Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8. *Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St* (989-2020).

Manhattan Theater Club–Downstage: *The Gathering* by Edna O'Brien, directed by Austin Pendleton. Wed thru Sun at 7:30; Sun at 2:30. $4. Upstage: Larry Ketron's *Quail Southwest*, Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3; thru 3/13. $2.50. MTC, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Marco Polo Sings a Solo–John Guare's latest uninspired lunacy marks a further decline in a once-promising talent. This work, wrecked not only by Guare's self-indulgent overwriting but also by Mel Shapiro's slack direction, makes a stab at being a futuristic parable. An all-star cast (Joel Grey, Chris Sarandon, Madeline Kahn, etc.) is utterly wasted, although Anne Jackson does have one monologue, beautifully delivered, that comes close to making sense. Thru 3/13. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Medea–Freely adapted from Euripides by Robinson Jeffers as a passionate, American version. 3/10-27, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $2.50. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd St, 3rd floor (794-9132).

Monsters–Albert Innaurato's *Benno Blimpie*, and William Dews's *Sideshow;* directed by Robert Drivas. James Coco and Robert Drivas are the stars. 434 Lafayette Street (354-5940).

Movie Buff–Musical comedy about thirties movies; by John Raniello, Hyram Taylor; directed by Jim Payne. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Actors Playhouse, 100 7th Ave So (242-9657).

Nightclub Cantata–A congenial revue of songs by the prolific and versatile Elizabeth Swados, arranged by her and sung with high style by eight immensely talented youngsters including the author. A few of the lovesongs are a mite sweet; one or two others stoop to the glitzy earnestness of Brel, but the show contains enough dazzling talent to outweigh passing flaws. Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker (982-9292).

No Exit–Jean Paul Sartre's play, directed by Rose Lynch. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30; Sundays at 4 *p.m. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-*9647).

One Person Story Telling–Bob Carroll's work. 3/10, 11, 12, 13 at 8 p.m. Theater Genesis, St Mark's Church in the Bowery, 10th St & 2nd Ave (533-4650).

Othello–3/7-12 at 8 p.m. 3/9, 12 at 2 p.m. 3/10 at noon. $2. Generoso Pope Auditorium, 113 W 60th (956-4774).

Peg o' My Heart–Unless you've seen a lot of theater this season, you may be immune to the simple, fresh delights in J. Hartley Manners's 1912 heart-warmer (written for Mrs. Manners, a.k.a. Laurette Taylor). Under Gene Nye's unerringly clear-eyed direction, the play has returned to us full of love, and even a touch of wisdom, and the Lion Company (led by the winsome, adorable Peg of Sofia Landon) plays as if caught up in a masterpiece. Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, & Sun at 8 p.m. Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. $3.50. Thru 3/27, and maybe a lot longer—we hope. Lion Theater, 422 W 42nd (947-4224).

Perdido–One of the first ghetto stories to express the female point of view, by Soledad. Thurs thru Sun, 3/10-20. Free. Henry St Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Pouff–Peter Jackson's glittery revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 7:30 & 9:30. La Vie en Rose, 227 E 56th (755-1820).

The Recruiting Officer–A restoration comedy by George Farquhar, directed by Philip Meister, Thurs thru Sat, Thru 3/19, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Savages–Christopher Hampton's brilliant, powerful drama, praised in Los Angeles and London, concerns the murder of a British diplomat by Brazilian urban guerillas, intercut with a subplot about the extermination of Amazonian tribes by the authorities. There is an aura of ritual about the play, captured also in Gordon Davidson's direction, that saves the venture from becoming mere agitprop, and a splendid cast is led by Joseph Maher, Stephen Joyce, and Mandy Patinkin. Thru 3/13, Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (760-9847).

Seven Fabulous Nights–Arthur Thomas's play directed by Edmund Trust. About a group of men who go to a primitive island to get away from New York at Christmas. Fri & Sat at 10:30; Sun at 7:30. Thru 4/10. $2.50. 18th St Playhouse, 145 W 18th (924-8400).

The Seven Year Itch–George Axelrod's comedy of the 50s; directed by David McNitt. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at $5. Thru 3/19, Academy Arts (Hotel Sutton), 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Soho Repertory–*Faustus X 7* (based on Marlowe's work), 3/12 at 7:30, 3/13 at 4:30. Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw,* 3/11 at 8:30; 3/12 at 10:30; 3/13 at 7:30 (closing). Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Soldiers of Freedom–A new drama by Louis Rivers, about the seeds of the Black Revolution, planted in 1776; directed by Thurman Scott. 3/10-13, 17-20, 24-27, Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. $3. American Theater Company, 125 W 22nd (989-0023).

Speakeasy–A musical burlesque of the rum-running days of Frank Costello, starring Dennis Royden Frick. Mon thru Fri at 8:30. Les Champs, 25 E 40th (LE 2-6566).

Starting Here, Starting Now–Musical revue by Maltby and Shire, with Loni Ackerman, Margery Cohen and George Lee Andrews. Tues thru Sun at 8:45. Sat & Sun mat at 2:45. Barbarann Theater, 349 W 46th (581-3866).

Streamers–David Rabe's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, is enough to restore anyone's faith in the future of native theater. Externally, the play is about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

A Streetcar Named Desire–Stanley and Blanche square off again in the Tennessee Williams play. Fri thru Sun at 7:30. Sun mat 3 p.m. thru 4/3. $5. Greenwich Mews, 141 W 13th (755-5120).

Tapestry–Alexis de Veaux's play about a black woman studying for the bar exam. At 12:15 daily (bring your lunch), thru 3/18, then 4/4-18, Mon thru Fri. $1.50. Quaigh Theater, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

The Underpants–A 1911 satirical comedy by German playwright Carl Sternheim. 3/10-13, 17-20, 24-27. Perry Theater, 31 Perry (255-7190).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

What the Butler Saw–Comedy by Joe Orton, directed by David McKenna. Thurs thru Sun at 8. Sun at 3, Thru 3/13. $3. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (582-5713).

Winti Train–Lennox Brown's play about a surrealistic train ride carrying a group of Blacks from Canada to a Congress in Harlem. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3:30. $5. Previewing now, opens 3/12, runs thru 4/17. Billie Holiday Theater, 1368 Fulton St, Bklyn (636-7833).

Wonderful Town–Fields, Chodorov, and Bernstein's musical, with lyrics by Comden and Green, directed by Bolen High. 3/10-27. Tues thru Sun at 8 p.m. Sat & Sun at 2:30. ELT Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Drive (663-2028).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Bonatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette–890 Second Ave. French nightclub with Rita Dimitri who sings in several languages and does nicely by her French songwriters Closed Sundays (752-7320).

HASTA LA VISTA

Carmen Acevedo dances in the Flamenco Room of the **Chateau Madrid,** nightly from 9:45. In the main room, we have the famous Los Chavales de Espano, from March 8th, to stay for a month, with singer Luis Tamayo, one of the original members of Los Chavales (who have been performing for twenty-five years). 48th Street & Lexington Avenue. For reservations phone PL 2-8080.

Chez Z–320 E. 79 St. Candlelight restaurant with Pat Hood singing blues, jazz and pops (734-4700).

Cleo's–Bdway & 63rd St. (opposite Lincoln Center). Mabel Mercer returns 3/8 for a six-week engagement. She will perform at 10 and 12, Tues thru Sat, accompanied by her long-time aide de melody, pianist Jimmy Lyon (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine. "Ooh La La," a revue with belly dancers, whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sundays (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Thurs, fun starts at 10; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque, Tues thru Sat, 3/8-18, the Ken Hamilton Show with singer Terry Malone (PL 5-6010).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. David Fry, comedian-satirist here thru 3/12. Shows at 9:30 and 11:30 (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. The headliners, thru 3/9, are Vicki Barnes and her quartet. The Tommy Furtado Trio, Mon thru Fri, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet play for dancing Sat & Sun (838-8384).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with Neal Wolf at the keyboard Tues thru Sat (628-3333).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush new place on the site of the old one, with a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Vittorio Impiglia entertaining Wed thru Sat until 1 a.m. (EL 5-2070).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. "Porcupine," a revue, in the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11 (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Living Room: Jazz guitarist Gene Bertoncini here Mon thru Fri, 5 to 7 p.m. For keyholders only (752-3100).

Prive–1078 First Ave. All white and silver elegant supper club, with Lester Lanin's trio and Herb Winner playing the piano Tues thru Sat (688-8778).

Rainbow Grill–65th Floor, Rockefeller Center. Comfortable dining, dancing, Picasso tapestries, a world-famous view. And for your entertainment—Buddy Greco (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world (almost) from its 65th floor windows. Thru 3/13, Bobby Rosengarden, who always manages to put together a respectable band that can satisfy both dancers and listeners, is joined by the dynamic vocalist Carrie Smith. Tues, Wed, Thurs, from 7 p.m. Fri & Sat, from 8 p.m. & Sun from 6 p.m. On 3/15, Sy Oliver returns with his orchestra to play nightly for dancing (except Monday) (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Bi-level discotheque, open Mon to Thurs, 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.; 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. on Fri & Sat (MU 8-3365).

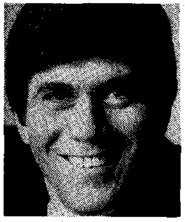
Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. On Thurs, Fri, Sat, 5:30-7 p.m., Elayne Boosler and Bob Garrett, thru 3/12. And on Sundays at 3 p.m., singer-pianist-songwriter Blossom Dearie appears, engagingly; her smallness of voice should not be confused with an inability to swing, and her material is special indeed (691-0900).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases (826-0990).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (Cl 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave at 56th. Dining and dancing, with late show; from 3/8, The Hi-Lads & a Lass, thrice nightly. Closed Sundays (421-0900).

TICKLED IVORIES



Ronny White will be opening at **Soerabaja,** a nightclub on 140 East 74th Street, on March 15th. He will play the piano from 9:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Tuesday thru Saturdays, for four weeks. Reservations may be made by calling 744-4150.

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Dancing to the music of Tony Terini's Trio, Mon thru Fri, from 8 p.m. to 1.

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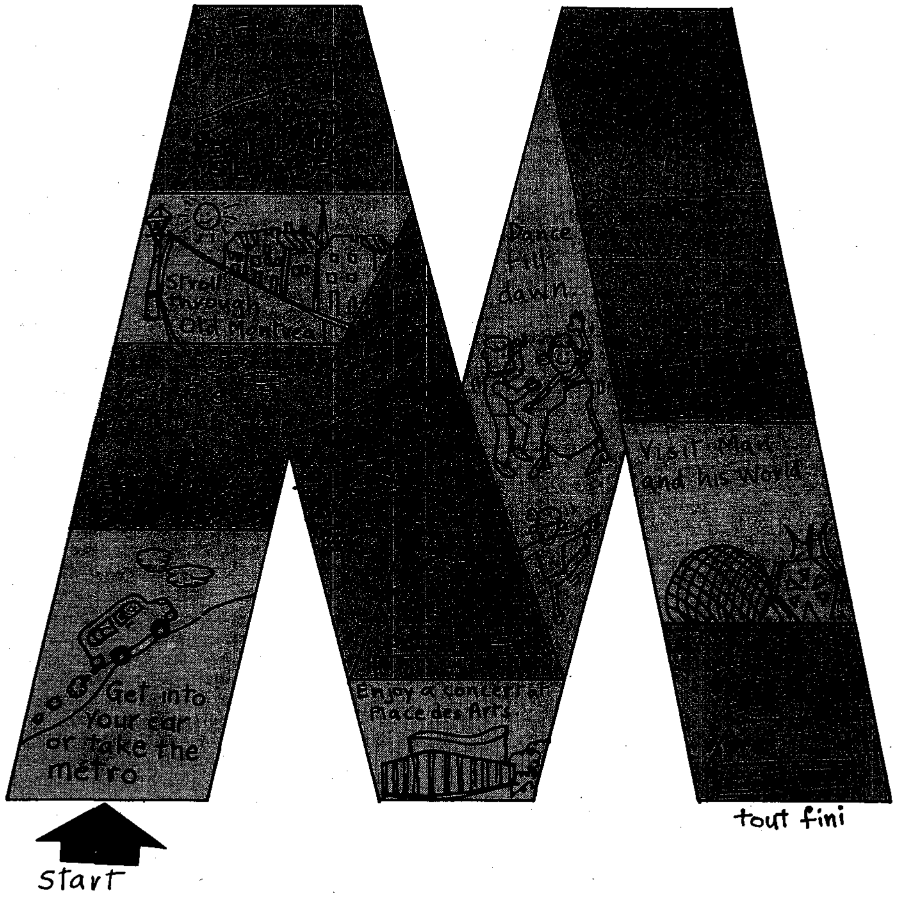

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Carlyle, Madison at 76th (RH 4-1600). **Cafe Carlyle:** Thru 3/26, Tues thru Sat, pianist George Shearing will be at the piano, and word has it he is cooking again. **Bemelmans Bar:** Jazz pianist Marian McPartland plays nightly, except Sunday.

Hilton, 6th Ave & 53rd (JU 6-7000). **Kismet Lounge:** Karen Brown at the piano & organ from 5 to 11 p.m. **Mirage:** Roland Granier de Lafayette at the piano from 4 to 9 p.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment by McMillan and Life, nightly, except Sun.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

Stanhope Hotel, 5th Ave & 81st (288-5800): Pianist George Feyer plays everything from Viennese schmaltz to sophisticated show tunes and pop, sings everything from Porter and Coward to his own political parodies. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **King Cole Grill:** Pianist-composer Ray Hartley plays Mon thru Fri, 5:30-11 p.m. *Lounge:* Bill McCauley plays Mon thru Sat, 7 to 1 a.m.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene Street. Zahir Batin, a proficient drummer, leads his Notorious Ensemble thru 3/11. On 3/15 the master drummer Philly Joe Jones makes his return to New York after a six year absence. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist-arranger Frank Foster leads a big band with a fierce rhythm section and several adept soloists. (226-9042).

Angry Squire–216 Seventh Ave at 23rd. Restaurant-club with jazz Fri thru Sun, 9 to 3 a.m. Thru 3/13, the Duke Cleamons Trio (242-9066).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

The Ballroom–548 W Bdway. 3/8-13, Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Weber who wrote the scores for *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat,* Tues thru Sat. Leonard Sillman presents The Best of the New Faces, 3/15-4/3 (473-9367).

Barbarann–349 W 46th. Thru 3/13, at 11:30, singer-writer-composer Marc Allen Trujillo. Singer Judy Manos, 3/15-20, at 11:30 (541-6150).

Beefsteak Charlie's–Fifth Ave at 12th. From 3/9 to 3/12, the duo of Hank Jones, one of the most elegant of modern pianists, and Richard Davis, one of the superlative bassists in jazz or any other kind of music. They are exquisite. Wed, Thurs & Sun, 9 to 2 a.m. Fri & Sat, from 10 p.m. (675-4720).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. Jimmy Rowles is back this week. He's a shadow-boxing pianist with an affecting, unusual repertoire, a soft touch, and a real appetite for melodic improvisation. Barry Harris, the eminent modern pianist whose blend of Powellian lyricism and energy, makes for mesmeric Sunday evenings (228-6440).

Brothers and Sisters–355 W 46th. Thru 3/12, the singer Dolores Gray, Wed thru Sat, at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. (765-7848).

Chung Kuo Yuan–1115 Third Ave (at 65th). Legendary saloon singer-pianist Hugh Shannon entertains Wed thru Sun at this new Chinese restaurant, from 9 thru 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–Charming Village spot with an open hearth fire, and, for entertainment, thru 3/12, singer Janice Solia, Mon thru Sat (673-5720).

Cookery–University Pl & 8th. Maxine Sullivan (here thru 3/9), the perennial Loch Lomond girl, still has the voice of a girl, and the easy, swinging phrasing of a bygone era; Every night but Sunday, with the gifted and unpredictable pianist Dick Katz. Beginning 3/10, Joe Turner returns for a few weeks. Backed by an excellent Los Angeles-based blues pianist named Lloyd Glenn, and the gifted guitarist Wayne Wright, Turner will be shouting his Kansas City verse with impregnable authority, and should not be missed. On Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m., boogie woogie specialist Sammy Price (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th and Vanderbilt. A New Orleans restaurant, with Sammy Price, a master of first class boogie woogie (a school of music frequently parodied by pianists incapable of making it soar), plays for diners and is then joined by his musical friends; Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11:30 p.m. (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The houseband, Red Balaban and Cats, includes the genial, clever, and occasionally moving trombonist Vic Dickenson, a true stylist of the horn, as well as clarinetist Herbie Hall, trumpeter Ed Polcer, and drummer Connie Kay. 3/8, pianist John Bunch sits in the Cats. 3/11, singer Peter "Snakehips" Dean. 3/13, The Rio Clemente Trio. (265-8277).

Flanagan's–1215 First, at 65th. Michael Owens plays folk, rock and guitar with a dash of Irish country music at this large room. James Kean accompanies him on the accordion. Tues thru Sat from 9 until 2 a.m. (472-0300).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Jane Mullaney; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Large room with dining. Thru 3/12, Ed Anthony, Genovis Albright and Ernest Jackson, at 9, 10:30 & midnight. No shows on Sundays (595-4206).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Four combos: Wed, thru Sun, pianist and Ellington scholar Brooks Kerr leads a trio with drummer Sonny Greer, who was an Ellingtonian before Ellington, and must be seen, and clarinetist Russell Procope, a star in the Ellington constellation for more than 20 years. They are joined by singer Alicia Sherman. Mon. and Tue., two bop masters, Al Haig and Chuck Wayne, are joined by bassist Jamil Nasser. Mon. thru Sat, 4 to 8, the Gene Roland Trio. Sundays from 5:30 to 9:30, the Warren Chiasson trio (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave. Greenwich Village restaurant complex with a jazz room. Thru 3/12, the incomparable vibraharpist Milt Jackson will raise the room's temperature a bit. 3/14-26, singer Joe Williams (260-0250).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is back, in his seventh year at the club, and playing as brilliantly and movingly as ever. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky, another volatile trumpeter, opts for earlier stylistic parameters (CO 5-9505).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Ellis Larkins is a pianist who specializes in the understated: his swing is subliminal, his touch feather light, his ideas tart but fleeting. He's accompanied by bass and drums in this newly opened restaurant-lounge (744-2540). (744-2540).

Lone Star Cafe–61 Fifth Ave, at 13th. Country-music spot, the darling of homesick Texans. 3/10-13, Grammy Winner and chart-topper Larry Gatlin makes his debut (242-1664).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 3/12, the ageless Jackie Cain and Roy Kral continue to bubble in an inoffensive is somewhat dated mode. The ongoing popular song program should bring out their best. 3/15-19, Mary Mayo and Johnny Hartman (PL 8-2272).

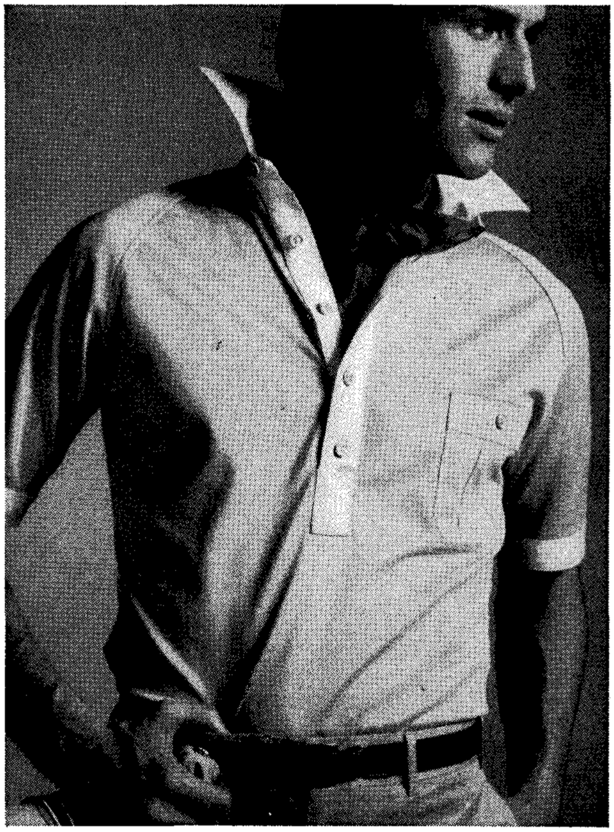
Onde–2nd Ave at 50th. Supper club with soft-sell medleys by pianist Bill Russell, every night but Monday, when Neapolitan troubador Dino Palmero entertains. Closed Sundays (752-9631).

Other End–3/9 thru 3/13, John Handy, an excellent saxophonist who has lately been wearing a fool's cap while dishing out disco platitudes, leads a quintet, and will, we hope, redeem himself 149 Bleecker. (673-7030).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Paul Stuart

We don't take casual shirts casually *at Paul Stuart. The body of this raglan sleeve pullover, for instance, is made of super soft, long staple cotton lisle knit. But for the collar, we chose the greater discipline of English cotton poplin in sun-tan shade. Soft tones of blue, tan or green with natural wood buttons. S,M,L,XL. $22.50. Please add $2.00 for delivery. New York State residents please add applicable tax. We accept the American Express Card.*



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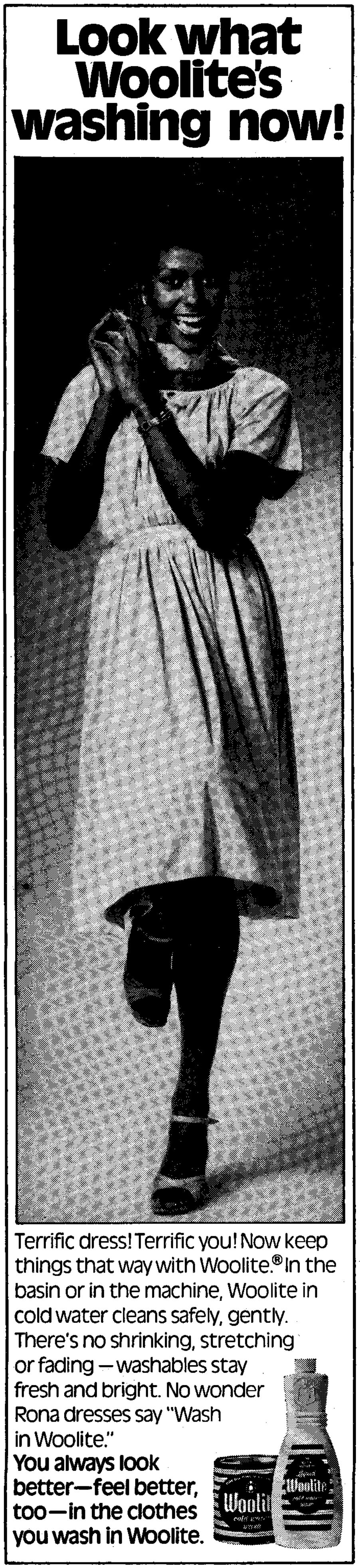

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Storyville–41 E 58th. 3/10-12, trombonist Curtis Fuller, presently of Count Basie's band and a volatile, modern soloist, will lead a quintet (755-1640).

Stryker's–103 W 86th. Mon, the Dave Matthews band; Tues, the Janet Lawson trio; Wed, Richard Sudhalter's band (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 Seventh Ave So. This crowded neighborhood jazz room has lately expanded its policy to include horns, while continuing to serve a first-class pork chop. Beginning 3/8, bassist Ron Carter brings in a quartet, which we hope will include the dazzling pianist Kenny Barron. They will be recording, so applaud articulately. Sundays from 4, & Monday nights, Mike Nock Quartet (242-1785).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Nice atmosphere and food, plus a fireplace. Dancing Mon thru Sat, with music by the Trio Romantico (947-8940).

Tramps–125 E 15th. If Helen Schneider is as funny as her press package which identifies her as, "a 24-year-old veteran of the blues," and includes a photograph in which she looks as though she just crawled out of a lake, she might be worth checking out. She's new to us but the room is a friendly neighborhood cabaret. Thru 3/20, Wednesday through Saturday at 10 and midnight (260-0370).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. A good hard-bop type quintet co-led by trumpeter Woody Shaw and drummer Louis Hayes, both of whom earned their stripes with Horace Silver, is here thru 3/12. On 3/15, the incomparably swinging Zoot Sims brings in his quartet. (989-9011).

West End Cafe–2911 Broadway, at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays, Tuesdays, the Frank Williams Four; Wednesdays, Jo Jones, the premiere drummer, raconteur, conjurer, leads a quartet of friends—they change—and the evening meshes historic ruminations with the classiest rhythms imaginable; Thursdays & Fridays, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans. Saturdays & Sundays, the Countsmen, a Basie-alumni band with Earle Warren (666-8750).

Children

Belly Buttons, Rutgers Community Center, 200 Madison St. (732-7369). *Winnie,* 3/12 at 12 & 1:30.

Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30; *Spinning Top,* Sun at 2.

Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (765-9540). *Hansel and Gretel,* 3/12-13 at 1:30; *Humpty Dumpty,* 3/12-13 at 3.

18th St. Playhouse, 145 W 18th St. (242-3900). *The Little O. Henry Music Show,* Sat at 2.

Floating Hospital Puppet Playhouse, Pier 15 of South St. Seaport (744-8636). *The Shy Fox & Roots,* 3/13 at 1:30 & 3.

Penny Jones & Co., 215 W 11th St. (924-4589). *More Mother Goose Tales & The Three Little Pigs* (puppets), 3/12-13 at 1:30;

Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 1, 2:30 & 4.

Magic With Mark, Nathan's in Times Square (594-7455), 3/13 at 1 & 3.

Meri Mini Players, Hotel Opera, Broadway at 76th St. (221-7235). *Three Tales at a Time,* 3/12 at 2:30.

Richard Morse Mime Theater, 224 Waverly Pl. (242-0530). *A Chip off the Old Munk,* Sat & Sun at 2.

Off Center Theater, NY Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W 64th St. (874-5200). *Little Red Riding Hood,* 3/12 at 2:30; *Frankenstein,* 3/13 at 2 & 3:30.

Paper Bag Players, 92nd St. Y (427-6000). *Grandpa,* Sun at 1 & 3.

Pumpernickel Players, Theater of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929). *Hansel and Gretel/The Pied Piper,* dance theater, 3/12 at 2.

Rainbow Children's Theater, Hotel Sutton East, 330 E 56th St. (486-1431). *Mother Goose Medley,* Sat & Sun at 2.

Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave. (475-9647). *Hansel & Gretel,* Sat at 2:30; *Cinderella,* Sun at 2:30.

Second Stages, Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (961-1111), Sat & Sun at 1.

We Three, The Little Synagogue, 27 E 20th St. (255-0469). *Suzanne's Forest Fantasy,* 3/13 at 2.

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NEW YORK

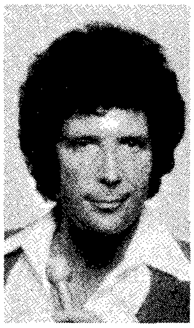
CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Extended Runs

Steve Lawrence/Eydie Gorme/Milton Berle, Westbury Music Fair. The engagement runs thru 3/13. Performances are Mon-Fri at 8:30, Sat at 7 & 10:30, Sun at 7:30.

GREAT BRITON



Tom Jones returns to New York and that means at least one thing: audience hysteria. The internationally-acclaimed star will be at the Westbury Music Fair March 14-20. Also on hand will be comedian George Miller and the Blossoms. Performance times are Monday thru Thursday at 8:30, Friday at 8 & 11, Saturday at 7 & 10:30, and Sunday at 7:30 (516-333-0533).

Tuesday, March 8

Ruggiero Ricci, violin, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Karl Haas, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Sequoia Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Klaus Tennstedt conducts. Works of Haydn & Mahler, at 7:30.

Wednesday, March 9

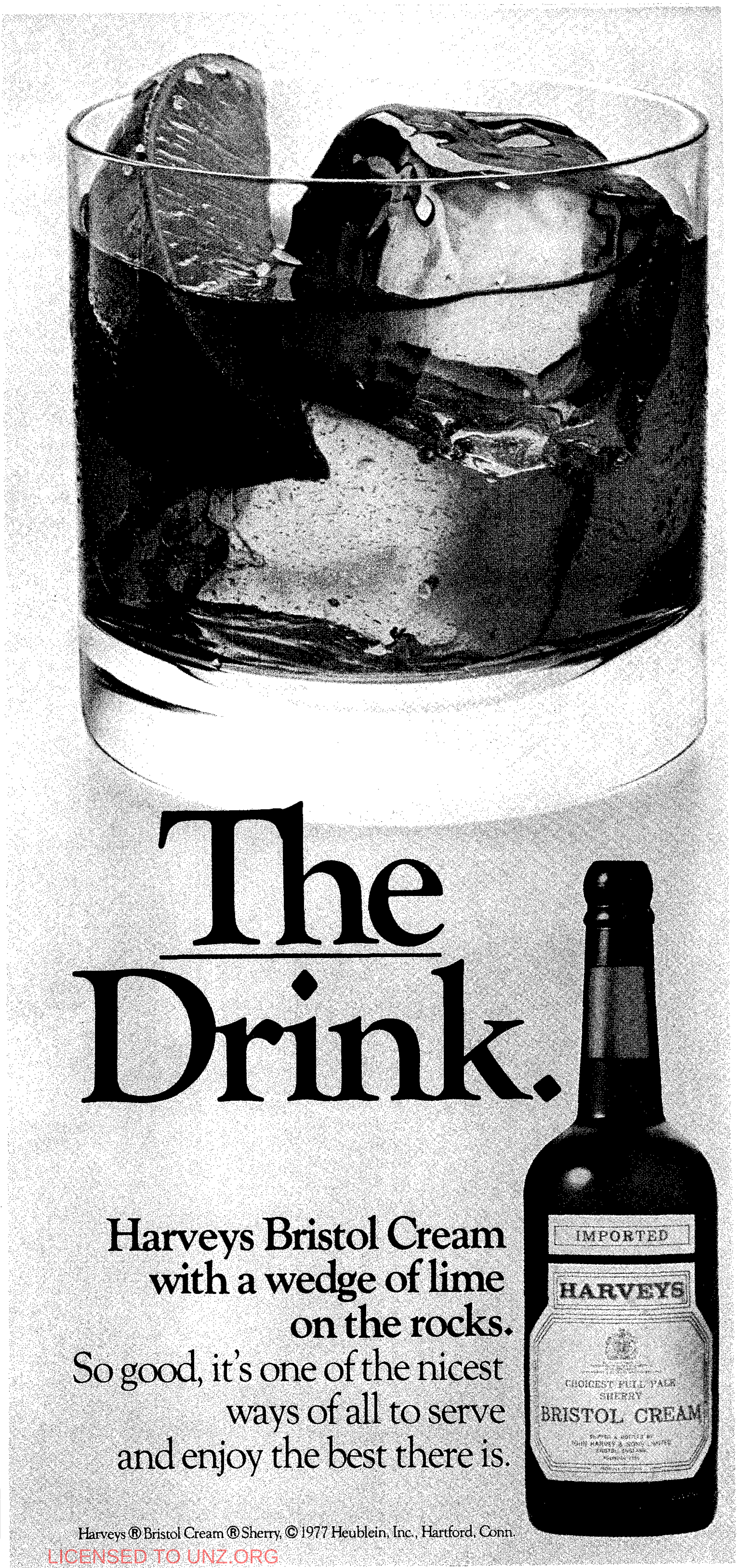
North Carolina Symphony, Carnegie Hall; John Gosling conducts. Works of Dvorak, Puolenc, Stravinsky, and Rorem, at 8.
Peter Allen, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Martha Schlamme & Alvin Epstein, Town Hall, at 5:45.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
Leon Kirchner, McMillin Theater, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., at 8.
Eugenia Earle, harpsichord, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.
Gordon Minette, piano, Mannes College of Music, 8.
Paige Brook, flute, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Kronos Quartet, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (228-4373), at 8.
Chamber Orchestra, Shuldiner Center, Boardwalk at W 29th St., Brooklyn, at l:30.

Thursday, March 10

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Erich Leinsdorf conducts, with Rodney Friend, violin. Works of Mozart, Szymanowski, and Bartok, at 8:30.
Orpheus Chamber Singers, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (264-4451), at 7.
Diane Goldsmith, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Late Songs, Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E 65th St., 8.
Chamber Orchestra, Hebrew Educational Society, 9502 Seaview Ave., Brooklyn, at l:30.
Jean Cinnante, flute, Mannes College of Music, at 8.

Friday, March 11

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 3/10, at 2.
Paul Brady & Andy Irvine, Irish folk singers, Town Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Donald Byrd & the Blackbyrds, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Francis Lindquist, piano, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8.
Concert Social, Hotel Biltmore Music Room, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
Waverly Consort, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
New York Lyric Arts Trio, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.
Dessoff Choirs, Cooper Union Auditorium, 51 Astor Pl. (254-6300), at 8.
Michael Newman, guitar, Mannes College of Music, at 8.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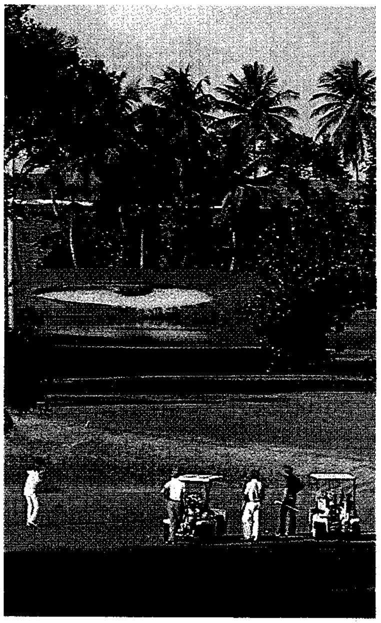
The sporting life



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Saturday, March 12

SEEING RED

Red Skelton, alias Clem Kadiddlehopper, alias San Fernando Red, makes his first New York appearance in over 40 years this Saturday, March 12 in Carnegie Hall. A seventeen-piece orchestra will enable him to conduct some of his own compositions. There will be two performances, at 8 and 11 (247-7459).

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 3/12, at 8:30.
New Lost City Ramblers, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (427-1488), at 8.
Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Dessoff Choirs, Friends Meeting House, 28 Gramercy Park South (228-9226), at 8:15.
Frans Brueggen, recorder, Metropolitan Museum, 8.
Greek Comedy Review, Town Hall, at 8.
New Structures Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
New Little Orchestra Young People's Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 11 & 3.
Orchestral Concert, Carnegie Hall; Charlotte Bergen conducts, at 2:30.
Chamber Music for Winds, Mannes College of Music, at 2.

Sunday, March 13

Symphony of the New World, Carnegie Hall; Everett Lee conducts, with Frances Walker, piano. Works of Prokofiev, Diamond, and Tchaikovsky, at 3.
Israel Folk Dance Festival, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3:30 & 7.
Cambria Chamber Players, Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 5:45.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.
Christopher Lewis, piano, NY Historical Society, at 2:30.
Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Frederic Waldman conducts, with Beaux Arts Trio. Works of Rossini, Mendelssohn, Mozart, & Beethoven, at 7.
Fontainebleau Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:15.
Ana Pelekh, violin, Town Hall, at 2:30.
SoHo Ensemble, Vorpal Gallery, 465 W Broadway, at 8.
Seymour Wakschal, violin, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Gerald Hamilton, bass-baritone, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Salute to Sholom Katz, Town Hall, at 7.
Bronx Arts Ensemble, NY Botanical Garden, Southern Blvd. at 200th St., at 2:30.
Cincinnati Symphony, Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall, at 3.
Cappella Nova, Corpus Christi Church, Broadway at 121st St., at 3.

Monday, March 14

James Graseck, violin, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Tarragó Guitar Quartet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Concert of British Music, Town Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic Educational Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 1:30.
Andre Watts, piano, BAM Opera House, at 8.

Tuesday, March 15

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 3/10, at 7:30.
Earlham College Chamber Singers, Town Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Stewart Newbold, clarinet, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.
Ruggiero Ricci, violin, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Orpheus Chamber Singers, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.
Tarrago Guitar Quartet, Whitney Museum Downtown, 55 Water St., at 12:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).

CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera (580-9830). American Ballet Theater (787-3880). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th (737-0700).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000).

Palladium, 126 E 14th (249-8870).

Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

SEDUCTION OF MIMI

Renata Scotto is Mimi in the Metropolitan Opera's production of *La Bohème,* which will have three performances this week: March 9, 12, and 15 at 8. The cast also includes Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, and Ingvar Wixell. The conductor is Thomas Schippers; the director is Fabrizio Melano; the designer is Pier Luigi Pizzi (580-9830).

Tues, 3/8 at 8: **La Forza del Destino** with Price, Elias, Domingo, MacNeil. Conductor: Levine; director: Dexter; designers: Berman, Reppa & Hall. Wed, 3/9 at 8: **La Bohème** with Scotto, Niska, Pavarotti, Wixell. Conductor: Schippers; director: Melano; designer: Pizzi. Thurs, 3/10 at 8: **Le Nozze di Figaro** with Harper, Blegen, Elias, Morris. Conductor: Bedford; director: Rennert; designer: O'Hearn. Fri, 3/11 at 8: **Dialogues of the Carmélites** with Ewing, Verrett, Crespin, Dunn. Conductor: Plasson; director: Dexter; designers: Reppa, Greenwood & Wechsler. Sat, 3/12 at 2: **La Forza del Destino** (Same cast at 3/8). Sat, 3/12 at 8: **La Bohème** (Same cast as 3/9). Mon, 3/14 at 8: **Le Nozze di Figaro** (Same cast as 3/10). Tues, 3/15 at 8: **La Bohème** (Same cast as 3/9).

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 3/8 at 8: **Louise** with Sills, Bible, Alexander, Hale. Conductor: Rudel; director: Rudel; designer: Micunis. Wed, 3/9 at 8: **La Belle Hélène** with Brooks, Evans, Billings, McKee. Conductor: Effron; director: Eddleman; designers: Evans & Campbell. Thurs, 3/10 at 8: **Der Fliegende Hollander** with Meier, Taylor, Sarabia, Berberian. Conductor: Rudel; director: Darling; designer: Darling. Fri, 3/11 at 8: **The Marriage of Figaro** with Dale, Little, Marsee, Holloway. Conductor: Charry; director: Hicks; designer: Wittstein. Sat, 3/12 at 2: **Louise** (Same cast as 3/8). Sat, 3/12 at 8: **Madama Butterfly** with

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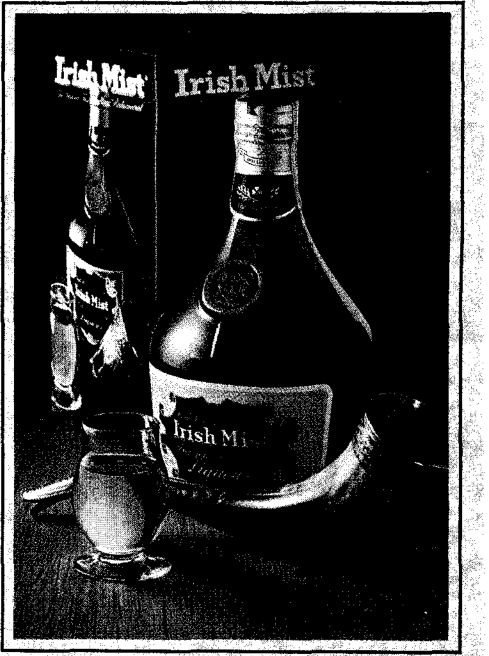

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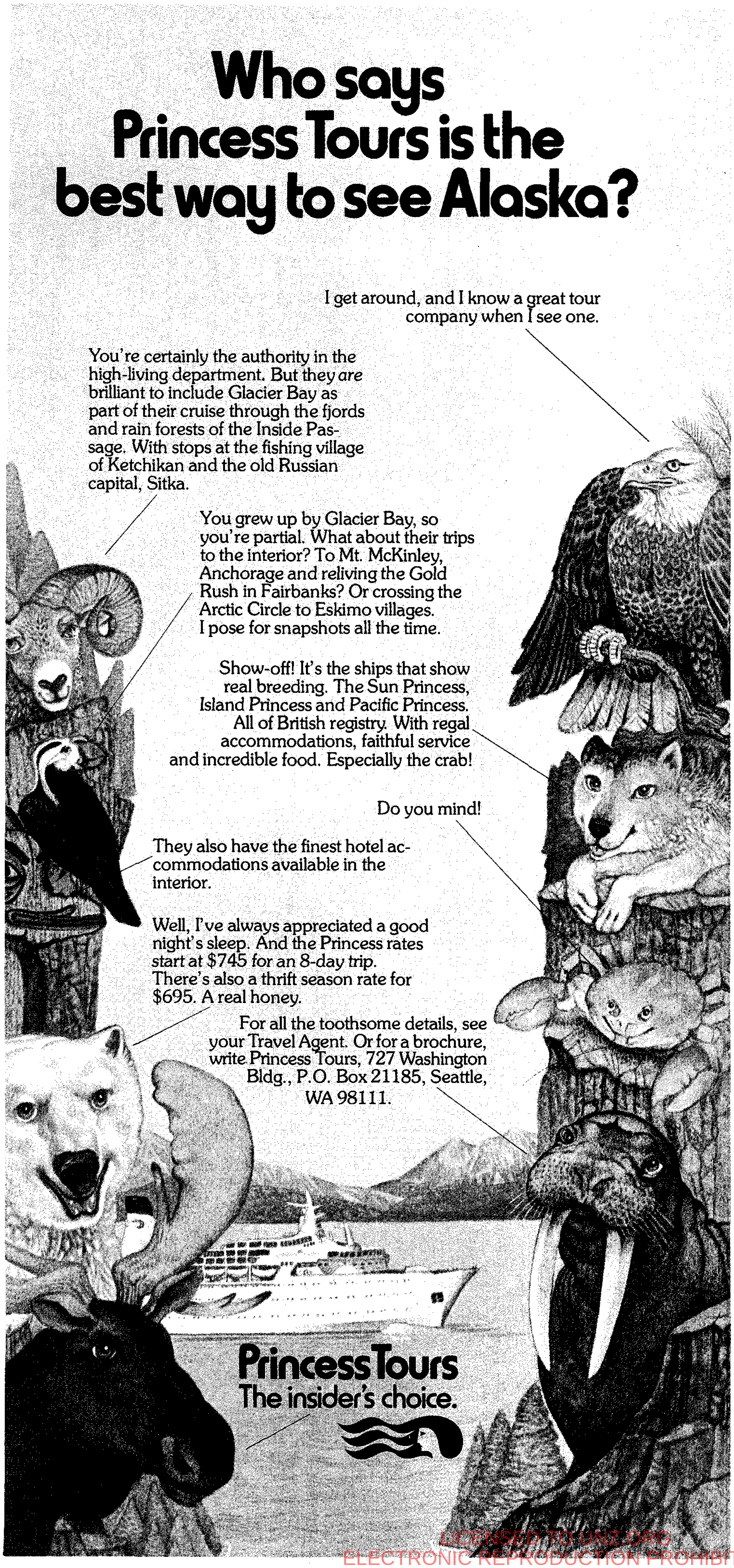

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Carron, Walker, Bartolini, Darrenkamp. Conductor: Morelli; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Sun, 3/13 at 1: **La Bohème** with Soviero, Palmer, Mauro, Elvira. Conductor: Morelli; director: Auerbach; designer: Evans. Sun, 3/13 at 7: **Carmen** with Arrauzau, Fowles, Scano, Holloway. Conductor: Pallo; director: Capobianco; designer: Varona. Tues, 3/15 at 8: **Louise** (Same cast as 3/8).

OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Falstaff,* 3/12 at 7:30, 3/13 at 2:30.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *Yeoman of the Guard,* 3/9 at 2 & 8:30, 3/10-12 at 8:30, 3/13 at 4.

Stuyvesant Opera, Loretto Theater, 20 Bleecker St. *Carmen,* 3/13 at 2:30.

Dance

ELIOT FELD BALLET
CITY CENTER

Wed, 3/9 at 7: *Real McCoy; Gods Amused; America; Consort.* Thurs, 3/10 at 8: *Harbinger; Consort; Intermezzo.* Fri, 3/11 at 8: *Real McCoy; At Midnight; Soldier's Tale.* Sat, 3/12 at 8: *Harbinger; A Footstep of Air; Consort.* Sun, 3/13 at 2:30: *Waves; Tzaddik; Parisien; Excursions.* Sun, 3/13 at 8: *Real McCoy; At Midnight; A Footstep of Air.* Tues, 3/15 at 8: *Harbinger; At Midnight; Intermezzo.*

OTHER

American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077). Laura Dean: 3/8 & 15 at 8; Mitchell Rose: 3/10-13 at 8.

Trish Brown Dance Co., BAM Lepercq Space, 3/10 at 7:30, 3/11-12 at 8, 3/13 at 2.

Nureyev, Uris Theater, 1633 Broadway, (588-6510); Pierrot Lunaire, The Lesson, Songs of a Wayfarer; thru 3/20; Tues-Sat at 8; Sat at 2; Sun at 3.

Larry Richardson and Dance Company, 40 Park Ave. (685-5972), 3/10-12 at 8; 3/13 at 3.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Robert Barnes/William T. Wiley**–Small paintings dealing with the adventurer Trelawny and the deaths of Byron and Shelley/Etchings and texts from *Suite of Daze,* thru 4/1. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5:30.

***Sherman Drexler**–Paintings, thru 3/29. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630).

***Mary Frank**–Life-size terracotta daughters and lovers, cut into parts and reassembled in sensuous grasps and gropes; the larger pieces don't quite fulfill their high ambitions; it's hard to be sensuous and monumental; some smaller ones make the merge; thru 3/19. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Sidney Goodman –Oils, watercolors, pastels and drawings from the past two years./Drawings and watercolors including landscapes, thru 4/2. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268) and Sumers, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Rockwell Kent**–His world in paintings, drawings, watercolors, prints and designs, thru 3/19. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

***Yves Klein**(1928-1962)–Monochrome abstractions in blue, gold, rose, yellow, green and white, thru 3/30. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

***Lee Krasner**–Classroom Cubist drawings done in 1937-40, cut into strong zigzag forms or arranged in grids, make strong mid-1970 impacts; her sense of design and will to drama overcome any nostalgic overtones; the past has been turned into a wallpaper for the future; thru 3/19. Pace, 32 E 57th (421-3292).

***Jacques Lipchitz**–Sculptures and drawings from the Cubist Epoch/Ten 20th century photographers, thru 3/12. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).

Winifred Lutz–Handmade paper objects, thru 3/24. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).

***Carlos Merida**–Cubist abstractions by this Guatemalan, 3/12-4/9. Jackson, 521 W 57th (757-2890).

***Donn Moulton**–Gigantic, colorful fiberglass apples, thru 3/31. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

Albert Paley–Metal forms, thru 3/19. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

***Vita Petersen**–Drawings of everyday things (bath towels, chairs), plus a series of architectural inventions that ring changes on perspective and art historical fantasy. A sober, even thoughtful, use of hard sharp pencils keeps everything in focus; thru 3/19. Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W 57th (247-7480).

Peter Reginato–Sculpture, 3/13-31. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

***Bruce Robbins**–Ladders lovingly fabricated in laminations of metals and paints and plastics, gangplanks equally cherished, for a show that leans against the walls in glittering serenity; there is mysticism here, too; the ladder first was Jacob's and was designed for angels; thru 3/19. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Babe Shapiro–New Paintings, thru 3/17. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

***Esteban Vicente**–Recent paintings, thru 3/24. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

John Anderson/Ray Kass/William Umbreit–Wooden sculpture/Watercolor landscapes/Tools and beams, thru 3/31. Stone, 48 E 86th (YU8-6870).

***Chet Augustine**–Enormous forms in palace-scaled space, thru 3/12. Noyes, Van Cline, and Davenport, 1018 Mad Ave (628-5402).

Will Barnet–Figurative and abstract work of the 50s and 60s, thru 3/26. Gurewitsch, 55 E 74th (RE4-7302). Tues-Sat 1-5.

***Scott Belville/Ron Issacs**–Constructed miniature galleries/Plywood transformed into 3D paintings of life-size clothing, thru 3/26. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

***Gillian Bradshaw-Smith**–Rahda sculpture and drawings, thru 3/19. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

***Jorge Castillo**–Delicate refined still-lifes in ambiguous space, thru 3/26. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

Carlos Cruz-Diez–Kinetic physiochromies, thru 4/15. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

***Douglas Davis**–A documentary installation dealing with a global satellite plus NY-Moscow photographic montages, thru 3/26. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

***Tony Delap**–7 shaped canvases emphasizing 3D relationships, thru 3/30. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).

***Richard Etts**–Metamorphosing forms in sculpture and paintings, thru 3/30. Flanagan, 22 E 72nd (879-7392).

Will Horwitt–Wooden boxes and constructions using wire and plexiglass, thru 3/26. Ault, 25 E 77th (861-2317).

Michael W. Kaluta–Fantasy paintings, drawings and comic book art, thru 3/31. Comic Arts, 132 E 58th (688-1260).

***Jean-Emile Laboureur**(1877-1943)–Etchings, engravings, drawings, watercolors, woodcuts, and books by this French master-engraver, 3/8-4/22. French Institute, 22 W 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thur 10-8, Fri 10-5:30. Sat 10-2.

Julio Fernandez Larraz–Haunting still lifes by this Cuban, thru 3/26. FAR, 746 Mad Ave (734-7287).

***Herman Maril**–Still-lifes and landscapes of Provincetown, thru 3/25. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

John Napper–The English countryside, thru 3/31. Larcada, 23 E 67th (249-4561).

***Alan Paulson**–Wood sculptures and reliefs in oak, butternut, walnut and mahogany, thru 3/31. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

***Gabor Peterdi**–Recent paintings, thru 3/31. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Leo Rackow–Watercolors, illustrations and posters from the 30s and 40s, thru 3/12. Harlow, 1100 Mad Ave (988-4360). Wed-Sat 12-6.

Kas Sable–Drawings, including some period peices, thru 3/19. Cordy, 324 E 73rd (249-4791). Tues-Sat 1-7.

***Ludwig Sander**(1907-1975)–Carefully composed, cooly colored abstractions, thru 3/17. Knoedler, 19 E 70th (794-0550).

***Edith Schloss**–Objects and flowers against the sea in oils, watercolors and assemblages, thru 3/19. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Karl Schrag–Meadows, forests and gardens of Maine, thru 3/19. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (LE5-9888).

Joan Semmel–Recent work, thru 3/31. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Arlie and Suzanne Sinaiko–Sculpture/Paintings, 3/8-26. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (AG9-2155).

***Pierre Soulages**–Paint on paper and canvas including chiaroscuro works of 50s to large black abstractions of 70's, thru 3/12. Gimpel, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

***Lebbeus Woods**–Drawings and constructions, thru 3/17. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

SoHo

***Vincent Arcilesi/Louise Frishwasser/Darryl Halbrooks**–A monumental oil of Duane Street Loft/Expressionistic landscapes/Realist paintings of experiments, thru 3/10. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

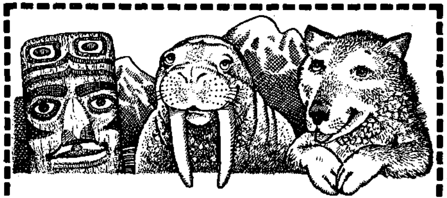
***David Budd**–Monochrome paintings with thick impastoed surfaces over which light glides, sinks, and explodes with the variety of March weather; the shapes are strong and hold the wall with architectural severity; thru 3/19. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

Rudy Burckhardt/Barry Sigel–Paintings and watercolors/Humorous figurative works, thru 3/10. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

***Greg Constantine/Louise Reiner**–TV images of famous artists/Mixed-media plexiglass wall pieces, thru 3/9. Razor, 464 W Bdwy (533-3427).

***Maurice Flecker**–Joy Island landscapes and biblical themes, thru 3/9. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Sandy Gellis/Charles O'Connor–Wall pieces and boxes capturing chemical reactions/Large abstractions, thru 3/9. 55 Mercer (226-8513).



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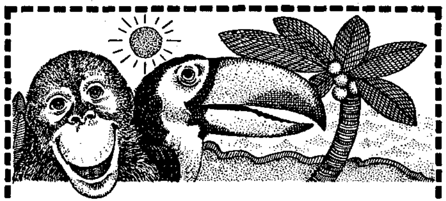

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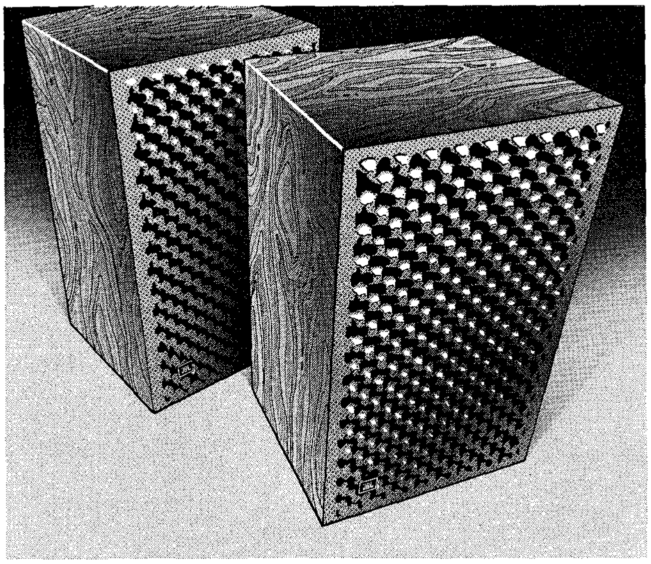

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***Elizabeth Grubic**–Still lifes, thru 3/9. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Christine Jordan/Stanley Whitney–Poetic abstractions/Single band of color abstractions, 3/10-4/2. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995).

***Penny Kaplan**–Sculpture, models and works-on-paper based on pyramids and Greek structures, 3/12-30. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

Peggi Kayton–Stitched metallic abstractions, thru 3/20. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (730-9369).

Kazuko–Works, thru 3/30. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Ora Lerman–Works, 3/11-30. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

***Hilarie Mais**–Polychrome steel-rod wall pieces, 3/12-4/6. Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

***Dauphne Mumford**–Visionary paintings including a triptych of 3 girls called *The Passengers* 3/12-31. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

***Don Nice**–Panels, predellas, totems and ziggurats dealing with the Hudson River, thru 3/31. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Tony Robbin–Abstractions, 3/12-4/5. Alessandra, 489 Broome (925-7373).

***Rosalind Shaffer**–A wood environment entitled "Street-Wise," thru 3/30. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167).Tues-Sat 12-6.

Oleg Sohanievich–Stress sculpture, thru 3/9. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

Marvin Torffield–A curved plywood form reflecting sound, thru 3/16. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

Grace Bakst Wapner–Velvet and satin screens, 3/12-30. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

Tino Zago–Works, thru 3/26. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

Robert Zakanitch–Patterns in paint including several tryptichs, thru 3/22. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

OTHER

***Lyonel Feininger**(l871-1956)–Rare etchings and woodcuts, thru 4/1. Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

***Louis Finkelstein**–Parks, bridges, streets of NYC, 3/8-4/1. Arsenal, 830 5th Ave (744-3158).

Herbert Kallem–New bronzes, thru 3/26. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

Mel Pekarsky–Mixed-media landscapes on unstretched canvas and linen paper, 3/8-26. Einstein, 243 E 82nd (628-8782).

***Lucio Pozzi–4** painted vaulted structures creating a changing environment, thru 6/5/Photos of Long Island City by Beck, Freund, Rosenblum and Sonneman, thru 3/19. Institute for Art and Urban Resources at P.S. 1, 21-01 46th Rd, Long Island City, Queens (233-1096).

Marilyn Reynolds–Family album protraits of experiences, 3/12-30. Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6.

Stanley Roseman–The performing arts in America, thru 4/9. Lincoln Center Library of the Performing Arts, Bdwy at 61st (MU4-6108).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Portraits by Dine, Hockney, Katz, Johns, others, thru 3/11.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Paintings, sculpture, drawings and graphics by Appel, Botero, Coignard, Hofmann, Picasso, Stella, others, thru 3/12.

Kennedy–40 W 57th (541-9600). 19th century American still lifes, thru 4/30/Old Master prints by Callot, Canaletto, others, thru 3/31/Lithos by Joseph Hirsch, thru 4/2/Contemporary Western artists, thru 4/30/Mats Norryd's paintings inspired by The Divine Comedy, 3/23-4/9.

Washburn–42 E 57th (753-0546). Reconstruction of Julien Levy's Surrealizing gallery in 1943 with small-scale works by Cornell, Duchamp, Tanguy; Cornell's early pieces seem stronger than ever, with their glittering glass ice cubes and trembling silver thimbles, evocative of dancers, dreams of love, and death; thru 3/12.

***Wiener**–41 E 57th (593-1270). Indian, Nepali and Tibetan sculpture and painting, thru 3/26.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***African Tribal Arts II**–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Seating, including stools, chairs and thrones from throughout the African continent, thru 3/30.

Brewster–1018 Mad Ave (472-9481). Works by Calder, Chagall, Reynard, Zuniga, others, thru 4/17.

Davis & Long–746 Mad Ave (861-2811). American and English drawings and watercolors, thru 3/31.

***Deutsch**–43 E 80th (861-4429). Wall dimensions; collage from Schwitters to Nevelson, 3/8-4/2.

***Duhl**–31 W 54th (582-4163). Tues-Sat 12-5. Basketry in sterling silver, pine needles, seaweed by Ebendorf, Westfall, others, thru 3/26.

***Fourcade**–36 E 75th (535-3980). Small format objects from Duchamp to Heizer including collages by Le Corbusier from late 20's and sculptures by deKooning, thru 3/19.

***Hutton**–967 Mad Ave (249-9700). Paintings of the famed "Blaue Reiter" period, C. 1912 including Kandinsky, Klee, Marc, Munter, others, 3/10-6/11.

***Reinhold-Brown**–26 E 78th (RE4-7999). The decorative poster from 1890 to 1930, thru 4/19.

SoHo

Another Viewpoint–55 American artists shown simultaneously at Aames, 93 Prince, Auction 393 and Yu, 393 W Bdwy and Rabinovitch, 74 Grand as a dialogue with the Whitney Biennial, 3/12-4/1. (925-0617).

***Buecker & Harpsichords**–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Wed-Sat 12-5. S-curve and ellipse paintings from 1941 to the present including Bolotowsky, Gedeohn, Miles, Terasaki, others, thru 4/30.

OK Harris–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Sculpture by Gutkin and Shaffer, photo works by Souza, thru 3/26.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Tues, Thur 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sun 1-6. Allen, Collins, De Stefani, others, thru 3/30.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Plastic structures by Agard, om mandalas by Clarke, metal sculpture by Dumm and assemblages by Lilly, 3/12-31.

OTHER

African-American Institute–833 United Nations Plaza (949-5666). Mon-Fri 5-9, Sat 11-5. African blankets and covers, thru 5/14.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. Latin American drawings, thru 4/10.

Addison Greene–1093 2nd Ave (838-7680). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 11-5. Metal sculpture by Fajardo, surrealist abstractions by Tomlinson, others, thru 3/30.

Guiness World Records Exhibit Hall, Concourse Level of Empire State Bldg., 350 Fifth Ave. Open daily, 9:30-7.

***Hall of Science**–Corona Park, Flushing (699-9400). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Americana including letters from Presidents, Civil War mementos, sheet music of national songs, thru 6/18.

International Arts–28 E 4th (473-6072). Wed-Sat 1-6. Contemporary native Americans including the Hopi Lomahaftewa, the Seneca Lark and the Toltec Padilla, thru 3/12.

National Art Museum of Sport, Madison Square Garden Center (244-4127).

Pratt Graphics–831 Bdwy (OR4-0603). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 1-5. International miniature prints, thru 4/11.

***Steuben**–5th Ave at 56th (752-1441). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30. 12th century stained-glass windows from Canterbury Cathedral, 3/9-4/23.

Photography

***Diane Arbus**–70 works including an early series taken at Coney Island, thru 4/2. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

Aubrey Bodine/Lawrence Kupferman–Pictorealist prints./Decaying Victorian mansions by this etcher, Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066), thru 3/12.

Jonathan Brand–Family protraits and poems, 3/8-26. 20/20, 1841 Bdwy (581-0546). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Marcia Bricker/Nancy Polin/Neil Trager–People who frequent cafeterias./Personal relationships./Garage mechanics, thru 3/27. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8, Fri 12-4.

***Carlotta Corpron**–Light studies from the 40's, thru 4/1. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

Michael de Camp/Mitchell Funk–Color dye transfer abstract and scenic prints, thru 3/28. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

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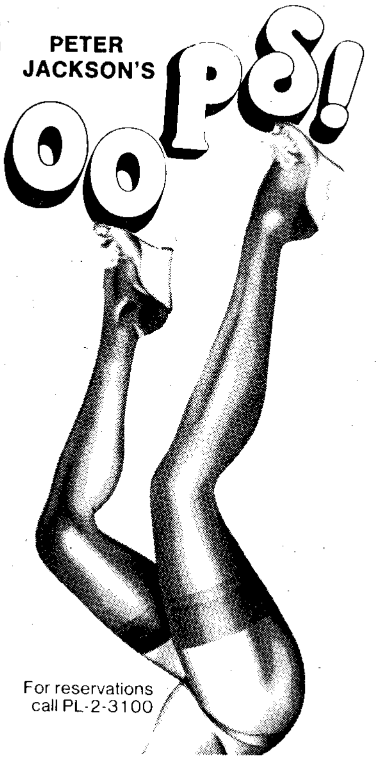

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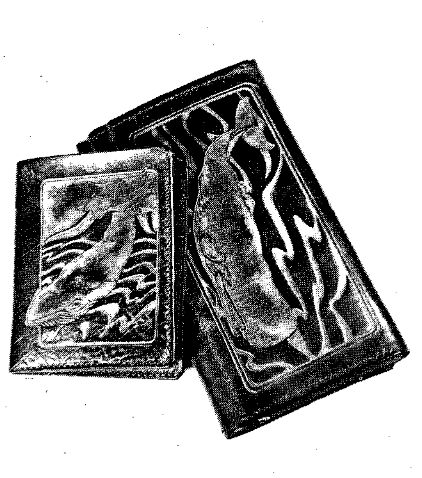

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***Walker Evans**–Photos from 1930 to 1970 and Memorial Portfolio, 3/8-4/2. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

French Cultural Services–972 5th Ave (737-9700). Mon-Fri 10-5. Brockmon, Golden and Putterman; Americans in France, 3/9-30.

***George Grosz**(1893-1959)–NYC in 1932 plus drawings, watercolors and Dada collages, thru 4/9. Kimmel/Cohn, 41 Central Park W (799-6675).

***Evelyn Hofer/Naomi Savage**–Florence, London, NYC and Dublin with portraits, architectural details, other/Photographic mosaics, collages, engravings and ceramics, thru 3/16. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Kodak–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. Photos and artifacts of Peru, plus international newspaper snapshots, thru 3/19.

Light–724 5th Ave (861-1648). Bishop, Sommer and Toth, 3/9-4/2.

***Philip Melnick**–Black-and-white formally elegant spaces buried in S. California architecture, suburban planting and interiors, thru 3/26. O.K. Harris, 383 W Bdwy (431-3600).

***Inge Morath**–The human image, thru 3/12. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Hans Namuth/Georg Reisner**–The Spanish Civil War, 1936, thru 3/26. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

***Arnold Newman**–Intimate essays on the lives of 12 contemporary Americans, thru 4/3. General Assembly Public Lobby, The United Nations, 1st Ave at 46th (593-6442). Daily 9-5:45.

***Milton Rogovin**–Storefront churches and the lower West Side in Buffalo, miners of Appalachia and Chile, thru 4/22. Gallery 1199, 310 W 43rd (582-1890).Mon-Thurs 12-4, 6-8, Fri 12-4.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Tint studies by Antonelli, Bethpage Restoration by Koslov, Oriental images by Powers plus biographical black-and-whites by Berger, thru 3/29.

***Julia Weise-Vargas**–An essay on the Bolivian peasant, thru 3/30. 4th Street, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8,Fri-Sat 3-10.

Museums

LOCAL DEBUT

The creation at left is one of a score of masks used by the **Korean Masked Dance Drama of Pongsan,** which makes its local debut at the American Museum of Natural History on Sunday, March 13 at 3. The troupe uses mimickry and flamboyant dancing to make satiric points about a number of topics. The Museum is at CPW and 79th St.

Asia House Gallery, 112 E 64th St. (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs 10-8:30. *Masterworks in Wood: China and Japan;* thru 3/27.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. *The Magic Circle:* Innovative works dealing with the theme of the circle by noted American artists; thru 3/17.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. Gustave Caillebotte, friend and patron of the Impressionists, is seen in a long overdue retrospective; his early scenes of Paris, filled with intricate plays of photo-image and mirror tricks, are glamorous symbols of a vanished modernity; thru 4/2.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum–Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. James Ensor, Belgian fantasist and precursor of Expressionism, shown in all his bizarre splendor; especially Christ's *Entry into Brussels,* one of the great masterpieces of the nineteenth century and a "Here Comes Everybody" parade for our time as well; thru 4/11.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. Retrospective of the works of Dennis Stock and Mike Disfarmer; Calotype Landscapes by Glenn Richmond. All shows thru 3/13.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Blue and White:* Early Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 6/30. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* An exhibition of 200 years (1709-1909) of Russian costumes; thru August. *Gustave Doré: Dark Tales and Drolleries:* An exhibition of about 50 of his illustrations from the Bible, Dante's *Inferno,* La Fontaine's *Fables,* and *Don Quixote;* thru 3/27. *Photographs by Félix Nadar (1820-1910):* 50 portraits of Second Empire Parisians; thru 3/27. *Andrew Wyeth: Drawings and Watercolors;* thru the summer.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Six Great Collections:* Manuscripts, drawings, early children's books, rare books, and scientific and musical manuscripts which have been deposited at or given to the Library by six collectors; thru 4/24.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Closed Sun. Call for hours. *A History of Ceramics: Pre-Columbian to Contemporary.*

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-4690). Tues-Sat 12-5. The first American museum dedicated to the study and preservation of the more than 50-year history of radio and television broadcasting.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Windows of New York:* Photos by Ralph Rosenblum; thru 5/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *Iron: Solid Wrought/USA:* Retrospective of 200 years of creative blacksmithing; thru 3/27.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. *Tina Modotti:* Approximately 40 photographs by the Italian-born actress, photographer, and political activist; thru 4/3. *Posters by Painters:* An extensive collection of posters by such artists as Calder, Dine, Picasso, Steinberg, Motherwell, and others; thru 3/14. *Filmmakers' Image:* Maureen Lambray's photographs of 45 men who have made film history; thru 4/26.

New York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *200 Years of American Illustration,* thru 4/17. *Selling New York:* An extraordinary look at our cultural history thru rare examples of American advertising; thru 3/31.

Queens Museum, New York City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

South Street Seaport Museum–16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6. *Farewell to Old England; New York in Revolution:* A bicentennial display which explores the revolutionary years in New York. *A Closer Look at Tugs:* Artifacts, models, paintings, and photographs of tug boats and New York, past and present; thru March.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. An exhibition of paintings by Al Loving, thru 3/26; paintings and collages by Randolph Williams, thru 4/13.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/2. *1977 Whitney Biennial:* Devoted to works by artists who had their first decisive influence in the 1970s; thru 3/27. **Downtown Branch,** 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3.

Sports

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (563-8000); vs. Nuggets, 3/8 at 7:30; vs. Trail Blazers, 3/10 at 7:30; vs. SuperSonics, 3/12 at 8.

Nets, Nassau Coliseum (516-794-9100); vs. Suns, 3/11 at 8:05; vs. Lakers, 3/13 at 1:45.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden; vs. North Stars, 3/9 at 7:35; vs. Flames, 3/13 at 7:35.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum; vs. Barons, 3/12 at 8.

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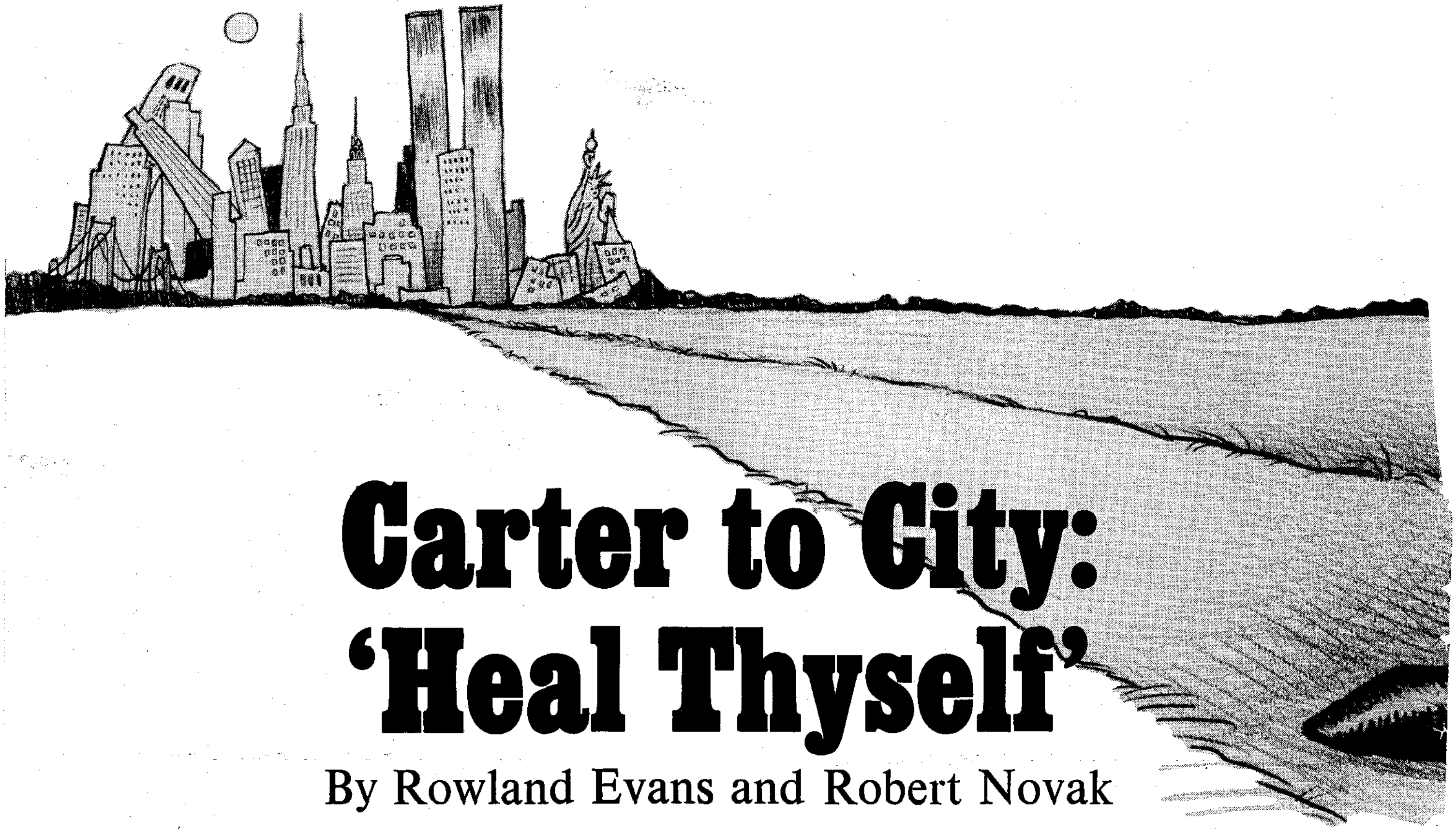
New York



Carter to City: 'Heal Thyself'

By Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

"...Fact No. 1: The city can expect no help—*none whatsoever*—from the federal government in the current money crunch..."

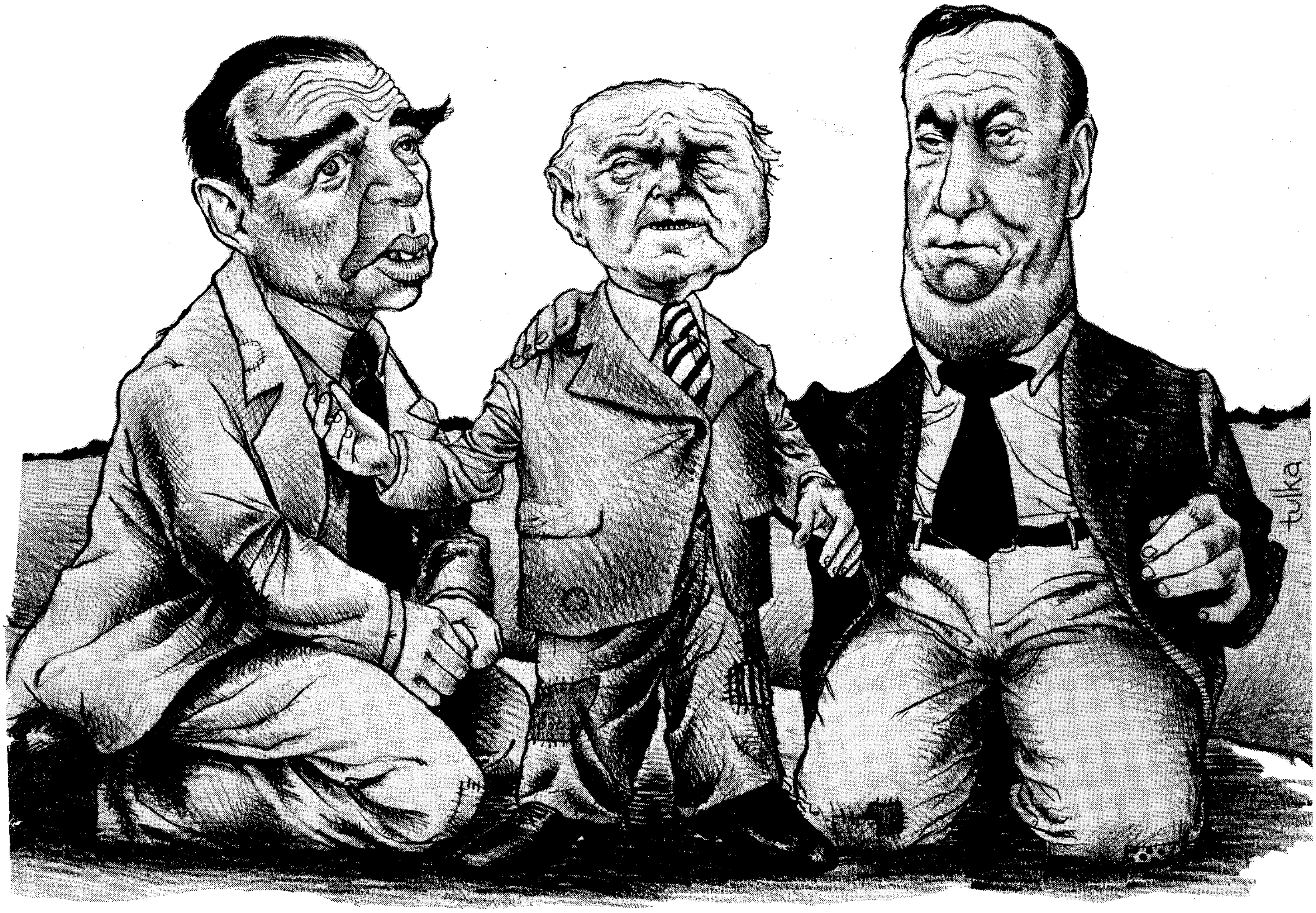
On March 1, while visiting the Pentagon, President Carter answered a question with this formulation: Federal loans to tide over New York City's emergency cash needs would be forthcoming—but not until City Hall, the unions, and the bankers had worked out their present impasse. That's the old banker's ploy: "We'll loan you money but only if you don't need it," an attitude within the Carter administration that dates back at least two months.

On December 28, three mendicants from New York, stiff and formal in their business suits, traveled to St. Simons Island off the Georgia coast to meet a tieless, sweatered Jimmy Carter. There, they encountered the Delphic counsel that had been so useful in transforming an obscure southern politician into president-elect of the United States. What the New Yorkers wanted was concrete help to ease their city's unsolved fiscal crisis. What they got from President-elect Carter was a promise—and then an admonition that virtually nullified the promise and enabled him to look both ways on this politically treacherous question.

Carter was at St. Simons, playground of the Georgia Establishment, for an unusual preinaugural Cabinet meeting. His prospective Cabinet was to meet that day for six hours to discuss the need to rebuild public confidence by fulfilling campaign promises. But before the meeting began, there was that little matter of New York. Whereas Carter's Cabinet choices spent the night at the elegant Cloisters Hotel on nearby Sea Island, the three New Yorkers—Mayor Abraham Beame, Governor Hugh Carey, and Felix Rohatyn, guiding light of the Municipal Assistance Corporation—had appropriately stayed at a modest Jacksonville, Florida, hotel 70 miles away. They drove to the coastal island that morning, then waited half an hour beyond their scheduled appointment time for Carter to return from fishing.

Their pilgrimage was forced by a need for the president-elect to react to the November 19 decision of the New York Court of Appeals that struck down the moratorium on the city's debts. Beame, Carey, and Rohatyn needed moral support from Carter so that the banks and union pension funds would buy still more city securities. Thus, meeting Carter that warm, sunny December morning at Musgrove Plantation, tobacco millionaire Scott Bagley's estate, they were given the promise: The federal government would not permit New York City to go bankrupt. But with it came the admonition made familiar by President Ford: It was essential that New Yorkers diligently pursue Draconian fiscal policies. It was as if nothing had changed except the background music. Carter's admonition was privately revealed at St. Simons by senior Carter aides. They were responding to newsmen's questions about whether the president-elect had handed Beame the key to the federal treasury. As the three New Yorkers paused at the door before leaving Musgrove Plantation, Carter stressed to them that they would have to find their own solution—that is, their own cash—in the latest crisis.

Illustrated by Richard Tulka



So, Carterologists had another puzzle: Which was more important, the promise or the admonition?

The promise was stressed to the outside world, with Carter delivering this formulation to the public: "Bankruptcy is not a viable alternative for New York, and we have eliminated that as a possibility for the future." At a news conference on St. Simons, the New Yorkers sought to give the impression that the long Republican nightmare had faded into a Democratic paradise.

Two months later, however, Carter's officials at the Treasury Department were by no means interpreting the St. Simons Island promise as the guarantee of a last-resort federal bailout to prevent the city from going bankrupt. What, then, did the promise mean? "I would call it something from the Delphic oracle," one Carter official told us.

It is the admonition divorcing the federal government from any short-term solution that has become holy writ at the Treasury. And, under Carter's concept for Cabinet government, the Treasury—not the White House—is where New York City's problems are confronted daily.

This unambiguous Treasury interpretation of what the president really means dashes any hope that Carter's victory over Gerald Ford will guarantee days of wine and roses for City Hall.

In contrast to that springlike morning at St. Simons, the bitter Washington winter has produced four very cold, but unstated, facts of life (altered somewhat by lots of warm talk).

Fact No. 1 (the coldest fact of all): The city can expect no help—*none whatsoever*—from the federal government in the current money crunch. Barring an unexpected and uncharacteristic order from the president to move in, the Treasury men are strictly onlookers.

Fact No. 2: Beyond the present emergency, a Carter administration trying desperately to hold down the budget deficit has no plans for significant new urban aid in terms of hard cash. The federal takeover of New York City's welfare costs that Democratic politicians implied would just naturally follow Carter's election will not even be proposed in the near future. Help is *not* on the way.

Fact No. 3: Federal assistance for opening up the capital markets to give the city access to cash from the sale of bonds is in the very early planning stages and definitely will be considerably less attractive and helpful than City Hall had hoped. Certainly, the Carter administration will not seek blanket federal guaranties for municipal securities. A limited plan may be proposed but it would attach onerous conditions for the city to meet.

Fact No. 4: The congressional attitude toward New York, never sweet, has turned positively sour. Anything expensive, such as federalization of the city's welfare costs, is out of the question. Even a limited guaranty program for city bonds would be very unlikely to get through Congress.

These cold facts have been made to appear more bearable—and even obscured to many—by the hot air in Washington. While the Ford Treasury raked New York for profligacy more in anger than in sorrow, the Carter Treasury praises what has been done so far. ("I really take my hat off to them," one Carter official told us.) While the Ford Treasury today would surely be pressing Beame to end rent controls and take a whack at renegotiating exorbitant municipal-union pensions, no such nastiness seeps out of the Carter Treasury. In fact, the Treasury has metamorphosed from flinty-eyed banker into sympathetic friend—but tangible assistance has not increased. In short, the sympathetic friend has no more cash to give than the flinty-eyed banker.

Nevertheless, public expectations are rising, fostered in part by Beame's revelations that "help" is on the way from Washington. Eliot Janeway, a New

Blumenthal on New York: A Report From the Treasury

Secretaries of the treasury now must wrestle with the problems of New York City. Just as William Simon did in the Ford administration, W. Michael Blumenthal, the present secretary, calls the tune on New York for President Carter. At age 51, Blumenthal is a proven corporate manager (chief executive officer of the Bendix Corporation) and senior government official (trade negotiator in Kennedy-Johnson days).

Last week, sitting in the same chair at the Treasury from which Bill Simon fired broadsides at New York politicians and labor leaders, Blumenthal met with us for his first on-the-record interview on New York.

Is there any possibility of federal intervention, as a last resort, in the present financing crunch?

"I don't think so. The federal government has already intervened in the past, and that was done in the context of a program by the city to get itself through at least city fiscal [year] 1978. Now, the city has to do that, and we don't have any possibility, any authority, or any congressional support to do anything else. Even if we could, it would be questionable whether we should because, really, what we have to concern ourselves with is the overall problem of cities—of which New York City is the premier example. So that what we have to be concerned with is longer-run initiatives that will help New York City after 1978 and be available to other cities."

What long-range initiatives?

"A variety of programs. Clearly, the work being done under the leadership of Joe Califano [secretary of health, education, and welfare] relating to welfare reform will have an impact on New York City—to lighten the impact of welfare costs on New York City.

"Secondly, the questions we have to resolve are whether there are underlying factors that stack the cards against a city making it on its own and whether a national approach of some kind is required without in any way obviating the need of cities to be responsible and well managed. If the answer to those questions is yes, then we need either some regularization of seasonal financing, some kind of urban bank—on the same plan as the World Bank—or some sort of reinsurance.

"The third element is the study we have begun of fundamental tax reform. Clearly, the question we have to resolve is whether there are particular elements of tax reform that should be helpful to places like New York City."

Is a federal guaranty program for municipal securities possible?

"I don't really think the federal government is going to be in a position to underwrite all municipal securities. I think it might be possible under certain circumstances, for certain specific purposes with certain specific commitments. Like most things in life, nothing is for free, and there no doubt will be some strings attached. Those commitments will make the cities likely to use this device carefully and sparingly."

When will these programs be coming out?

"I think we pretty well have to have our own ideas in order to discuss by the late spring."

What about New York trying to return to the capital markets for financing?

"If the city can come together on the necessary steps to meet the present moratorium gap and balance its budget in fiscal 1978, if there is a better forward plan by the city as to how it plans to meet its expenses and run its affairs in the period after 1978, and, finally, if investors see what the federal government will be doing for cities generally, then I think the chances that the city can again have access to the capital markets are reasonably good."

What about federalization of welfare costs?

"I suggest you address that question to Joe [Califano]. If by federalization you mean the federal government taking over the funding of all welfare costs, I think that very unlikely. But again, there are various halfway houses. First of all, limit abuse. This certainly is essential because I suspect that there is enough there, waste and abuse, to raise welfare costs over what they ought to be."

Are you satisfied with the austerity and belt-tightening that has taken place in New York?

"It's easy for me to sit here and shake the finger at New York City and say, 'You must be more austere.' Knowing what I do today, it would be unfair for me to do that. I am impressed by the fact, as a result of the problems and the crises, that a considerable amount has been done in a relatively short period of time, and New Yorkers have reason to be somewhat proud of that. Now, by no means has everything been done, and it would have been a miracle if it had. I think there do remain particular areas in which not so much austerity but rational decision-making, which delimits city functions, needs to be set up. It involves an analysis of city facilities which ought to be closed. It involves also some kind of policy within the city as to how high you want taxes to go in order to fund certain kinds of wages. How much greater than productivity do you want to set wage increases?"

Is such advice the federal government's business?

"Sure. Put it this way: When the IMF [International Monetary Fund] extends a loan to any country, whether it is to Great Britain or Brazil or whomever, it is based on a program in which the receiving country assumes commitments. Any new federal program will analogously imply commitments."

Are continued rent controls for New York City feasible?

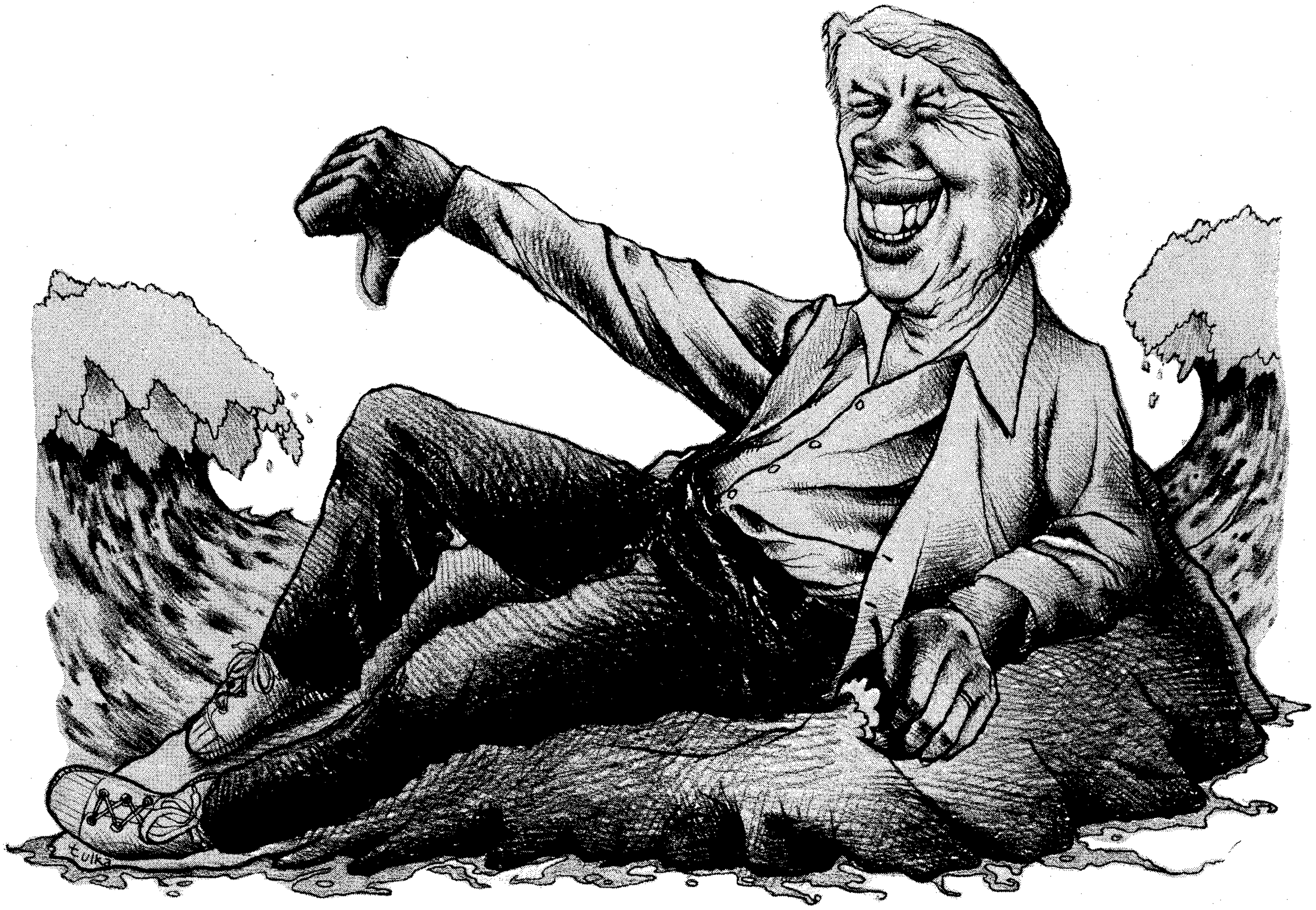
"I don't know enough about the details of that subject to say yes or no. It is indeed the cause of some of the problems, but no doubt it is of great help to certain types of people."

What about the future of New York?

"I think the *raison d'être* of New York is more secure than that of most other cities. It is a world magnet, a major tourist attraction. It is the major financial and economic center of the world. It is one of the major fashion centers. It is a major port. It is the advertising and banking center of the world. Plus entertainment, major music, the best theater, communications. None of these things can prosper, flourish, and grow if the financial structure underlying the municipal framework is untenable and the administration of it is poor. That will destroy it."

Can the city be made more attractive for business?

"Even better administration and further efforts to bring the budget into line will allow the city to reduce individual tax rates. In the company where I used to work, when we sent a person to New York City, over any other kind of increase we had to give him what was a cost-of-living increase, not because food was more expensive in New York, but simply because taxes on the executive moving into New York were horrendous. That obviously creates impediments to business in the city." **—R.E. and R.N.**



> "...Economist Eliot Janeway's assessment is that Carter offered Beame 'billions for publicity, but not one cent for subsidy'..."

York–based financial consultant who was an early Carter supporter and maintains close contact with the highest levels of the administration, is bluntly realistic in saying: "My assessment is that Carter has told Beame they can have any headline they want, providing it doesn't cost any money. Billions for publicity, but not one cent for subsidy."

Even the headlines have been fading, witness the fact that Beame's visit to the White House on February 11 quickly became a nonevent. The mayor *publicly* asked for nothing; the president *publicly* promised nothing. Neither Beame's nor Carter's financial advisers were present, raising immediate skepticism about the seriousness of the meeting. Whatever the mayor wanted, only the president knows, for it was not reported to the Treasury, nor (so far as we can determine) was it put in writing.

In short, Carter, a canny politician who knows a tar baby when he sees one, wants no part of the New York City tar baby. It belongs to Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal, who was delegated general responsibility for New York at St. Simons. That precisely comports with Carter's deft political treatment of the New York fiscal crisis on his way to the White House.

Campaigning in the early Iowa and New Hampshire delegate contests as the anti-Establishment outsider, Carter declared it "would be inappropriate for the federal government to single out New York City for special favors." The April 6 New York primary played no important part in Carter's strategy, so he was able to maintain an aura of detachment about the city's problems that nicely reflected the national consensus, while Scoop Jackson and Mo Udall vied for the city's favor.

Carter finished fourth in New York delegate totals (behind Jackson, Udall, and the uncommitted bloc), but earned plaudits from non–New Yorkers.

Three weeks later, Carter's win in Pennsylvania knocked Jackson out of the presidential race and transformed the political world—as well as Carter's attitude about New York. Aware of the crucial importance of New York's bloc of convention delegates—the nation's second largest—as well as its electoral votes, Carter entered into a political alliance with Beame, accompanied by support for the city. In a statement last May 26, he talked about stretching federal assistance to six, seven, or even eight years, but his new attitude was more a matter of tone than specifics. Opening his New York general-election campaign at Brooklyn College September 7, Carter pledged the city "complete support from the White House" and both scolded and ridiculed Gerald Ford "for telling New York to drop dead" (a rhetorical liberty based on the New York *Daily News* headline). Carter's campaign poster, plastered on subway trains and buses throughout the city, read, "I guarantee that if I go to the White House, I'll never tell the people of the greatest city on Earth to drop dead."

That campaign rhetoric has now resolved itself into something a good deal less than six-year federal financing. Instead of largess, what he has mainly provided so far are soft cushions of

"...Treasury has metamorphosed from flinty-eyed banker into sympathetic friend—but tangible assistance has not increased..."

sympathy in the form of Treasury experts who appear to have little in common with the hard-rock Republicans there under William Simon. Blumenthal, fresh from troubled Detroit as head of the Bendix Corporation, is incomparably more liberal on urban problems than Simon. Last September, Deputy Secretary–designate Kenneth Axelson finished a year as Beame's deputy mayor for finance on loan from J. C. Penney Company. Roger C. Altman, slated to be assistant secretary for capital markets and debt management, is a 31-year-old Lehman Brothers partner with a background in liberal Democratic politics. Altman has been spending about one third of his time on New York City problems, Axelson about half that much. So City Hall now encounters sympathetic friends at the Treasury instead of harsh adversaries.

But the bottom line remains the same: There will be *no* federal help in surmounting the present crunch for either the $1-billion debt or for the city's current operating costs. That is not because the Treasury men underestimate the seriousness of the present crisis. On the contrary, one calls it "deadly serious" and by no means certain of resolution. On Sunday, February 27, Blumenthal made clear to Beame that the Treasury would approve no emergency loan until the city cured its current $1-billion headache. So, the Carter administration is reduced to crossing its fingers and hoping that somehow the banks and the unions will bridge the considerable gap now separating them and blocking new financing arrangements.

The reasons for this passivity are tactical. "If we intervene now," one official told us, "we blow everything." If New York cannot solve its first Carter-era crisis without help from Washington, the Treasury sees two disastrous consequences: first, no future chance whatever of the city returning to the capital markets for financing; second, no future help from Congress.

The mood on Capitol Hill is unfavorable enough as it is. With New York City no more popular a cause there today than it was in 1975, the reluctant Republican congressmen who supported the reluctant Republican president's salvage operation for the city want to vote against any more help now.

Moreover, a New York–style Catch-22 has been contrived by wily Senator William Proxmire, chairman of the Senate banking committee. Proxmire says no federal help is needed because City Hall has done so splendidly in putting its house in order; implicitly, however, his position is that any need for emergency federal help would indict the city for falling down on the job and therefore render it undeserving of help. At the Treasury, there is no doubt that intervention in the present financing crunch would lose Bill Proxmire's support for the long haul.

And the long haul is what Blumenthal, Axelson, and Altman are considering—that is, what lies beyond the present crisis, if another eleventh-hour financing agreement is worked out.

One such problem under study at the Treasury is support, as yet unspecified, for the city-employee unions to continue their painful belt-tightening of the last two years. Whereas the Ford Treasury perceived the city labor leaders as grasping gluttons, the Carter Treasury sympathizes with the plight of such union chiefs as Albert Shanker of the teachers' union. Carter officials see Shanker's leadership of the once predominantly Jewish union challenged by young black and Hispanic teachers who are militant in demanding new benefits. "There comes a point where they can't do more on their own to hold things down, and we have to help," one official told us. But what can the federal government do to help? Carter's administration doesn't know.

More tangible but scarcely less difficult is Treasury's plan to seek an end to what northeastern politicians have long viewed as a disproportionate share of federal funds moving to the Sun Belt and away from the Northeast. Although some of this can be remedied by administrative action, most of the remedy will require legislation. And there is no optimism that Sun Belt members of Congress will gently acquiesce in any such change.

Nor can New York expect any budgetary floodgates to open for the cities with Budget Director Bert Lance maintaining tight spending controls (over the anguished cries of liberals in both the White House and Congress) in order to make a favorable impression on the money markets. Fully as forlorn is the now quaint notion of many city politicians and labor leaders that Carter's inauguration would soon be followed by Uncle Sam's picking up the tab for the city's $1-billion annual welfare costs, including Medicaid. This is the reality: First, federalization of state and city welfare costs is way down the Carter list of priorities; second, if and when it is proposed, congressional prospects will be bleak.

So, what is left for the men at the Treasury to consider? "The main thing we should try to do is restore access to the capital markets for New York City," said Lance. That, indeed, is the basic goal of the Blumenthal-Axelson-Altman team at the Treasury.

The talk at the Treasury is how to restore investor confidence in municipal securities—including New York's—both among big institutions and among thousands of investing Aunt Janes.

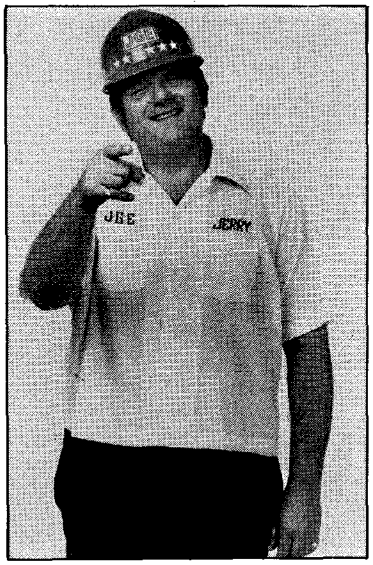
How to do that is not clear, particularly since there will be no blanket federal guaranty system for municipal bonds, which Beame has requested. No less astute a Capitol Hill student than Proxmire, who first introduced a guaranty bill over eight years ago, feels such a plan would surely fail in today's climate on the Hill.

In an interview with us at his Treasury office (see page 36), Blumenthal saw no possibility of the sweeping guaranty program desired by Beame. Indeed, he suggested a guaranty program that would give Uncle Sam such control over the workings of City Hall that most cities would use it "carefully and sparingly. Like most things in life," Blumenthal said, "nothing is for free, and there no doubt will be some strings attached."

In the absence of a federal guaranty program, there is talk of an urban-development bank, and a special securities-and-exchange commission for the municipal-bond market. But talk, like sympathy, is cheap. The fact remains that no immediate help for Abe Beame and New York is in sight.

To the contrary, the feeling in influential sectors of the Carter administration outside the Treasury is that New York must work its own passage back into fiscal respectability and a natural market for its securities by unpleasant and sustained austerity. Blumenthal himself does not go that far but, while praising the city for its reforms, makes clear to us he feels New York has more to do in "decision-making which delimits city functions"—i.e., belt-tightening.

Is this, then, the net yield for the beleaguered city from Beame's investment in a Carter political alliance? Does it simply come down, as one Treasury official told us, to the fact that the Washington of Jimmy Carter offers New York "a receptive and sympathetic ear"? The true message from Carter is that New York's salvation—short-term, middle-term, and long-term—must lie within itself. ■



Before the fall: *In happier times, an exuberant Jerry Rosenberg gives the sales pitch that made him a New York celebrity. The commercials grated on many viewers, but were hugely successful.*

So, What's the Story Now, Jerry?

By William Flanagan

"...'That Guggenheimer dame pulled the rug out from under us. She said we misled customers. We were saving them money!'..."

When public officials take to the air, it's customary to take what they say with a grain of salt. And if they get caught bending the truth somewhat, it hardly makes news.

But in January, when Ms. Elinor Guggenheimer, the redoubtable New York City consumer-affairs commissioner, got egg all over her face because of those bogus "Consumer Alert" radio spots, it was news. It turned out that the 90-second spots on WCBS radio—which typically consisted of an explanation of a regulation followed by a real-life example of how an irate consumer won redress from an errant merchant through the action of the Department of Consumer Affairs—were sometimes examples of poetic license.

The revelation caused embarrassment to the previously unimpeachable Ms. Guggenheimer, her staff, and the Beame administration, which can do without any more embarrassments, thank you. Apologies and explanations were offered, the mayor's office let the matter rest, and things are settling back to normal at the Department of Consumer Affairs. The radio show, however, has been terminated.

Yet at least one New Yorker is fuming: Jerry "What's the Story?" Rosenberg, once king of the biggest discount-appliance operation New York had ever seen, claims that Ms. Guggenheimer deliberately put him out of business. Her department brought suit against him, alleging, among other things, deceptive advertising. (One of the complaints: Jerry didn't tell consumers that most of the stores that sold the merchandise being advertised were franchises.)

Indeed, within only a few months of that suit, JGE Enterprises had collapsed. Jerry is countersuing Ms. Guggenheimer and the city for the princely sum of $161 million.

Now Jerry and his brother and partner, Charlie Rosenberg, think that the recent events in the department warrant a long look at their own case and at the methods and motives of the Department of Consumer Affairs.

Jerry Rosenberg slumps in his chair in the living room of the modest two-family house he shares with Charlie in Bayside. His voice is as strong as it ever was when he was touting "appliances way below retail for civil-service employees, union members, and their families." But he doesn't deliver that spiel any longer, nor any other. He has not been on the air for more than a year, since the last JGE store in Bayside—the one that started it all—closed its doors for good. It is now in the hands of creditors.

"What's the Story?" Jerry, who with brother Charlie used to routinely pocket over $5,000 a week, is stone-broke. "I had to put on dark glasses when I went on the unemployment line," he recalls, "but they knew me anyway."

Small wonder. At his peak, a little over two years ago, Jerry stuck his sizable nose into the living rooms of millions of New Yorkers, via as many as 309 television commercials every week. Although for many viewers the ads ranked among the most irritating ever aired, they were hugely successful. In July, 1974, for example, JGE sold a record 611 air conditioners in a single day, in a single store. And, like all purchases through JGE, these were cash only. Delivery was extra.

"Now I'm lucky to make $250 a

"... Jerry took to stunts like hiring bikini-clad models to picket the mayor's office and major appliance companies ..."

week working in a furniture store in Connecticut," Jerry says. "I had to ask the bank to suspend my mortgage payments for six months. And once they were touting me for mayor."

His brother, Charlie, who has managed to soften his own Lower East Side accent somewhat over the years, interjects, "All the politicians wanted him to do testimonials for them—both parties. And he did. He was the hottest thing around. Then that lawsuit came."

Jerry gets up and stalks about the room. "That Guggenheimer dame pulled the rug out from under us. It was malicious. She said that we were using false advertising and misleading customers. We were saving them money! Now it turns out her own stuff on the radio wasn't all true and she's off the air, that's all. We're out of business."

Charlie motions Jerry back toward his chair. "Sit down, you'll have another heart attack."

Jerry is flustered. "Yeah, you know that? I almost died after that suit came out. A few days later, I was carted off to Long Island Jewish Hospital. I lost 75 pounds after that. It's a miracle I'm even alive. I'm broke now, but I want to get my hearing—I want to get my name cleared and get restitution from her and the city for what they did to us."

Charlie again interrupts and calms his brother. "Let me tell the story, Jerry."

The Rosenbergs' rags-to-riches-to-rags story could make a weepy television serial (at least as interesting as NBC's recent *Seventh Avenue*). Viewers would see them growing up during the Depression on Delancey Street, living in a cold-water flat with the toilet out in the hallway. Jerry getting thrown out of Seward Park High School for truancy and punching a teacher, joining the army at eighteen, becoming a mess sergeant; Charlie taking to music, attending CCNY. The brothers teaming up to start a small retail appliance store, building it up to a gross of nearly $2-million in 1971.

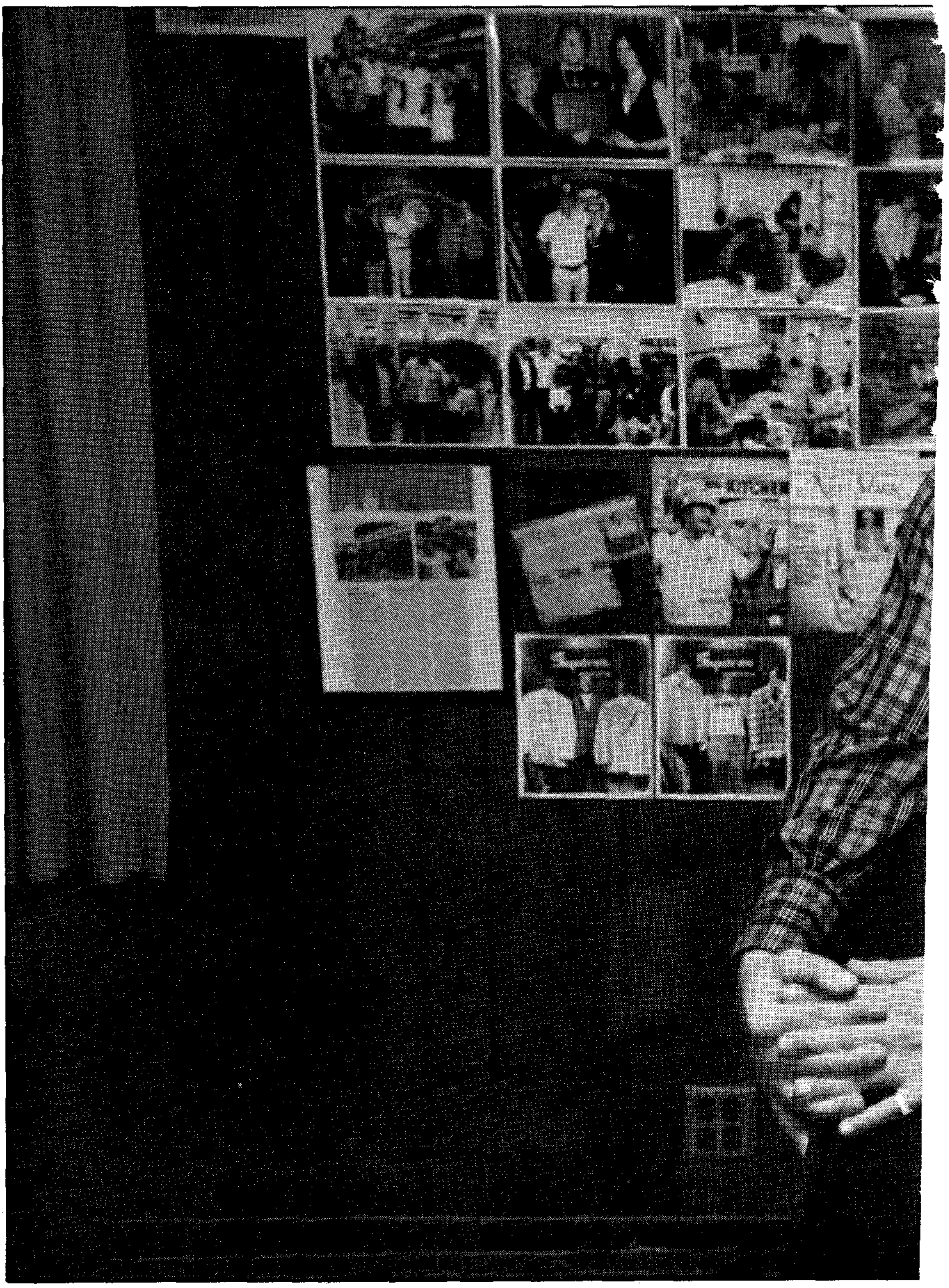
But the business was "a *mutche*," the brothers recall. "We had to work twelve or thirteen hours a day, and weren't making that much."

Then lightning struck. Because of the fair-trade laws, which were enacted during the Depression to protect small retailers from being forced out of business by price-cutting chains, most appliances were not supposed to be sold at discount. The manufacturers' suggested retail prices were what all merchants were to charge.

But the Rosenbergs reasoned that the antiquated, protectionist laws could be flouted, and that by keeping overhead low and volume high they could slice 20 percent off those suggested prices and still profit handsomely.

In 1971, the Rosenbergs went into the "closed-door-discounting" business, restricting entry to their Bayside store to union members, civil-service employees, and their relatives. "It was hardly an exclusive group. Almost anybody who wanted to could get into the store, but believe it or not, we would turn away about 25 people every day," recalls Philip Gelfand, the Rosenbergs' longtime lawyer. "But it was a good advertising gimmick."

The first full year of discounting, 1972, the single store grossed $4 million. In 1973 it was $6.8 million, and, thanks to over $1-million worth of advertising, Jerry was also becoming a celebrity. The store, on a nondescript street next to a cemetery in a part of Queens where even locals get lost, became a Mecca for bargain-hunters from the tri-state area. The bargains were real enough, even for out-of-staters who



The stor-ee now: *Broke, bitter, and behind on his mortgage, 43-year-old Jerry has*

Photographed by Frank Daniels

had to pay New York sales taxes (all purchases were cash only). Sony seventeen-inch color television sets that were listed at $449.95 sold at JGE for $350, Westinghouse refrigerators listed at $359.95 went for $274, and G.E. washers with a retail price of $219.95 sold for $179.

The brothers were soon getting more business than they could handle, and they were also running into their first serious problems with appliance manufacturers. Under pressure from other retailers who were sticking to fair-trade prices, manufacturers began taking JGE to court. The fines were usually not too severe—most were $100, a few $500. Matsushita (which markets under the Panasonic name) and General Electric were the most persistent. At one point, JGE refused to pay one fine in the hope that Matsushita would have Jerry hauled off to jail, preferably in handcuffs, from the front of his store. The Rosenbergs salivated at the thought of the headlines: Merchant Jailed for Selling Too Cheap. Matsushita backed down, and there was no jail sentence.

General Electric not only went to court, it even stopped selling its appliances to JGE. As it turned out, JGE still managed to get G.E. appliances, through transshippers, by using another name—doubtless with G.E.'s knowledge, says Gelfand.

To satisfy the constantly growing demand, JGE decided to offer franchises in return for a percentage of gross sales, and it also expanded into furniture and carpet sales. Within months, 51 franchisees signed up with JGE, agreeing to turn over 8 percent of their gross furniture sales and 3 percent on appliances. Total sales in 1974 soared to $75 million; weekly volume rose as high as 20,000 units.

By this time Jerry was a folk hero, the hard-hatted friend of the consumer. The story persists that JGE's phenomenal ads, which won the 1973 Effie and International Film Critics awards as best retail commercials, were Jerry's own inspiration, proof that plain-talking Jerry could outfox even Madison Avenue. Jordan Morgenstein, president of JGE's ad agency, let that story live at the time the ads ran, although he later claimed that he had written them himself.

They were widely imitated, of course, even by McDonald's. A special promotion for the hamburger chain featured a young boy saying, "This deal [french fries, hamburger, and soft drink for 50 cents] isn't open to the general public. It's only open to kids who show an adult at the door." Another generation of Jerrys—and JGE customers—was in the making.

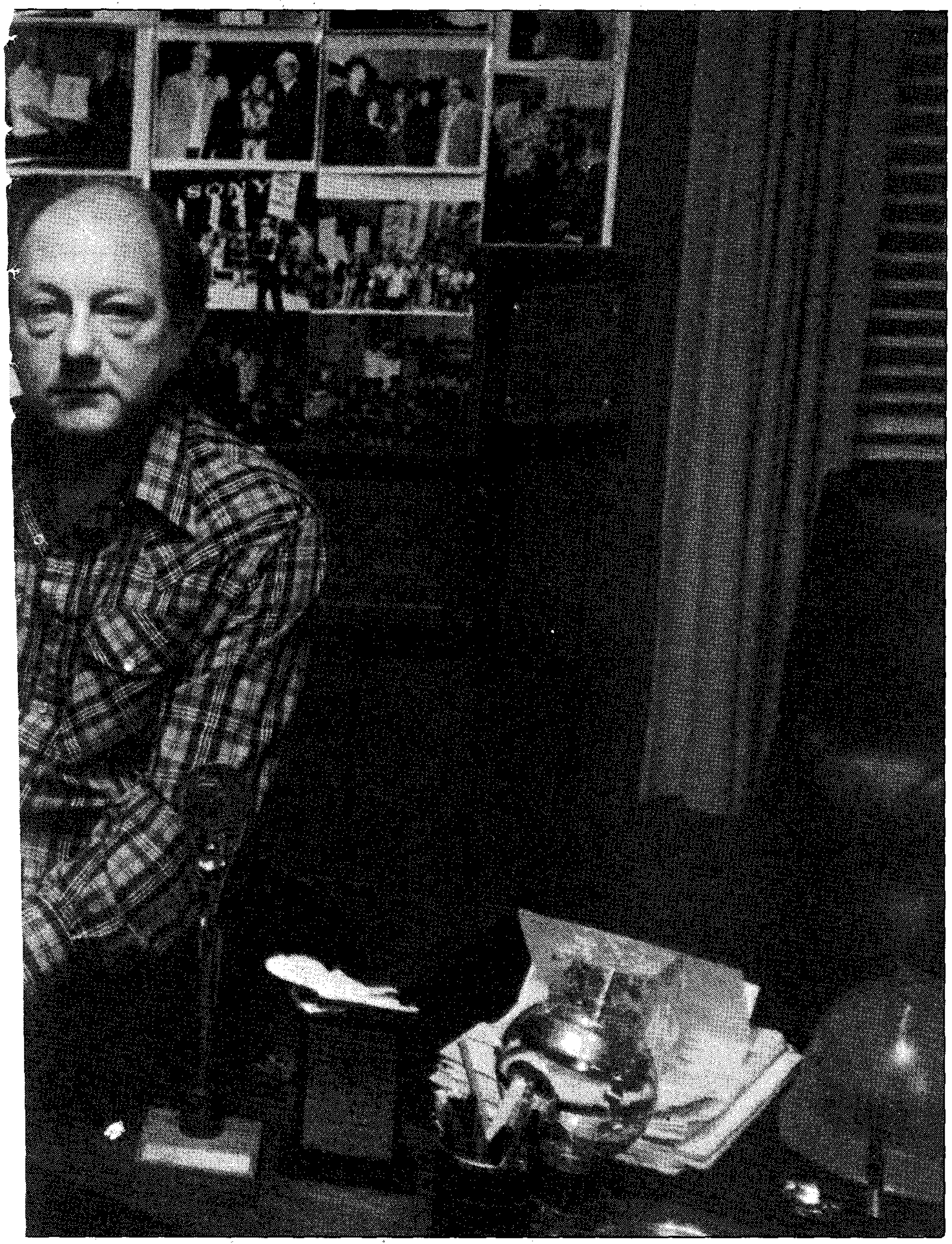
While businessman Charlie quietly tended the store, Jerry basked in the limelight. He took to stunts like hiring bikini-clad models, at $25 an hour, to picket the mayor's office and major appliance companies because they were "trying to drive us out of business" by enforcing fair-trade laws. He couldn't go anywhere without being recognized; once he almost caused a riot at Nathan's while getting a hot dog. Jerry fan clubs even sprang up.

On December 20, 1974, the bottom fell out for the Rosenbergs. The New York *Post* disclosed that the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs had lodged a suit against JGE, the Rosenbergs, and the principal furniture franchisee, Charleton Furniture Company. The suit alleged deceptive advertising, violations of regulations covering the conditions on sales contracts, late delivery of merchandise, failure to return deposits to consumers who had ordered merchandise from franchisees who later went bust, and other charges.

The suit asked penalties of $500 each for knowing violations of the Consumer Protection Law and $350 each for "every violation . . . not shown to be knowing." In addition, it sought $5,000 to cover the cost of investigating complaints against JGE. There was a list of over 300 such complaints.

A few days later, JGE huddled with the commissioner to try to work out a settlement. Characteristically, Jerry called a press conference outside the commissioner's office to announce that "things were being worked out."

They never were. The Rosenbergs agreed to amend their advertising to let consumers know that they could be dealing with JGE franchisees. They



attack, shed 75 pounds, and gone on unemployment since Consumer Affairs sued him.

“…‘Look, these boys had a good thing going. But when the blast came from Guggenheimer’s office, that destroyed them’…”

would amend their sales contracts to conform to department regulations. But they would not make restitution to consumers who had lost deposits to franchisees who had gone bust. Nor would they pay the city for the cost of its investigation. “We would never pay tribute,” says Gelfand.

Negotiations broke off, and the city’s suit stuck. Then JGE turned around and sued the department—and Ms. Guggenheimer personally—for a total of $161 million. “That Park Avenue broad has ruined my business with her irresponsible statements,” Jerry said. “She is a know-nothing and a do-nothing who is after me to get publicity.”

A few days after the city’s suit was filed, Jerry had his heart attack. Shortly thereafter, JGE franchises began disappearing faster than air conditioners on a hot July day. Within 90 days there were none left at all. The only remaining JGE store was the original one in Bayside, which the Rosenbergs owned. Last February, even that store, which was then doing a business of about $900,000 a year, was shut down to satisfy creditors.

Jerry talked of selling automobiles the same way he had moved appliances—at way below retail. Nothing came of it. He tried to peddle himself as an advertising and merchandising consultant, available for television and personal appearances. No takers. The unemployment line beckoned.

Jerry gets up from his chair, pulls down a thick scrapbook, and takes out recent clippings referring to the department’s radio spots. “Now, after what she did to me, there is all this stuff about her phony radio spots. She loses some status, and that’s the end of it? Look at the damage she did to us by the power of innuendo.”

Elinor Guggenheimer leans forward on her uncluttered oak desk, a folder of slightly yellowed documents at her elbow. She has just returned from a vacation trip but she still appears tired. The strains of her $40,446-a-year job show. Because of budget cutbacks, her staff has been trimmed from a maximum of 487 to 312, but the department has not cut any services. In fact, it has grown. The department now licenses over 100 different kinds of businesses within the city. Its bureau of weights and measures hands out about 90,000 summonses each year. Inspectors find licensees guilty of 1,200 various other violations. Over a half million commodities are checked annually, to see if they are properly labeled, marked, or priced. The department even weighs 4,000 trucks each year.

The volume of consumer complaints pouring in has become staggering—300,000 calls and letters reach the department each year. The New York public has doubtless gotten the message about what the department is, and what it does—which is to take up the cudgels for the little guy, who is, of course, also a voter.

Ever since its founding in 1969, the department has been very publicity-conscious. Its most memorable commissioner, appointed by John Lindsay in 1969, was television personality Bess Myerson, no slouch at charming the press. Next, in 1973, came the feisty and colorful Betty Furness, the consumer lady for President Johnson and herself no stranger to microphones and television cameras. Both women are still very much in the consumer business.

In 1974, at the beginning of the Beame administration, Ms. Furness was replaced by Ms. Guggenheimer. She is not of the others’ mold. Elinor Guggenheimer is a cool administrator with some 40 years in public service, a city planner, an organizer. When appointed, she was not even concerned about the press. “When I first took this job, I thought seriously about not even putting out press releases,” she says. “I was actually criticized by a city official shortly after I got here for not turning out enough.”

But like it or not, public relations is part of the job, and Ms. Guggenheimer resorted to the print and radio media to get her messages across. (Television was fine for Ms. Myerson, but she is a tough act to follow.)

The “Consumer Alert” radio spots were excellent vehicles for consumer information—until the recent disclosures. “They were not like ads,” she says wearily, annoyed with me for dwelling on what she terms a misunderstanding. “We started each spot by citing a regulation, and then used a case to illustrate it. In some instances, the cases were actually composites, or a minor change would be made to suit the example. But they were not hard news—no one was hurt by them. I don’t see what the deception was. But this thing apparently isn’t going to die—you people won’t let it.”

As she sips her tea, living up to her coffee-boycott campaign, Ms. Guggenheimer acknowledges that the press can influence consumers’ opinions before all the facts are in. But she insists that JGE was not put out of business by the suit her office brought and its attendant publicity. “I don’t think our action had anything to do with the collapse of his business.” She cites a story from *Business Week* that stated JGE’s problems with franchisees predated the suit, and that the sagging economy also hurt JGE’s business.

She adds, however, that regardless of the impact of the suit, she had no choice in lodging it. “There were complaints—a very large volume of them—that we had to act upon. We tried to get an ‘assurance of discontinuance,’ but JGE wouldn’t go along with everything. The percentage of cases we have that end up in suits is actually very small,” she concludes. “My own inclination is to avoid litigation like the plague.”

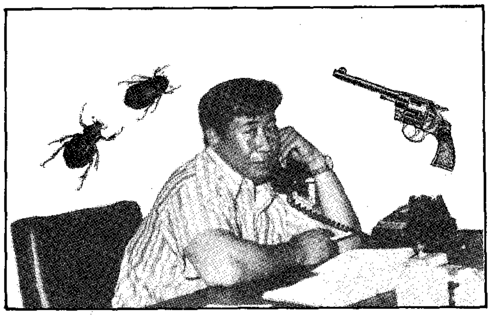
Philip Gelfand takes a break from interviewing a young black man facing a murder rap. He searches through some files and produces a copy of the suit JGE has brought against the city and Ms. Guggenheimer.

“Look, these boys had a good thing going. They had a very efficient business, that’s how they made money. They sold cheap. They used moonlighting help—off-duty cops, firemen. They had very little overhead. They could have continued indefinitely. But when the blast came from Guggenheimer’s office, that destroyed them.

“Sure, there were problems with some franchisees, who took cash deposits for furniture and later went *mechuleh*, leaving the customers stranded. One guy was a thief. But JGE shouldn’t be held responsible for its franchisees. Jerry even threw $30,000 into the pot when one of them went under. He didn’t have to do that—I think he was crazy to do it.

“I don’t blame the Rosenbergs for being bitter, for pushing this suit, trying to connect one of the big appliance makers with the city somehow. [To that end, the Rosenbergs have even engaged a noted private investigator, Irwin Blye.] This is a good case,” Gelfand says. “Sure, we are going ahead with it. If I can get it before a jury, I am sure I can prove malice.

“I’m a one-man office here,” he continues, “and the guy is broke. He can’t afford to pay me like he used to—I am not getting paid regularly now—but we are going ahead with the suit, definitely. . . .” ■



The late wireman Frank Chin.

The Mysterious Death Of a Master Wiretapper

By John S. Tompkins

"...There's an embarrassment of suspects: A horde of people on both sides of the law may have had reason to kill Frank Chin..."

It began on Wednesday, January 26, with a phone call from an ex-cop friend. After we'd traded a few one-liners, he lowered his voice. "There is something going on, John. There was a murder last Thursday. Uptown. A guy named Frank Chin. They haven't let it out yet. This is an interesting guy, John, a very interesting guy. This guy, he was involved with the Knapp Commission. He's involved with the corruption unit in the Southern District Courthouse. And now, I was just talking to a couple of detectives in midtown and they whispered, 'Watergate.' "

For the next week, I found myself involved in running down a story that seemed more like something Raymond Chandler had written for Bogart to solve than a real-life murder case. Frank Chin, a Chinese-American electronic eavesdropper, had been shot to death near his basement workshop on West 96th Street. The police had grabbed several of his shoe boxes full of tapes and were now listening to the voices of his callers and customers: a lieutenant in the Carlo Gambino family, CIA agents, crooked cops, straight cops, U.N. officials, foreign agents, private eyes. There's an embarrassment of suspects: a horde of people on both sides of the law, many of whom may have had reason to kill Frank Chin but who may not know their past conversations with him are on tape.

As anyone who saw Gene Hackman in *The Conversation* knows, electronic eavesdroppers are a secretive bunch, suspicious to the point of paranoia, and often with good reason. The line between the legal and illegal use of bugs and wiretaps is pretty fuzzy; the uses to which they're put—spying, blackmail, undercover police work—are unsavory. Moreover, the very nature of the business makes enemies. The eavesdropper who wants to die in bed must be very, very careful not to reveal who hired him unless the customer calls him as a witness to the fact. And he must never, never put himself in a position where a victim, or a customer, finds it necessary to keep him from talking.

By all accounts, Frank Chin was much too talkative for his own good. On the evening of January 20, around eight o'clock, his tape ran out. A woman who lived in his West Side apartment building found the 48-year-old electronics wizard lying in the hallway leading from the parking garage to an elevator, shot six times in the head. A few steps away was Chin's apartment-workshop; his big black Mercedes and a new red Alfa Romeo were parked in the garage down the hall.

The passing of Frank Chin went unnoticed by ordinary New Yorkers, but in the half-world of private detectives, undercover cops, and special prosecutors, it was a major event, the subject of endless gossip, rumor, and speculation. Most cops and federal agents refused to discuss the case with me, though; one source who *would* talk wouldn't do so over the phone. A longtime friend of Chin's insisted on returning my call to make sure I was who I said I was, and one of Chin's former competitors in the eavesdropping business, calling me to talk about the dead man, would not give his name. "Well," Lenore Chin, the blond ex-model who is now his widow, told me in her breathy Jackie O voice, "a

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John S. Tompkins, a correspondent for Time *magazine, specializes in business and crime reporting.*

Illustrated by Jim Harter

"...Chin had been doing a very lush business with detectives, doctors, jealous husbands and wives, and other assorted crazies..."

lot of people, I guess, are nervous since it happened."

In the normal course of events, a man like Frank Chin does not betray a customer, but he did just that on a number of occasions when it turned out that he'd sold equipment or done a job for someone who was not on the level. One old friend of Chin's claims that the Department of Justice made a double agent of Chin a few years back by threatening to jail him unless he cooperated. It *is* a fact that Chin had a record of six or eight felony arrests (grand larceny to narcotics), all down-graded to misdemeanors. Thus some think Chin was an informer or undercover man for people who could fix such things.

The elusive Chin was a wireman, a maker and installer of bugs and wiretaps. He sold to cops and he sold to the mob. Like the handful of other professionals who practice this lonely craft in the New York area, he kept out of the papers. If you wanted him, you had to know someone who knew his unlisted number. His custom-made bugs, as distinctive as a fingerprint, did occasionally figure in an anticorruption investigation, but his link with certain cases is not always easy to prove.

Take his rumored connection with the Knapp Commission. Most people remember those hearings merely as the setting for a crucial scene in *Serpico*. But the probe of New York police corruption went on for more than two years; and now, four years after the commission issued its report, the investigations it began are still making waves. My friend the ex-cop believes that Chin worked directly for the commission, though his name does not appear in its final report. What we do know is that in 1971, a member of the special investigating unit of the New York Police Department's narcotics division agreed to cooperate with the Knapp Commission in investigating the activities of corrupt cops. In eighteen months of undercover work for a federal probe that led out of the Knapp Commission investigations, he gathered evidence implicating other detectives. Many of these, says a detective who followed the case, had been using Frank Chin's bugs to trap heroin dealers they then squeezed for a piece of the action.

Another law-enforcement agency that Chin may have cooperated with is the official corruption and special prosecutions unit of the U.S. Attorney's office for the Southern District of New York, down on Foley Square. The unit is a hush-hush operation designed to root out crooked federal judges, court officers, and lawyers. After Chin was killed, a Connecticut prosecutor got a call from a member of the U.S. Attorney's office in Manhattan—Southern District—who wondered if he knew anything that might help solve the case. The interest of the U.S. Attorney's office in Chin's death seems significant, for murder is not a federal crime.

Chin's reputation as a master eavesdropper sometimes outran his deeds. He was not (as those midtown detectives believed) summoned before the Watergate committee in 1973 and asked whether the bugs inside the Democratic National Committee headquarters were his. However, a source who *was* called before the committee declares that Chin sold bugs to a White House staffer in 1970. (Plenty of conversations in the White House besides those in the Oval Office were being taped.)

Back in 1964, when Frank Chin drifted into the surveillance business, bugging struck the public as funny and a bit glamorous. *Life* ran a cover of a girl with a bug taped under her evening gown. The bugged martini olive with the toothpick antenna was a feature story all over the country. A couple of stores in midtown Manhattan were selling antique telephones, and they branched into do-it-yourself bugging gear. Mail-order houses advertised parabolic microphones that let you listen to your friends talking in their backyard down the block. It was all pretty lighthearted then, and Frank Chin, Chinese-American sometime merchant seaman from Brooklyn, graduated from troubleshooting TV sets in the old DuMont factory to making bugs and then, on occasion, to operating them. One reason for the bugging boom was the explosion of technology. Suddenly, with transistors, it was possible to build a radio transmitter—which is all that a bug is—the size of an aspirin tablet.

Well, all of this surveillance began to get out of hand, and in 1966 Senator Edward Long of Missouri chaired a subcommittee that viewed these invasions of privacy with alarm. In eight days of hearings, a gaggle of cops, ex-IRS agents, reporters, locksmiths, detectives, and other types regaled the senators with stories of industrial espionage and how easy and profitable it was to bug the average American citizen at work and play. At these hearings an automobile dealer admitted that he bugged the cigarette lighters of new cars on the showroom floor so that when he excused himself to let Mr. and Mrs. Customer make up their minds about the deal, he could listen in and decide whether to stick to the quoted price or throw in a set of whitewalls.

Two years after the hearings, the Safe Streets and Crime Control Act was passed. It provides a penalty of up to five years and a $10,000 fine for the manufacture, transport, sale, or use of wiretapping or eavesdropping devices for surreptitious surveillance. It hit Frank Chin hard. He'd been doing a very lush business with doctors, detectives, jealous husbands and wives, and other assorted crazies. He dabbled in industrial spying by, among other things, installing a six-position wiretap setup on the orders of the president of a major paper company. The bill ran to five figures.

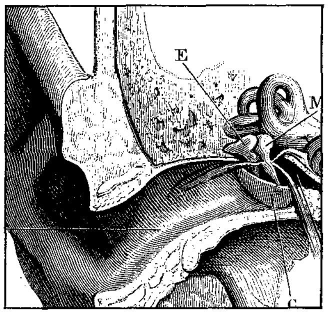
Suddenly, Lyndon Johnson's signature made all of this lucrative and easy business illegal. Chin was forced into what became his specialty: playing cops and robbers. He worked for the police, supplying equipment and expertise, and he played the other side of the street, often by "sweeping" bugs out for the mob. As one of his competitors put it, "Planting is a no-no. But sweeping is absolutely legal."

I learned about Chin's sweeps for the mob quite by accident, while I was talking with a Mafia defector, a high-level gangster who had been "turned" by the FBI and is now guarded by United States marshals. It was shortly after Chin's murder, and I happened to drop his name. The defector responded instantly. "Frank Chin? Sure, I know him well. Positively. At least I *did*. He used to be one of these guys that take care of offices—if you thought your office was bugged, y'know. He used to come up once a week and go over it with a machine to make sure you wasn't bugged."

The mafioso went on to describe Chin perfectly—about five-ten, very muscular, round face, full head of black hair. "I sat down and ate with him a couple of times with what's his name—Carmine Lombardozzi," said the defector matter-of-factly. Lombardozzi, of course, is a lieutenant in the family of the late Carlo Gambino. "He sold bugs to anybody. He showed us bugs one time—y'know them dart guns they shoot at the animals to tranquilize them? He had a bug that he could shoot at your house from about 75 yards, and all it had to do was stick on your shingles and he'd hear everything that goes on inside. How d'ya like that?" The bug described must have been Chin's version of the "spike" microphone, which, when it is driven into one side of a wall, will transmit what's going on on the other side.

Warming to the subject, our Mafia defector said, "He sold 'em, I'm tellin' ya, to *everybody.* He barred nobody. He was with the government. He was with the mob. He was with anybody that cared to be with him."

Later, a New York detective confirmed the story without really giving away any information. "Suppose," he said, "I'm an organized-crime figure and I hire Chin to do a job to discredit the FBI by planting some bugs all over my office which I later 'find' and make a stink about. And suppose that Chin then turns to me and says, 'You told me to do it.' The guy was a notorious guy, playing both ends against the middle."



Last year, Frank Chin complained that the bottom had fallen out of the surveillance business since Watergate. These days, industrial espionage still goes on, but the people who do it charge huge fees because of the federal penalties now attached to this kind of thing (penalties that, in fact, Chin was unwilling to risk). Bugging gear is still sold by a few mail-order houses that advertise novelty items like the "subminiature F.M. wireless mike" for $19.95. A recent ad for a voice-actuated switch for recording telephone conversations stated: Warning! This Device Is Not to Be Used For Surveillance! (just in case that use hadn't occurred to you). There are also firms that sell pocket "bug detectors" that are supposed to light up if there's an F.M. transmitter in the room.

But, as one private detective complains, all this stuff is junk compared with the sophisticated gear Frank Chin used to dream up. Like a very few others in the business, Chin designed his own circuits. Peering through a magnifying glass, he sat at his desk and deftly connected tiny transistors and integrated circuits, sealed them in plastic, and sometimes disguised them to look like something else. "I know his work," says another wireman. "It's as characteristic as your signature. Primarily, he worked in black. Black goes very well with anything. And, you know, there was a certain type of wire he'd use for an antenna that was kind of unique."

The uniqueness of one of Chin's custom-made bugs helped to convict a cop in Connecticut just last year.

Last August, Chin testified in open court against a Stratford, Connecticut, policeman named Joseph Berke, who had been charged with eavesdropping by bugging the conference room in the town hall. The elusive eavesdropper had become linked to the case because of his escalating paranoia.

A year or so earlier, the town electrician, sitting in the Stratford town hall prior to a meeting, noticed something odd about one of the electrical outlets. He investigated, and discovered a bug. It was a beautifully made duplex outlet transmitter—a tiny radio built into an electric wall socket that was mounted in the baseboard of the conference room. The bug, which proved to be Frank Chin's handiwork, was designed to broadcast to a JVC A.M./F.M.-radio cassette recorder that had been specially altered so that the F.M. band would receive the bug's transmissions from several blocks away. The chief of detectives in Stratford assigned one of his best men to investigate the bug—Joseph Berke.

A short time later, Chin got a phone call at his East Haddam, Connecticut, summer home from a woman asking if he could convert the receiver back to normal—that is, make the JVC appear as though it had never been used for bugging. Chin said yes; he told her to bring the receiver to his place. The woman said she'd prefer not to do that. Could she meet Chin somewhere else? "Okay," he said. "Meet me at the Goodspeed Opera House." By the following day, Frank Chin was feeling just a little gun-shy and he decided not to go to the rendezvous.

The day after that, someone called his New York apartment and left a message on the answering machine: "Please return this call—it's urgent." The caller left a Connecticut number. The next day, Chin returned the call—and recorded it. The woman who answered said, "I don't know any Frank Chin. What is this all about?" Chin read her the number he'd called and she agreed that it was her number. At this point, another woman got on the line and said she knew nothing about any call to Chin, and he agreed that maybe someone in the house had called his number by mistake. End of conversation, but not the end of Frank Chin's suspicions. He called a friend of his who was a captain on the Fairfield, Connecticut, police force, told him about the calls, and gave him the Connecticut phone number. Then he drove up to Fairfield with the tape he'd made.

The captain recognized the prefix as a Stratford number, and the chief of detectives in Stratford recognized it as the number of Joseph Berke—one of his own men. Chin identified Berke from pictures as the man to whom he'd sold the bug. Berke was charged with violation of the state's eavesdropping law, and Chin accepted a subpoena to testify at the trial. He was a cooperative witness and was unshakable on the stand, though the defense tried to attack his credibility by calling another electronic bugger who had once worked for Chin, trying to prove that Chin could not recognize his own handiwork. The jury convicted Berke, but his lawyer is appealing, encouraged, perhaps, by the fact that the chief witness against his client is no longer around to testify.

At the time of the trial, Chin declared that he'd sold bugs to some cops in New York who were later prosecuted for unauthorized use of the equipment. The cops asked Chin not to testify against them and Chin replied, "Why should I stick out my neck for you? What do I owe you?"

If the Chin case were a plot for a television show, it might be assumed that one of those prosecuted New York cops was a logical suspect as his killer. Maybe, but every source discounts revenge as a motive. The likely murderer is someone now under indictment, or maybe just suspected of something that Chin might know or have overheard. It's also possible that a customer, maybe someone who was using the gear illegally, heard about Chin's testimony against Berke and decided that the bugmaker had become too talkative for comfort.

During the trial in Stratford, it came out that Chin had

"... 'He had a little gun,' says Chin's widow, Lenore. 'If he thought somebody was after him that week, he'd carry it with him'..."

done a little undercover work and had given some testimony a few years earlier in connection with one of the perennial organized-crime scandals in New Jersey. Chin had sold some of his bug circuits to an investigator for one of the New Jersey prosecutors, who was clever enough to be able to build them into finished equipment. Chin warned the man to sell only to cops, but it turned out that some of the bugs wound up in the hands of mobsters. So, Frank Chin helped set the man up—and earned himself another enemy in the process.

"He made about two enemies a year over a period of ten years since I was married to him," says his widow, Lenore. Most of Chin's friends think the number of enemies was much higher than that. Chin knew he was making enemies along the way, but he didn't seem to be able to live any way but dangerously. In the last few years of his life, he grew increasingly nervous—but still, Lenore says, he liked the danger. "He had a little gun, y'know?" she told me. "And if he thought somebody was after him that week, he usually carried it with him. And he wasn't carrying any gun with him when he was shot, so I think it was unexpected."

Everyone who remembers Chin winds up saying that in his imagination he was really James Bond. A longtime woman friend declares, "He lived in a fantasy world." (Another of his fantasies: He liked people to think that a character in Arthur Hailey's *The Moneychangers*—a Chinese wireman in the pay of the mob—was patterned after him.)

There were many women in Frank Chin's life besides his wife. "He was big, muscular, and attractive—a really personable guy," says Chin's onetime girl Friday. He told them all bits and pieces about himself, and no one got the whole story. "He was a bad boy when I met him," Lenore said, brightening at the memory. What did that mean? "Well, he got into fights and he'd been arrested a few times." Others filled in more of the blanks: He'd been kicked out of Chinese school for breaking the principal's jaw, had received a bad-conduct discharge from the army for slugging a sergeant, had gotten into fights over girls. "Yeah," says an old friend, "he was a bad boy, but a *nice* guy." And he goes on to tell about Chin's penchant for adopting people. When they were in trouble, they'd come to him and he'd help them out. For instance, a former police wireman who was sent to prison asked Chin to take care of his family until he got out—and Chin ungrudgingly took on the job.

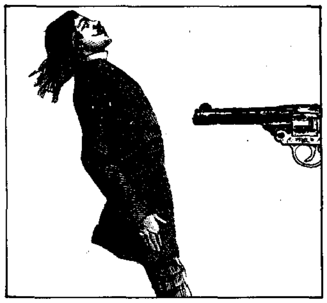
Even his "badness" became part of the fantasy life that Frank Chin liked to share with his friends of the night. A woman who remembers him fondly says, "I'd just gotten very deeply into Buddhism and he used to play the devil's advocate with me. I used to say, 'Frank, underneath all this is a need to be loved. You're not going to be loved until you learn how to love other people.' And then he'd laugh and he'd say, 'Ha, ha, ha, I'm a bad guy.'" And he'd tell some story to prove the point, like the one about the time he was a young kid during World War II and was dealing in hot radios, and how his father discovered them and was yelling at him, screaming that he was a thief and a dishonor to the family, and right there his father collapsed on the floor and died of a heart attack.

In many ways, says his onetime girl Friday, Frank Chin didn't succeed at the James Bond role. He had the fast cars and the good clothes, but his knowledge of food was minimal and he didn't drink. He didn't go to big, fancy places and spend money. He rarely went anywhere except on business. "He didn't do any of the things that James Bond did except in one area—he took crazy chances with bad guys."

There's a little of Walter Mitty inside most of us. That's why middle-aged family men buy sports cars and women dress like Cuban guerrilla fighters. What was different about Frank Chin's fantasy life was that parts of it stopped being fantasy and became real enough to get him killed. James Bond always manages to dodge the bad-guys' bullets. The trouble with reality is that the baddies often shoot straighter than you do.

When Chin met the beautiful Lenore, he'd just come in from the sea, a rough, knockabout guy with an engaging smile. Like many of the men who man the tankers and cargo ships, Chin would sail when things ashore were not going well—in his case, when he was in trouble with the law. Anyway, he met Lenore, who was floating through the New York model scene and occasionally snapping a few pictures of the other beautiful people. And Lenore had a pile of scrapbooks about her past from nursery school through her first debutante cotillion. Chin leafed through the books and saw a world he had never touched, a world of Park Avenue apartments and summerhouses on the North Shore and people outfitted in riding clothes and prep-school blazers.

"He was," says a friend of Lenore's, "the Great Gatsby who never got the big house. He wanted to live in that world, but he didn't know how to get there."

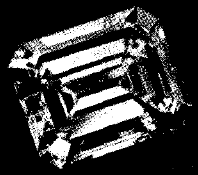


Frank Chin was shot to death on a Thursday evening. He was probably on the way to his car when he got hit. As everyone who knew him, including his wife, makes clear, it was his habit to drive up to his house in Connecticut every Thursday and stay through Monday with a longtime girl friend. Lenore confesses that Frank had always played around. "He seemed to need to do it," she says, "and it made him calm down." She adds a little sadly, "I knew them all." It's just possible that whoever killed Frank Chin knew him well enough to know that he would be walking out to his car around dinner time. But then, even those who knew him only slightly seemed to be aware of his weekend habits.

Unfortunately for his widow, Chin had cut back on his life-insurance coverage within the last year. He'd complained that it was costing too much. Perhaps he didn't feel that he needed to pay premiums to some faceless company in Hartford. The best insurance is the kind that keeps you alive. A man who says that Frank Chin was a "very dear personal friend" says that the tapes were Chin's insurance. "There are a couple of boxes full. Two or three hundred hours of tape—and he put the names on each one. Enough to fill up the next voyage of the damned, he used to say."

The only question is, did the police get all the tapes that Frank Chin made?

The $45,000 Johnnie Walker Red "On The Rocks" Contest



Win a dazzling diamond* and celebrate with Johnnie Walker Red on the rocks.

First prize is a 10-carat diamond or $25,000 cash!

Second prize is a 5-carat diamond or $10,000 cash!

Third prize is a 2-carat diamond or $5,000 cash!

125 fourth prizes are sets of four hand-blown Johnnie Walker Red "On The Rocks" glasses—just like this one.

Cheers!

OFFICIAL RULES...NO PURCHASE REQUIRED...1. To enter, fill in this official entry form—clearly hand-printing your name, address and your answers to all three questions. (Or, on a 5" x 8" plain piece of paper, clearly hand-print your name, address, and the following three questions with your respective answers to each): 1. Johnnie Walker Red is bottled in what city in Scotland? Answer: ______; 2. In what city did Johnnie Walker Red receive the highest award in 1890? Answer: ______; 3. Johnnie Walker Red is (Answer) ______% Scotch Whiskies. The answers to these questions may be found by looking at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Scotch Whisky. Labels may be obtained by requesting same from: Labels, P.O. Box 6, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. **2.** Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Mail to: Johnnie Walker Red "On The Rocks" Contest, P.O. Box 8800, New Canaan, Conn. 06842. Entries must be postmarked by April 30, 1977 and received by May 7, 1977. **3.** Winners will be determined in random drawings from among all correctly answered and eligible entries conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail. **4.** First Prize is a $25,000, 10-carat diamond, or $25,000 in cash. Second Prize is a $10,000, 5-carat diamond, or $10,000 in cash. Third Prize is a $5,000, 2-carat diamond, or $5,000 in cash. 125 Fourth Prizes are sets of four hand-blown crystal Johnnie Walker Red "On The Rocks" glasses. First, Second and Third prize winners will be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. **5.** Prizes are non-transferable—only one prize to a family, and no substitution for prizes except as stated. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All 128 prizes (valued at $45,000) will be awarded. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of winners. **6.** Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc., are not eligible. Contest void in Missouri, Pennsylvania, Utah and Virginia, and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **7.** Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home state. **8.** A list of winners will be furnished, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Red Winners List, P.O. Box 202, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. **9.** The Official Entry form may not be reproduced.

To enter, look at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Scotch Whisky, and then answer the three questions listed below:

1. Johnnie Walker Red is bottled in what city in Scotland? Answer: ______________
2. In what city did Johnnie Walker Red receive the highest award in 1890? Answer: ______________
3. Johnnie Walker Red is (Answer) ______________% Scotch Whiskies.

Mail your completed form to:
JOHNNIE WALKER RED
"ON THE ROCKS" CONTEST
P.O. BOX 8800,
NEW CANAAN, CONN. 06842

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

NAME: ______________

ADDRESS: ______________

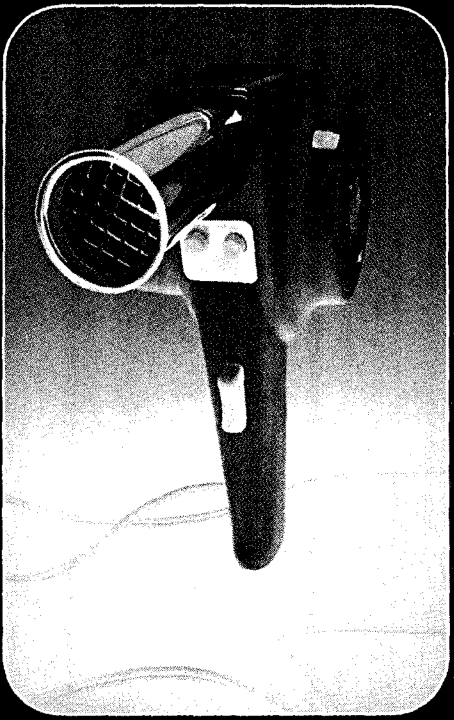
CITY: ______________

STATE: ______________ ZIP: ______________

Johnnie Walker

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y., N.Y. *Actual prize diamond not shown.

Finally.
A more effective way to damage your hair.



We're not against hair dryers. We're just against dried out hair.

What if someone told you that they took their hair—at its weakest, most vulnerable moment—stretched and pulled it as far as it could go—and then stuck it in a hot oven for a half hour or so. You'd think they were nuts.

Yet, that's exactly what you do every time you blow dry your hair.

Obviously, blow dryers are here to stay. They give you a fast, easy natural look. But they do create problems.

The Problems. Wet hair is weak hair. It needs to be handled gently because it doesn't have the elasticity of dry hair. But blow drying calls for merciless brushing and pulling under direct heat. Sometimes enough heat to bake a cake. And certainly enough heat to take the remaining moisture and oils from the hair. Leaving it wide open to breakage and splitting. And if your hair could talk, it would be pleading for a solution.

Pantene's got it—The Heat Solution.® It's a unique leave-in conditioner developed to protect your hair from heat appliances. And, it's got Phytantriol. Forget the name but not what this exclusive Pantene Swiss Conditioner* does. It acts as a protective shield for hair, maintaining its natural moisture balance.

Four Pantene proteins work with it to give hair the body and manageability that heat takes away. Use The Heat Solution® after every shampoo.

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More on Blow Dryers. Use them but use your head. Use them with Pantene. And please, take a few minutes longer, hold the blower ten inches from hair and turn to a cooler setting. Let's not add insult to injury.

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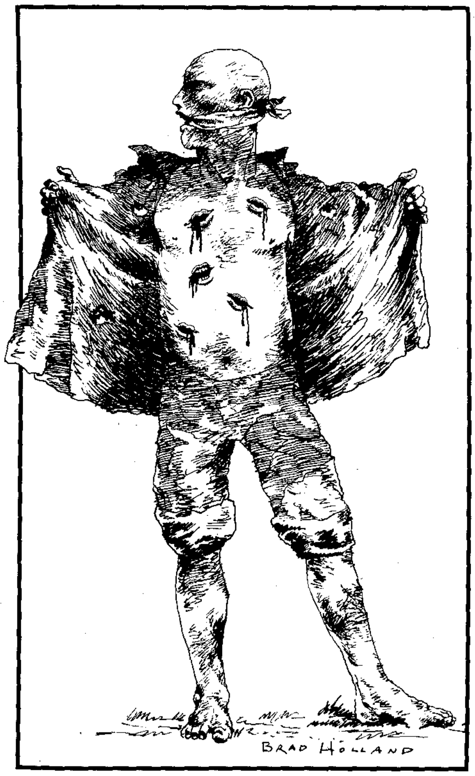


Mouth metaphors: *Brad Holland's drawing of a gagged, ragged man was used to accompany an Op-Ed article entitled "Pressure on the Press." But the* Times *carefully removed the bleeding mouths from the man's torso.*

All the Art That's Fit To Befuddle

By Michael R. Gordon

"... Some viewers of Op-Ed-page art contend that a millennium of perusal would not suffice to render the pictures intelligible ..."

If, over your breakfast coffee, you have occasionally been confused by those strange cartoons that break up the type on the Op-Ed page of the New York *Times,* take comfort: The Op-Ed page's prime artist and former art director says: "If my drawings became understandable, I would stop doing them."

Opinions about the drawings run the gamut. Caricaturist David Levine and Pulitzer prize–winning cartoonist Pat Oliphant both denounce them; *Times* officials have called them "Daumier-like," "poetic," and even "ideo-innovational-conceptual," whatever that means.

What they are not, it's quite clear, are funnies: a man with a gagged mouth and flapping shirt; a nude zombie carrying weights across a desert; a mustachioed man in a ballerina's tutu; a collage of guns, smoke, children's blocks, and the dome of the Capitol.

Hardly images to be absorbed in one glance. And, in fact, the *Times* wants you to assimilate its cartoons slowly, meditatively. But some viewers—and readers—contend that a millennium of morning perusals would not suffice to render the pictures intelligible.

How did it happen that surrealist/conceptual drawings found a home at the sober New York *Times*? It all began in 1970, when the newspaper resurrected the notion of having a page of contrasting opinion authored by outside contributors and in-house commentators. At that time, editorial-page editor John B. Oakes, Op-Ed editor Harrison Salisbury, and the assistant Op-Ed editor, Herbert Mitgang, decided that artwork should be used to break up the print. They asked Louis Silverstein, then corporate art director, to find suitable cartoonists.

The editors didn't know exactly what they wanted. But they knew what they didn't want: editorial cartoonists. Let the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* boast of Bill Mauldin and the Washington *Post* spotlight Herblock. At the *Times,* editorial expression was considered too serious and complicated a matter to be left to artists, whose blunt representations were worth less than a thousand words. Said Oakes: "A good strong cartoon is very likely to distort an editorial position that can be made more clearly, more fairly, and more accurately through the use of words. I have felt that it is terribly important that we not permit the Op-Ed art to make a strictly political or public-affairs kind of editorial point. . . ."

So what was the solution? Portraits, mainly, and the Op-Ed page premiered with great fanfare and an innocuous caricature of Spiro Agnew by Arts and Leisure–section artist Al Hirschfeld. News photos outnumbered the drawings and much of the artwork looked like ersatz photographs. Optically, this aesthetic policy was dull. To enliven the page, Silverstein began tapping top

"... Heller estimates that only 25 percent of the Op-Ed artists knew the content of the articles their work was to accompany..."

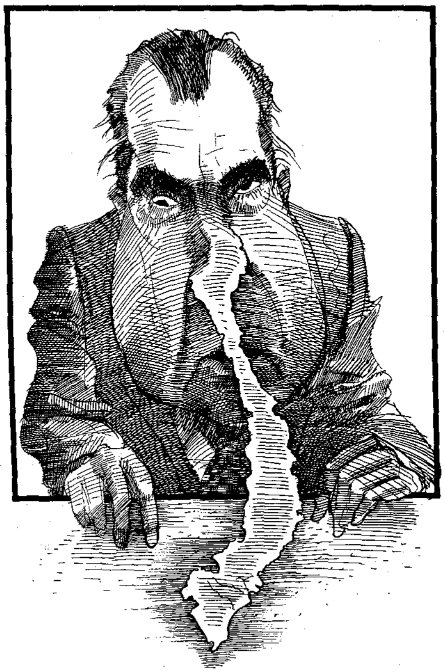
commercial artists, such as Seymour Chwast, but the art on the page still did not reflect a clear editorial approach. Then Silverstein began using the drawings of an Americanized Egyptian-born Jew named Jean-Claude Suarès, who had hair down to his shoulders, drove a Rolls-Royce, and worked for a poster company called Dada, Inc. After six months of contributing to the page on a free-lance basis, Suarès was brought in as Op-Ed art director. The Silverstein-Suarès collaboration changed the face of the page and launched the *Times* firmly on the conceptual path.

Suarès had been the art director of *Scanlan's* magazine and co-publisher of the New York *Free Press*. He was familiar with the artists who drew for these underground publications and for less political but equally iconoclastic papers, such as *Screw*. Suarès knew Ohio-born Brad Holland, whose underground reputation earned him assignments for *Playboy*, and the English cartoonist Ralph Steadman, who illustrated Hunter Thompson's "Fear and Loathing" epics for *Rolling Stone*. Educated in Europe, Suarès was aware of the French poster designer Jean-Michel Folon and the Rumanian surrealist Eugene Mihaesco.

More important than Suarès's connections, however, was his philosophy of political art, which meshed with the *Times*'s print editors' distrust of editorial cartoons. Something of a surrealist in his own right, Suarès found merit in the obscurantist approach. One of his own drawings, which he proudly included in a European exhibition of Op-Ed art, is entitled *Dream*. It depicts black cats and squirrels perched on a flower growing from the neck of a woman riding a horse.

With his bent for the fantastic allied to his belief that "nothing interesting has been done in American political art in 70 years," Suarès sought out underground and European artists who "did not comment in terms of good guys and bad guys" and who proffered unconventional symbols which did not allow instant recognition.

Editor Salisbury once wrote that the Op-Ed images "had to occur within the framework of an extremely conservative and conventional newspaper." The late *Times* editor Al Marlens further explained that the paper didn't want "illustrations which make independent statements." The editors felt safer with Mihaesco's mysterious Magritte-like drawings or Anita Siegel's inscrutable collages, which allude to wrongs in the world but don't identify perpetrators.



Nonstop nose: *Robert Pryor's cartoon is one of the less obscure examples of Op-Ed art.*

Suarès says that when he first showed the work of Mihaesco and other European artists to the Op-Ed editors, "they had a hard time criticizing them. The Europeans had the most insane way of doing American politics, so how could the editors put them down?" If a *Times* editor could not readily make out the point of a drawing, chances were the reader would be unable to divine any overt political message either. Thus the conceptual cartoon was born.

Most of the art that appeared on the page was not done with a specific article in mind. Steve Heller, the current Op-Ed art director, estimates that only 25 percent of the drawings were done by artists who had some idea of the content of the articles which their images eventually accompanied. The rest were matched up by the editors. Artists who did read the articles before taking up their pens were reminded that the *Times* did not want them simply to be illustrators of articles. That was pedestrian and retrograde. Cartoons which illustrated major points of Op-Ed commentaries risked becoming commentaries themselves. The idea was not to illustrate but to "think up metaphors" suggested by the pieces and then "illustrate the metaphors."

Sometimes it worked. One ingenious Brad Holland cartoon accompanying an article on the oil cartel showed a monstrous dinosaur threatening a figure carrying an oil drum. The metaphor Holland had in mind was "the revenge of the fossil fuel." During Watergate, Holland drew Easter Island–type monoliths with Nixon-like visages. The suggestion was that just as the South Pacific island sculptures seem foreign and remote to us now, the entire episode which is known as Watergate and which was engulfing the passions and speculations of millions would one day seem like a minor ripple in the great tide of history.

Other artwork has been amorphous beyond the point of even metaphorical comprehension. Anita Siegel's collage meshed images of pup tents, children's building blocks, clouds of white smoke, and the Capitol. It was titled *Christmas in Vietnam*. Though the metaphor the artist was illustrating was opaque, the collage clearly passed the *Times* conceptual test: It was impossible to tell from the cartoon just what the artist's attitude toward the war was.

Of course, not all the drawings communicated as fuzzily as a Rorschach inkblot test. A Robert Pryor caricature, for instance, showed Nixon with an elongated nose shaped like Vietnam, an allusion to the Pinocchio tale. But when David Levine sent the *Times* a drawing of Nixon taking a lie-detector test, beads of sweat forming on his brow, both the Op-Ed page and the Week in Review section rejected the drawing.

Robert Grossman also failed to introduce his Watergate material in the *Times*. In the sixties, Grossman did tough, bareknuckled cartoons and discovered that he had trouble getting them published. One drawing depicting President Johnson holding a mutilated baby in his lap was so unpalatable that even the stridently new-left *Ramparts* declined it.

After that, Grossman decided that satire was a more effective means of reaching his audience—though this did not necessarily mean that he confined his work to the generally accepted realm of good taste. When Agnew resigned from office, Grossman did a cartoon for *Rolling Stone* caricaturing the former vice-president as a used condom.

When Grossman turned in his Nixon drawings to the *Times* in 1972, he took care to submit cartoons which he thought were inoffensive. He had already experienced some of the *Times*'s puritanism in the sixties when he did a full-page advertisement for Peace and New Priorities, one of the many antiwar coalitions which cropped up during the Vietnam conflict. The antiwar group suggested a drawing based on the fable of the emperor's new clothes, and Grossman dutifully drew Nixon and Agnew naked, followed by the nude figures of the attorney general, John Mitchell; the secretary of defense, Melvin Laird; and Senator Strom Thurmond—though Grossman cautiously hid their genitals in shadow.

The *Times*'s advertising department refused to accept the ad. The staff thought that the dignity of the paper, if not of the American government, demanded, at least, that the leaders wear underpants. After initial hesitation about yielding to the *Times*'s sense of propriety, Grossman decided that it might be even funnier to do Nixon and Company in their underwear. What do eminent officials wear underneath their $350 suits anyway? It was a subject worthy of a satirist's speculation. Grossman gave Thurmond, who had just married a blonde in her twenties, black bikini underwear; Nixon and Mitchell wore briefs. Agnew and Laird had on boxer shorts—Laird's were polka-dotted. But even that didn't satisfy the *Times.* When the ad finally appeared in March, 1970, the polka dots on Laird's shorts were missing. Perhaps the editors thought polka dots gave Laird a hint of unmanliness; whatever, they deemed the dots unfit to print.

Still, Grossman felt optimistic about his Nixon drawings. They were relatively tame. "One showed Nixon with a big head, standing inside the White House fence, cuddling little faceless creatures; Haldeman, Colson, and the rest had no faces in the public's mind at the time, so I drew them as blanks," Grossman recalls.

Steve Heller says the drawings were rejected because they were not in the conceptual mold. Heller was formerly the art director of *Screw,* where he commissioned *Village Voice* cartoonist Ed Sorel to do the cover for the publication's special sex-and-politics issue, which included such political analyses as "I Balled Henry Kissinger." Sorel's cover depicted Judge Sirica listening with dismay to the White House tapes while a balloon coming from the tapes described a homosexual episode between Bebe Rebozo and Nixon.

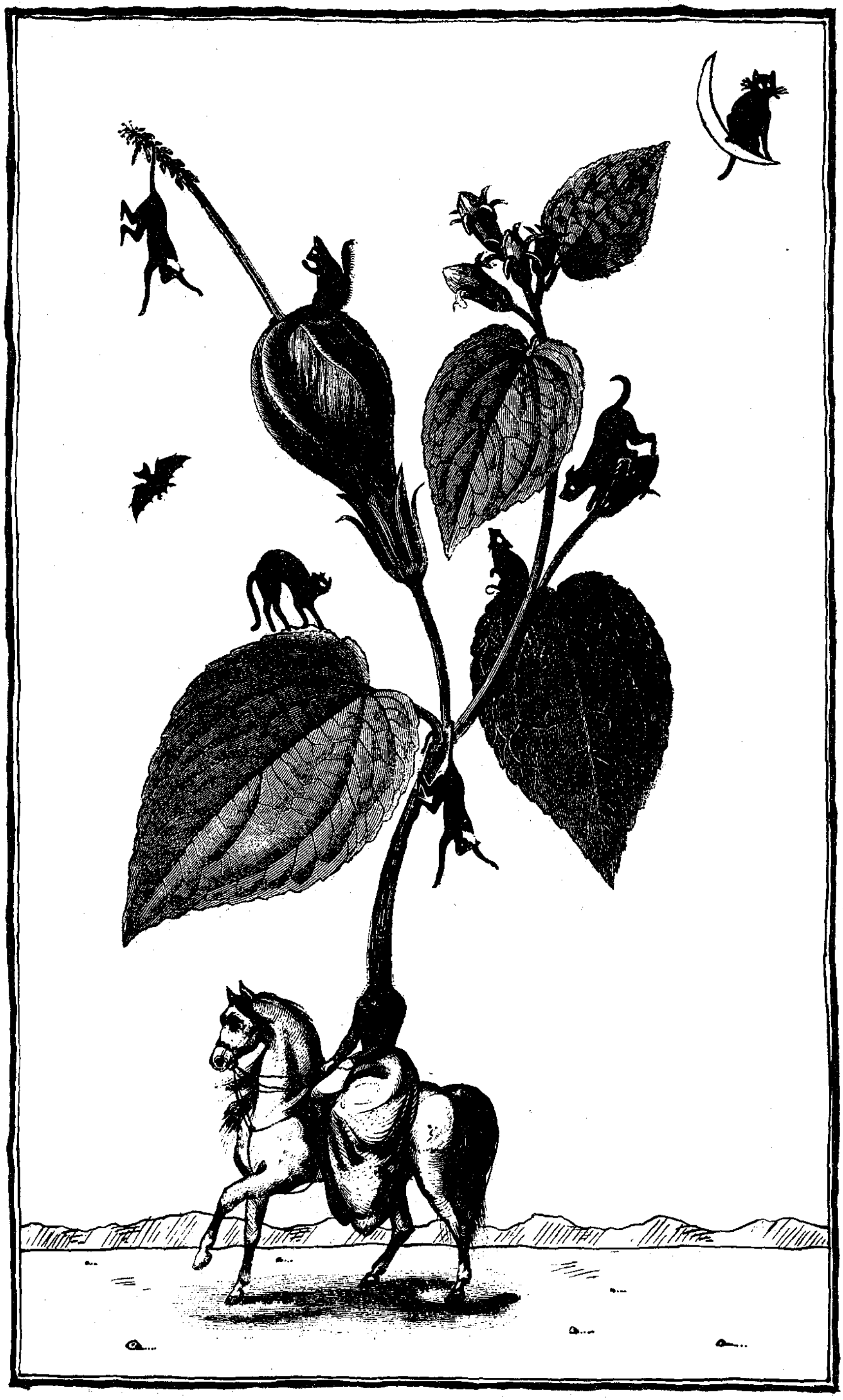
Now a conceptual convert, Heller condemns such drawings as "old-fashioned." They will continue to be rejected, he says, because they are "cheap shots. What's the point of slapping someone in the face?" he asks rhetorically. "We try to get drawings which poetically interpret politics."

Op-Ed artist Mihaesco agrees with Heller's stand. He himself prefers to "draw for smart people. I don't come down so that everybody can understand. Grossman's and Sorel's kind of drawing is dead, but nobody knows it is dead. Op-Ed art is for a new generation."

Naturally, "old-fashioned" cartoonists disagree. Pulitzer prize–winning cartoonist Pat Oliphant, who works out of the Washington *Star,* denounces the Op-Ed artwork as "the sort of cop-out you can expect from a paper of record that wants to use art but doesn't want comment." Illustrator Richard Hess, famous for his *New York* cover which depicted Nixon as an infant on Rose Mary Woods's lap, contends that the Op-Ed drawings "just confuse the readers and make it harder to understand what's written on the page."

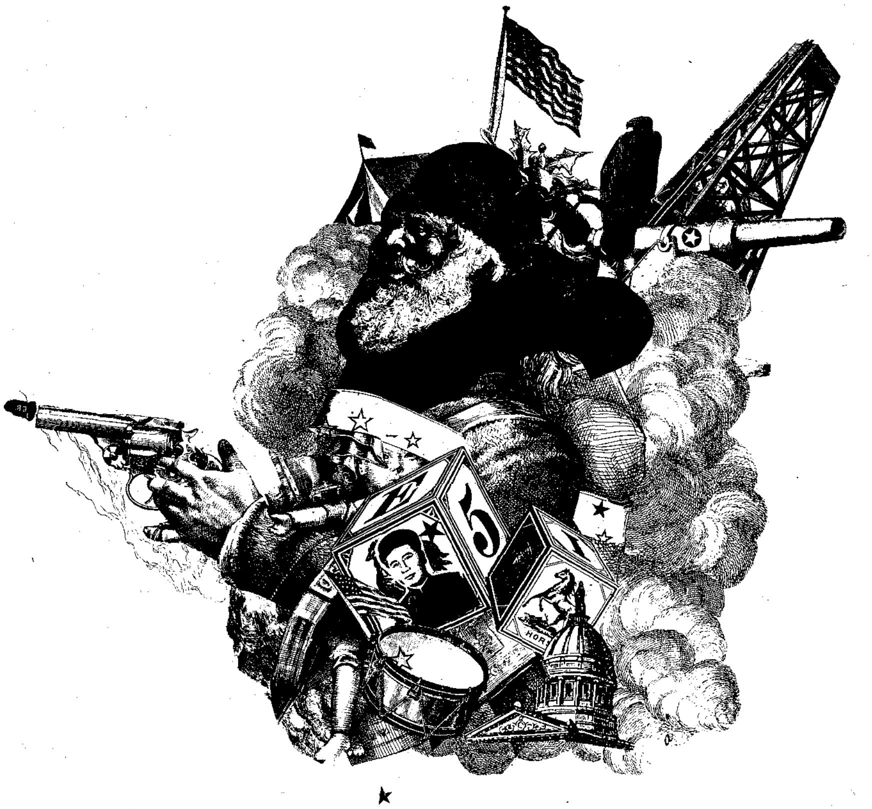
David Levine complains that much of the art is "useless decoration that passes for statement. The Brad Holland condition-of-man-type drawings and the chopped-up collages suggest that something is wrong, but they don't say what. They're so ambiguous, they're geared to play no role."

Even Holland agrees with Levine that many *Times* drawings are vague



Strange fruit: *Jean-Claude Suarès, ex-art director of the Op-Ed page, was understandably drawn toward enigmatic art, since he himself did drawings like* Dream *(above).*

"...'Suarès's predilection for the surrealist stuff,' says Op-Ed artist Holland, 'resulted in some good work and a lot of garbage'..."



Insanity Claus: *Anita Siegel's collage-style drawings, such as* Christmas in Vietnam *(above), were well suited to the Op-Ed page because they made no clear statement.*

and timid, and that a wider range of cartoons ought to be used: "The Op-Ed page runs a lot of bland drawings. There needs to be work of different kinds. Suarès's predilection for the surrealist stuff resulted in some good work and a lot of garbage. I really think Op-Ed has a lot of growing up to do."

Some of Holland's disenchantment stems from his difficulty in getting work published on the page. In 1974 Holland did a drawing which the *Times* flatly refused to run. It showed a huge-tusked Nixon battling a bevy of Ervin-committee members who collectively brandished an oversize toothbrush.

Right after the Attica prison revolt, Holland did a drawing of a severed black fist hovering over a black corpse wrapped in a shroud. The *Times's* editors declined the drawing as too partisan. So Holland turned the cartoon over to the Attica Defense Fund for use as a poster. A year later, he received a call from Suarès, who—on the eve of the Attica anniversary—had figured out an angle for using the drawing. When it was published, a caption explained that it was a reproduction of the poster used by the Attica Defense Fund, a neat way of informing the reader that under no circumstances was the drawing to be taken as an editorial statement of the *Times.*

Outside of a small circle of political cartoonists, controversy over the *Times's* Op-Ed art has virtually been nonexistent. As far as the readers are concerned, the drawings have simply not been evocative. Other newspaper cartoonists, such as Herblock and Oliphant, report that they receive hundreds of letters every year praising or scoring their drawings and their politics. In the first two years of publishing Op-Ed art, Suarès reports that the *Times* didn't receive a single letter commenting on it. Nor did the *Times* attract much interest from the Pulitzer prize committee, which gives an annual award for editorial cartooning. "I don't think they've ever been seriously considered because they're not as forceful as they might be," says Norman Isaacs, publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and a former member of the Pulitzer editorial-cartoon-judging committee.

Meanwhile, the *Times* began to imitate itself. When it was examining its use of graphics in the Week in Review section several years ago, Eric Seidman, who subsequently became art director of the section, proposed using political cartoons as autonomous images expressing points of view independent of the authors in the section. Seidman's proposal was vetoed. "The editors didn't want other people expressing themselves on our time."

So, conceptual drawings were introduced in the Week in Review, subject to an additional limitation. Drawings commissioned for specific interpretive articles were supposed to clearly echo their conclusions. Some artists who relished thinking up their own metaphors chafed under this order. Holland says he no longer draws for the section because "the editors always tell me what to do. During the Marco De Funis case, one editor wanted me to do a drawing showing that blacks discriminate against Jews. I just refused to do it."

"If Daumier were alive today, he would be drawing for the *Times,*" boasts a blurb on an anthology of Op-Ed drawings edited by Suarès. But would he really? The French caricaturist was imprisoned in 1832 for a lithograph depicting King Louis Philippe as a behemoth feasting on the wages of the working class. Daumier's lithographs were not conceptual. They were pointed and they had victims. In *First Bleed, Then Purge,* Daumier showed Louis Philippe as an incompetent doctor bleeding to death a patient symbolizing France. Another Daumier shows French workers hoisting a huge pear—a symbol of the French monarch.

Today, Suarès is no longer an art director at the *Times.* Asked about the blurb on the book of *Times* drawings, he replied: "If Daumier were alive today, he would have a hard time finding a publication to draw for."

Recent Op-Ed pages, while marking something of a departure from the steady diet of elusive conceptual art, show that the *Times* is still skirting editorializing cartoon statements. True, Jules Feiffer actually made the Op-Ed page with an anti-Ford strip right after the Republican convention. But increasingly the page displays photographs, and often nothing more than old engravings or embellished initials. Heller attributes the shift in approach to the use of nonpolitical articles and, ironically, to the success of the Op-Ed genre. "We publish a lot of stuff besides Suarès and other surrealist drawings now. The surrealist symbolism has pretty much run its course. Besides, other papers, including the rest of the *Times,* have been picking up the Op-Ed type of drawing, so that the style has become a parody of itself."

Where does that leave the Op-Ed page? "With no clear style," says Heller. And no new Daumier in sight. ■

Fear of Parasites: Isadora Meets Her Match

By Erica Jong

"...Britt would win, not because she was brighter or craftier, but because she would stoop to things no one else would think of..."

Where is Hollywood located?
Chiefly between the ears.
In that part of the American
brain lately vacated by God.

Britt Goldstein belonged to a subspecies of human I had not been privileged to meet before I became famous: the Compleat Parasite. She had no talents, no abilities, no charm, and boundless chutzpa. She lived by ripping off the achievements of others: their work, their lives, their money. The money was the least of it. What was so infuriating about Britt was the way she identified herself with me, claimed to "understand" my book and to be more candid than the real Candida.

Britt and I were as different as Adolf Hitler and John Keats, yet I think that for a while I was as fascinated by her as I was repelled. Writers always get into trouble because they become fascinated by charisma—if utter vulgarity is a form of charisma.

Britt referred to herself as "B.G.," the air conditioner as the "a.c.," her birth-control pills as her "b.c." pills, her Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud as the "S.C." She was born in Flatbush, made a brief detour to Manhattan's Upper East Side, then went directly to Hollywood without passing Go. She lived in "Bev Hills," loved "Mex" food, snorted "c," rolled the tightest "j's" in the history of middle-class marijuana-smoking, had her "l's" waxed at Elizabeth Arden in Beverly Hills, her "h" frizzed at Kenneth in New York, and her two favorite expressions were "No pain, no gain" and "That's junior." ("No pain, no gain" really meant "*Your* pain, *my* gain," and "junior" meant "It's tacky

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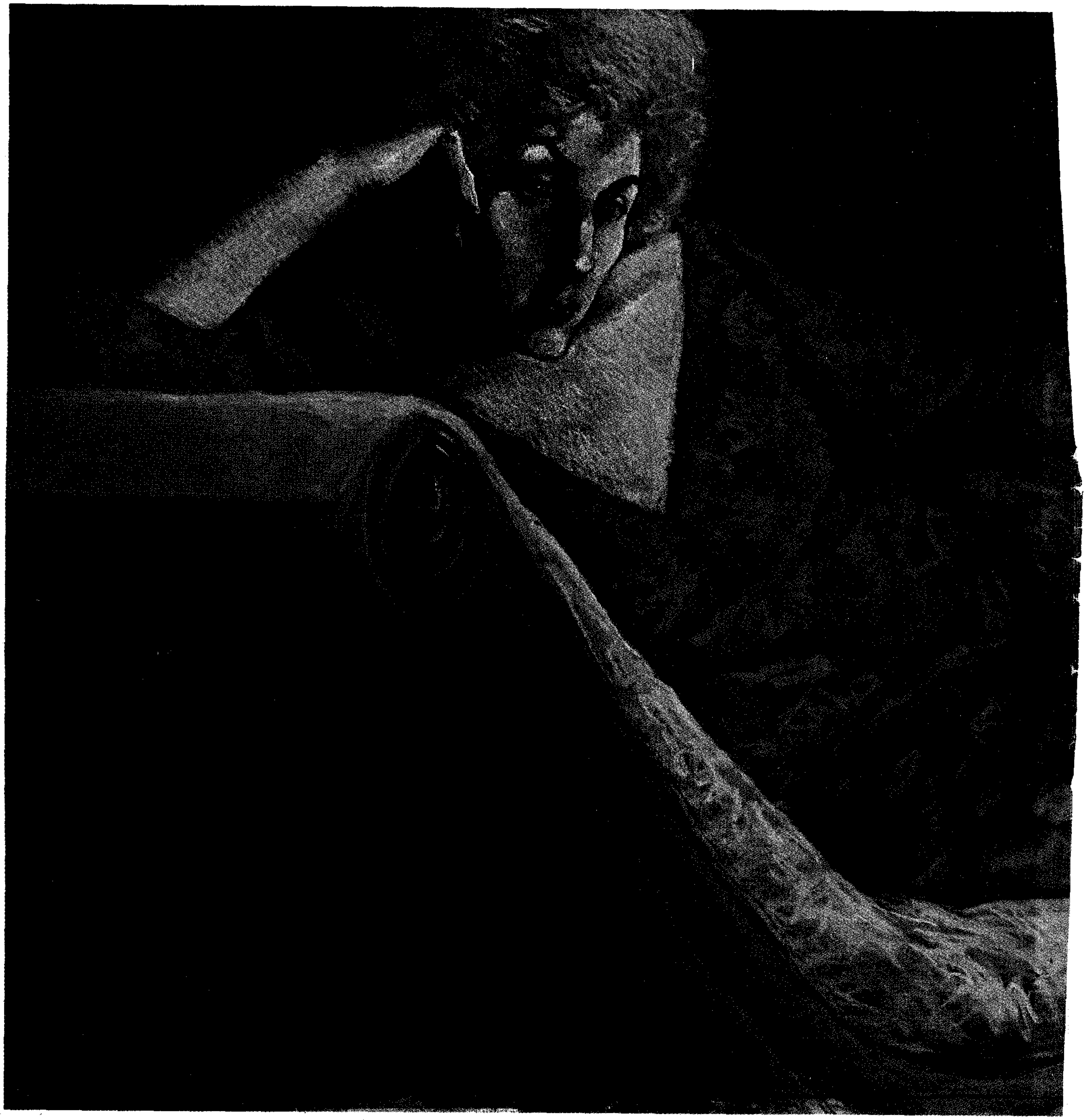
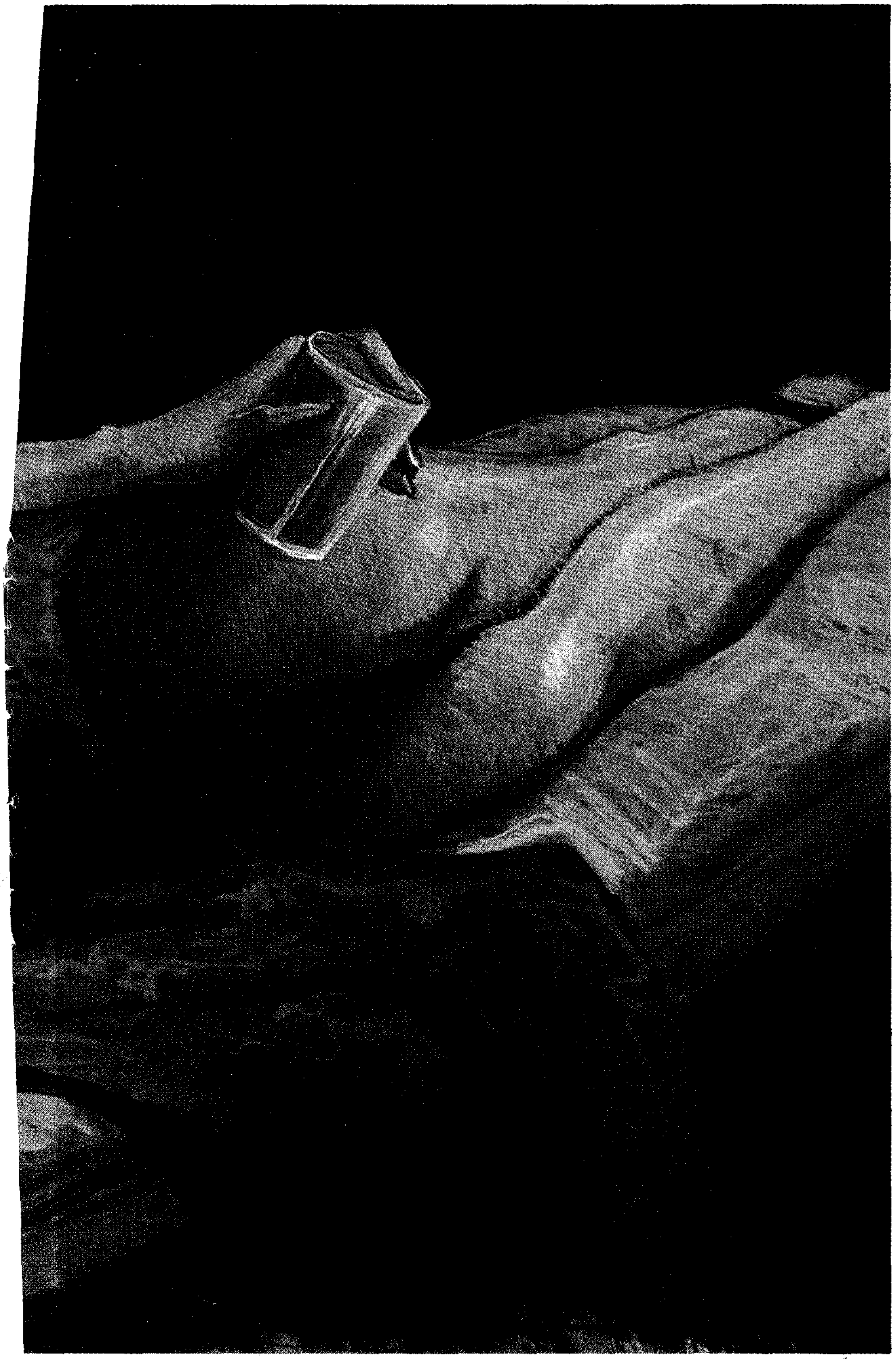
Illustrated by David Martin



if you do it, classy if *I* do it.") She might have been entirely comical if she didn't cause so many people so much pain, in the process of grabbing so much gain. The key to Britt's personality was her voice: It whined, wheedled, and insulted the intelligence of the ear it slithered into. It was such a bad imitation of guile and cunning that in the beginning nobody ever took it for what it was: guile and cunning. Britt threw everyone off at first because they could never believe she was what she appeared to be: a shark in shark's clothing.

I met Britt through my unscrupulous New York agents—a firm with the improbable name of Creativity and Glory, Ltd. (better known as C&G). Britt had done time in publishing houses in New York (where she read slush piles), in an advertising agency (where she wrote ads for vaginal sprays), at a ladies' magazine (where, monthly, she made up horoscopes), at a lecture agency (where she learned to falsify expense records). As a producer, she was able to bring all these nefarious skills together.

With the lack of imagination peculiar to her profession, Britt stayed at the Sherry Netherland. She had a big suite with yellow-and-green silk curtains and telephones even in the bathrooms. This the "Sherry" and the "Bev Hills" have in common: telephones everywhere. God forbid you should miss a call while taking a crap or drinking cocktails. Every one of the plusher suites in each hotel has a telephone by the can, and the cocktail lounges feature plug-in phones, which can be brought to the tables. Both, I humbly submit, are strictly for show. What producer, however crass, would negotiate



on the phone from the toilet seat? In a profession in which appearances are all, and substance is the one utterly dispensable element, no one would ever think of putting a telephone to that use. Nor would anyone dream of having any significant business conversation in a cocktail lounge filled with one's eavesdropping competitors. So the plenitude of phones is strictly to impress the greenhorns. Like me. Enter Isadora Greenhorn, hapless author about to say hello to Hollywood.

Britt always made you meet her on her turf. She had come to New York to woo *me,* but began by insisting that I come to *her* hotel. Big gangsters do likewise, I'm told. So did the Wizard of Oz. Always bring the trembling supplicant onto one's own turf. And the Sherry Netherland bears the same relation to Hollywood as the Russian embassy does to Russia: Once within its portals, you are no longer a citizen of your own country.

If only I had trusted my first impression of Britt Goldstein! What grief could be avoided in this life if we trusted our first impressions! But I deceived myself. I was, like most members of my generation, in love with movies. I loved the unique ability they had to insinuate their way into our dreams, making the dreamer forget which images were celluloid and which were spontaneous generations of the synapses. I was also fascinated with Hollywood—its legendary evil, its Medusa-like power to destroy those who gazed at it. Of course, I pooh-poohed the stories. I knew which of my high school cronies had wound up in Hollywood—and they were, with a few notable exceptions, the least promising, the least imaginative, the most likely to be pacified for the world's injustices with Rolls-Royces, mansions, swimming pools, and a ready supply of cocaine. Still, I was fascinated. I had tested out most of the other clichés and found them wanting. It was time to test out the cliché of the evil of Hollywood.

The test begins in the Sherry Netherland the day after Britt's fateful phone call.

First impressions. Britt Goldstein lies in a yellow chaise drinking a gin and tonic while her old high school friend from Flatbush, Sue Slotnik, gets up to let me in. That in itself tells the story: She does not get up to greet me. She reclines, her waxed legs from Elizabeth Arden exposed in the slit of an Indian caftan from Bendel's. She is tiny (about four feet ten), thin (I never trust anybody that thin), passionately orange-haired, with icy eyes and a hard little mouth. Her nose is bobbed into that curious S curve (a cheese paring? a crescent moon?) possessed by fully half the Jewish women in Beverly Hills. (If all the missing pieces of nose in Beverly Hills could be put end to end, they would reach all the way back to Poland!) But her mouth tells all. The tight muscles that pull on either side of her thin lips reveal her spiritual stinginess, her total lack of generosity. Apparently "No pain, no gain" is not a life credo that leads to the growth of the spirit.

"Hi." The voice is nasal, almost a vaudeville parody of the voice of a Jewish girl from Brooklyn. *"Hoyyy"* would be the dialect-writer's transliteration. "This is my friend, Sue Slotnik —we're just catching up on old times."

"Hoyyy," says Sue.

"Hi," say I.

The grouping of figures signifies everything—as in a Michelangelo Pietà. Britt still reclining, Sue fumbling with her purse, me standing awkwardly above the couch to extend my hand.

Now, I should tell you—tell myself, really—that I have met Nobel prize-winners, living legends, mayors (if not presidents), and princes (if not kings) without the

(Continued on page 58)

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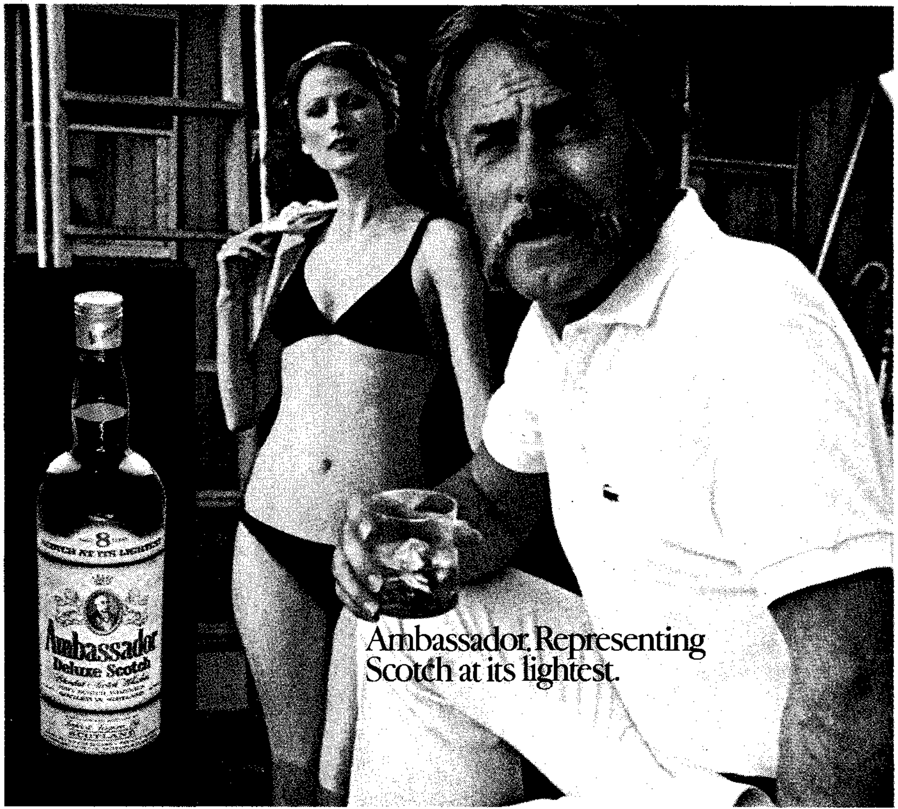

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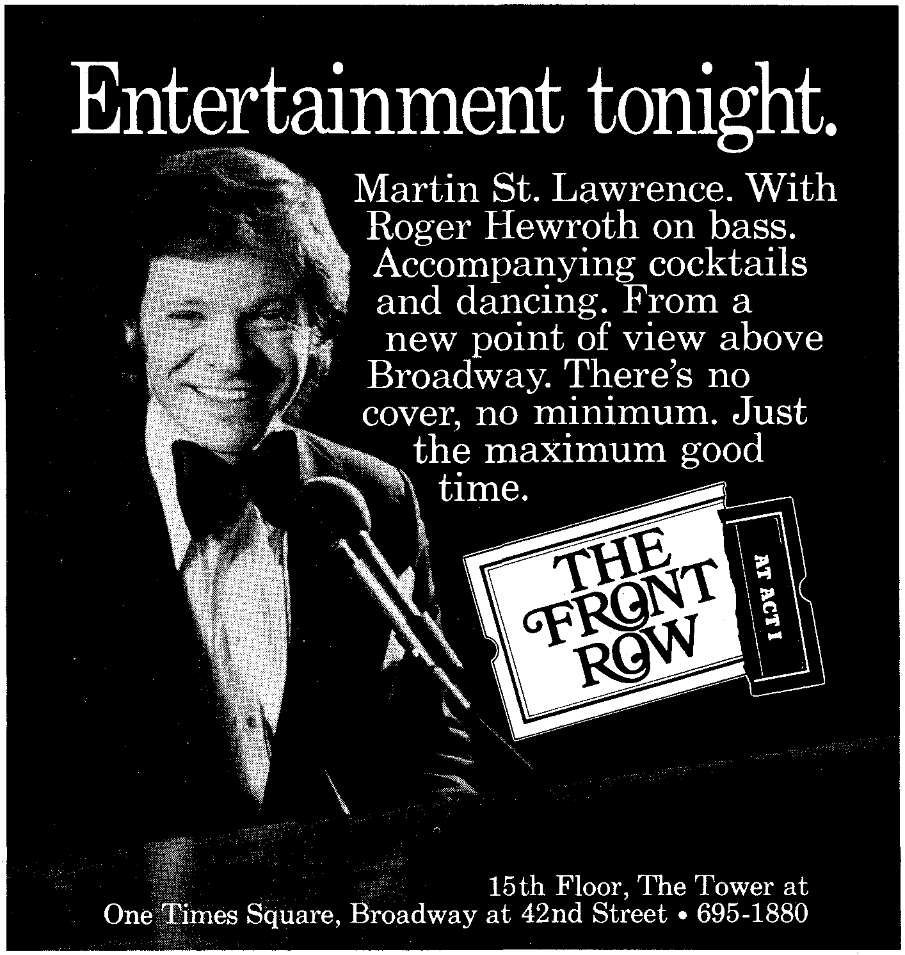

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(Continued from page 55) least nervousness, but there with Britt (whose diction alone would have caused me to snub her in my younger and more snobbish years) I was frightened. She had some weird kind of authority, the authority of the street urchin, perhaps. The authority of the playground bully—but authority nonetheless. You sensed at once that Britt would win out over others—not because she was either more intelligent or craftier, but because she would stoop to things no one else would even think of. I learned later, for example, from a former friend of hers (all her friends, as far as I could tell, were former friends) that when shopping for material to make curtains or slipcovers (back in the days when she did such mundane things) she would tear the fabric when the salesman's back was turned and then demand a discount from him without so much as a tremble in her throat. If I were a Gentile, she would have confirmed my worst suspicions about Jews. If I were a man, she would confirm my worst mistrust of women. If I were old, she would have made me lose faith in the younger generation. But I was none of those things—so I quashed my mistrust of Britt and listened avidly while she told me what my book was "about."

Sue Slotnik soon withdrew. I seem to recall her walking out of the hotel room backward—as courtiers were once said to have left the company of the king—but surely that is memory falsifying. Anyway, she left. With humility. And Britt continued to lie there regally on the chaise like the queen of mud pies, the queen of leg wax, the queen of plastic charge plates.

"When I first read your book," she said, "I knew it was the story of my life—and I knew immediately we'd be lifelong friends." (I have come to understand, partly through my experience with Britt, to mistrust anyone who attempts to begin a business relationship with the expression "lifelong friends." The less friendship is mentioned, the better. The more friendship is mentioned, the less likely one ever is to see a check.) "I see your book as the story of a woman's discovery that she can save her own life. . . ." (You will have to imagine the accent and the extreme nasality, coupled with the highflown content.) And I just sat there like an idiot while she regaled me with the erroneous *explication de texte* of a book which, till that day, I'd supposed I'd written.

She wanted to option the screen rights and mentioned, that very night, an insultingly low figure. I'd consult my agent, I said, and instantly she switched into the role of bully. Nobody else would do it, she said; nobody else would buy it. Instead of saying, "So what?" I got scared and saw all my celluloid dreams being burned away.

"If you really like the book as much as you say, why are you telling me nobody else will buy it?" Asking the question was already a show of weakness. With bullies, one does not question, one demands. Or walks away. But, unfortunately, it took me two more years to learn that.

"Because I take chances, I take risks, and I'm willing to take a chance on you."

Willing to take a chance on me! This was the essence of Britt's strategy. She had come to me—whose book had already sold millions of copies—telling me she was "willing to take a chance." She was doing me a favor, you see, like the saleslady at Saks who deigns to sell you a Trigère.

And it worked! Suddenly I was sweating, nervous, almost panicked. I visualized a wonderful Truffaut-Fellini-Bergman masterpiece based on *my* book—and all at once it went down the drain.

"You don't know what all those male-chauvinist producers would do to your work. They'll absolutely destroy it. This way, at least you know you'll have control."

The old siren song: "Control. Artistic control. You have to give up money to get . . . artistic control." The Hollywood rag. So elegant. So intelligent. Because of course you *never* get control. So if you give up money, what do you get? Nothing. And all your old pals in the literary world accusing you of having "sold out." Ah, the literary world. They hate failure and despise success. They have contempt for authors whose books go unread and sheer hatred for authors whose books are too much read. Try to please the literary world and you will spend your life in a state of rage and bitterness. But Hollywood is simple, almost pure—if total venality is a form of purity. There, nothing at all matters but making money. And the more you make, the better you are. And the end justifies any means at all.

That was why I was right to question Britt's insultingly low figure. It meant contempt for me and contempt for my work. If I accepted that, there would be no end to the insults they would ask me to accept. But if I walked away, they would suddenly get nicer. However, I had been trained by my mother to be insulted and come back for more, to be insulted and feel guilty toward my insulter. And Britt, with her street-urchin instincts, sized me up in a flash.

"Look," she said, studying herself in a hand mirror—Britt was always studying herself in mirrors—"nothing prevents me from getting my own writer

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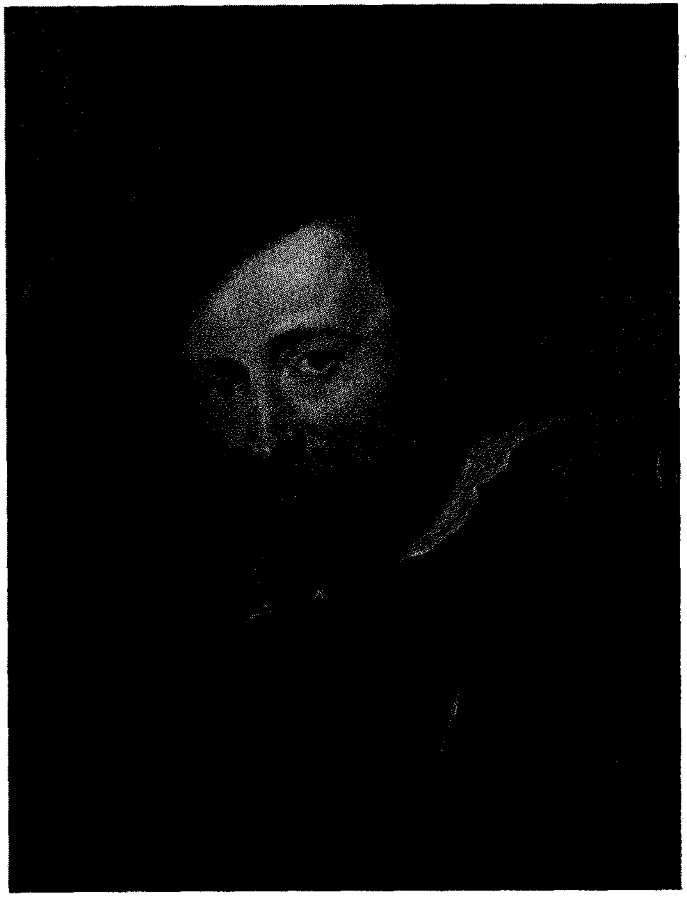

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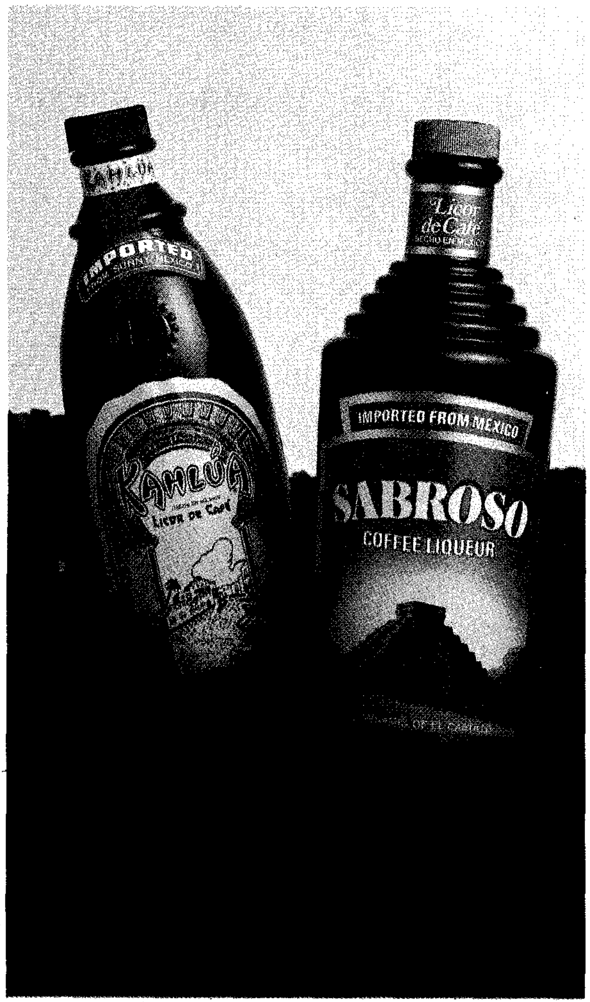

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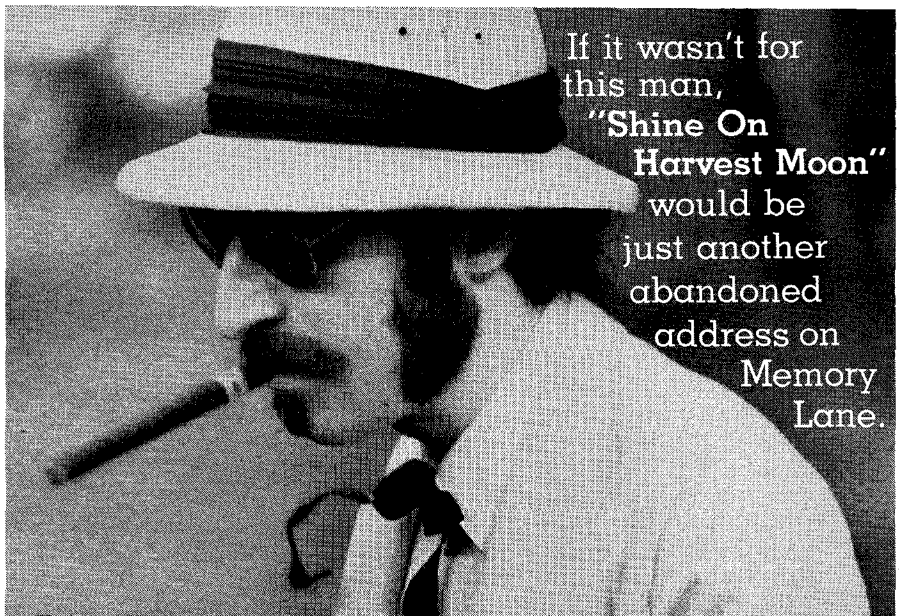
If it wasn't for this man, "Shine On Harvest Moon" would be just another abandoned address on Memory Lane.

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to rip off your book. It isn't all that original."

I stared at her in disbelief. In the space of about two minutes she had utterly contradicted herself. She had just said it was the story of her life. She had just said it was absolutely unique. And she had just said it could be ripped off with no trouble at all. What stopped me from telling her to buzz off right then and there? What prevented me from saying, "Go to hell," and slamming the door? Fear? Politeness? The inability to believe that anybody was really as rude, as crass, and as bullying as she appeared?

"I have to talk to my agent," I said.

"Talk," she said.

And in the days that followed, I did. But what I didn't understand was that my agent was also Britt's agent. Nor did I know that Britt had already announced to all of Hollywood that she "had" my book—so *hands off*. Britt belonged to that ancient Jewish merchant class whose philosophy seems to be that you don't actually have to *buy* a thing if you can make everybody believe you already own it. Purchase by publicity. And of course she was so intimidating to everyone—not just to me—that no other producers dared make offers on the book. In essence, I was trapped. I tried to negotiate, but the negotiation went nowhere. I was like a Christian trying to negotiate with a hungry lion.

Lunch with my agent, Eliza Rushmore. Eliza is a saccharine-voiced, streaky-haired graduate of Skidmore who called me Isadora until the first million copies were sold, "my love" after the second million, "sweet one" after the third million, and "darlingest" after the fourth. You'd pay 10 percent of your yearly income not to have to talk to her at all.

"Darlingest," she said (over a lunch of red snapper flambé at Laurent), "we *tried* to sell your book *every*where, but there were just *no* takers at*tall*." (She talked in italics like the *Cosmopolitan* Girl.) "It really *is* a very hard book to film. All those flashbacks . . ."

"But movies *always* have flashbacks. . . ."

"Yes, my love, but everyone was quite agreed that the literary *flair*, the *humor*, if you will, makes it all *harder* to deal with. The books that make the *best* movies are always, in*var*iably, the *worst* written. It's greatly to your *credit* as a writer that your book is so un*sal*able as a film." She bit off a bucktoothed, goyish smile.

"I don't give a damn, Eliza. I absolutely refuse to accept a tiny option for a book that's sold all those copies. It's insulting. I mean when you sell out to

Hollywood—you sell *out*. Or else you don't do it at all. They're likely to make a mess of it—so if all I'm ever going to see is that much money, I'd sooner not sell it at all."

"But the movie will sell more books. And besides Britt is a *can-do* person...."

"A *what?*"

"A can-do person rather than a big talker—like so many of your Hollywood types."

"If she's the best of them, I'd like to see the others. *God*."

"Besides, sweet one, you'll make money off the percentage."

"I've heard you *never* make a penny off a percentage of net profits. They have bookkeepers working in cellars to make it appear there *are* no profits."

"Oh, don't believe that silly sour-grapes stuff. Of *course* you'll see a percentage. It could make you rich."

"I'm not sure I want to be rich."

"Darlingest," she said, forking up some more red snapper, "it never hurts."

Britt summoned me to the Sherry Netherland the next morning. She sensed my reluctance and realized that stronger measures were needed.

"Let's have breakfast together, okay? I really don't care about the movie at all—but I *do* want to get to know you better."

I trotted off to the Sherry Netherland at 10 A.M.

When I got there, Britt was not waiting in the café. I sat for about a half hour feeling increasingly like an idiot and then got the brainstorm of calling upstairs. The line was busy, busy, busy for another half hour—and when I finally reached Britt she seemed to have forgotten all about our date.

"Oh, God, I've been on the phone with Bob Redford *all* morning, and then my lawyer called from the Coast—can you hold it just another minute and have some coffee?"

I held it another 40 minutes at least, and still Britt did not arrive. I had an appointment at noon—so I called Britt's room again. Again she appeared to have forgotten my existence.

"Oh, God, I am disorganized this morning. Why don't you come to the room?"

In the room it was apparent that Britt had never even tried to make it downstairs to meet me. She was just blow-drying her hair. She was dressed in nothing but black bikini underpants, and her shapely waxed legs ended in perfectly pedicured feet. She was manically fluffing her orange frizz with a blower, bending forward, bending sideways, almost as if blown by her own hot air. Her body was tiny. Somehow I was always surprised to find Britt so short. At four feet ten and virtually

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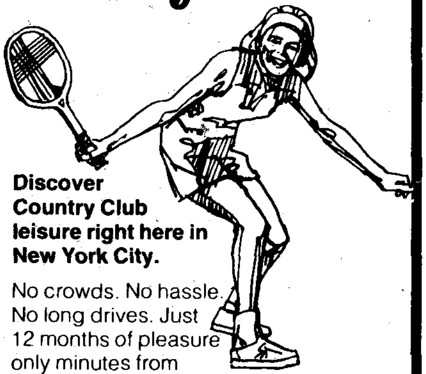

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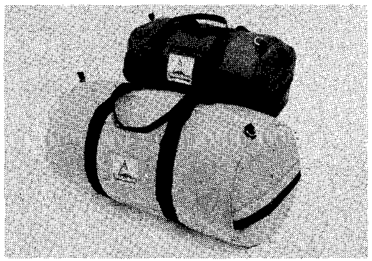

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bare-assed, she should not have been so intimidating—but she was. Her breasts were tiny points with wrinkled raisins for nipples.

I felt like a courtier at the king's levee. Tyrants always establish their dominance by making one watch them dress, eat, or go to the bathroom. As I waited I felt increasingly drained of any ability to rebel, to plead my case, to establish my position.

"I have an appointment at noon," I said feebly.

"With whom?"

"What business is it of yours?" I should have said, but I felt obligated to *tell.* Sometimes I spill the story of my life out of nervousness, and sometimes out of a wish to ingratiate and disarm.

"Actually, it's with this psychiatrist I've been having an intermittent affair with. You see, my husband recently told me that all during the early years of our marriage—when he was really brutal to me—he was madly in love with this woman—this army officer's wife named Penny, and . . ."

The phone rang. I was caught with my life history down around my ankles.

"Hello?" That nasal voice. The voice of a telephone solicitor selling ballroom-dancing lessons, or a street-corner vendor selling hot watches.

"No, I will not give him even his *goddamned agent's commission*—that son of a bitch. . . . Why? . . . I hear you, Murray, but he's a creep who couldn't get arrested. . . . No, we don't need him. . . . What? . . . Tell him I'll put it on the auction block. Tell him I have another studio to indemnify me. . . . Why the hell should I? . . . I don't need him, I'm telling you. . . . Don't you *dare* call me back till you've gotten rid of him. I mean it. Or I'll find another goddamned lawyer, do you hear me? I mean it." And she slammed down the phone.

To me, sweetly: "Why don't you cancel that appointment and have lunch with me instead. Girl talk, okay? No deal stuff."

And I did, and she spent the next hour screaming on the phone or blowing her hair—while I waited, feeling dumber and dumber. And with that, I lost it all: my dignity, my resistance, my integrity. I had known her only one day and already I was waiting three hours at a time in hotels. The pattern was set.

At lunch, she tried to convince me we were sisters under the skin. It was true that a lot of people had responded to *Candida Confesses*—but what I didn't yet realize was that the book was a litmus paper for everybody's special craziness. It had the common touch—whatever that is. Scholars responded to

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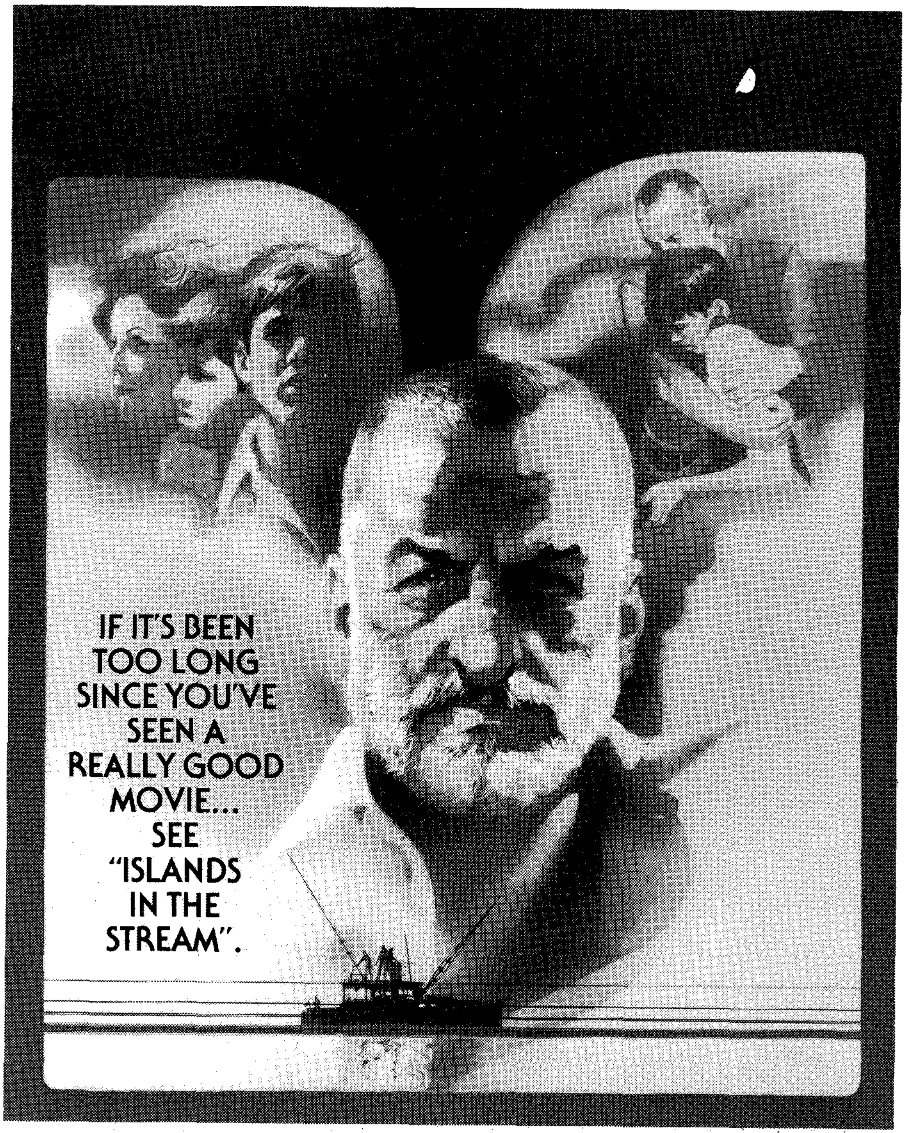
it and so did totally uneducated people. It later became clear to me that just because people came up to me and said, "I am you," that didn't necessarily make it true. Most critics are so misguided about the nature of literature that they lead even writers, who should know better, astray. Even autobiography is not interesting if it is only about its subject. Unless that subject becomes Everywoman, unless that story becomes myth, it is of no interest to anyone but the subject—and perhaps her mother. And once it becomes myth—it is no longer merely autobiography. Or merely fiction.

So of course Britt identified. How could she not? She was a Jewish girl from Flatbush. She felt she had been victimized by the male sex, by the whole world. This was especially interesting because if any victimizing was being done, you could be sure Britt was, as the New York police say, the perpetrator. As for being victimized by the male sex, it was hard to imagine any man screwing Britt and coming away with his genitals intact. Just as her laugh was metallic, one could presume her inner organs to be made of the same unyielding stuff.

"The whole point," she said at lunch, "is how women are screwed over by men." She said this looking very self-satisfied, as if she had just translated the Dead Sea Scrolls.

What was I to say? That I didn't think that the point of my work at all? That I thought she was smug and not very intelligent? That I thought she was making a mockery of the very real suffering of some women in order to grab more profit for herself? We were in the Sherry Netherland café and Britt, of course, had taken the banquette while she left me the outside chair. Trout meunière was about to be brought. The white wine had been poured and was cupping the light in long-stemmed glasses. We sipped. "To the year of the woman," Britt toasted. Just then, a roach crawled over the banquette behind Britt's bony shoulder. He made his way slowly toward her Hermès handbag, up one side, across the top, and then descended into its caramel-colored leathery depths in search of tobacco crumbs, half-smoked joints, one bent cocaine spoon, an assortment of French cosmetics, a handful of tarnished pennies, half a month's supply of birth-control pills, an old Valium vial filled with the purest, whitest coke, a rolled-up hundred-dollar bill to snort it with (she'd forgotten she had the spoon), and a wallet full of charge plates, traveler's checks, and cards of people she'd never remember to call.

I saw the roach descend into Britt's handbag but said nothing. Britt and I would meet again. ▬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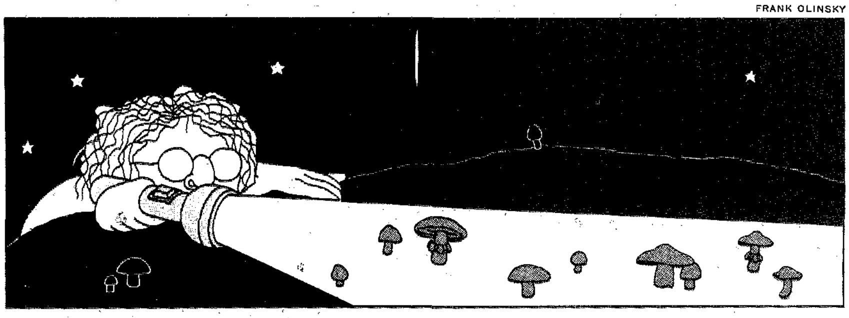
BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern


FRANK OLINSKY

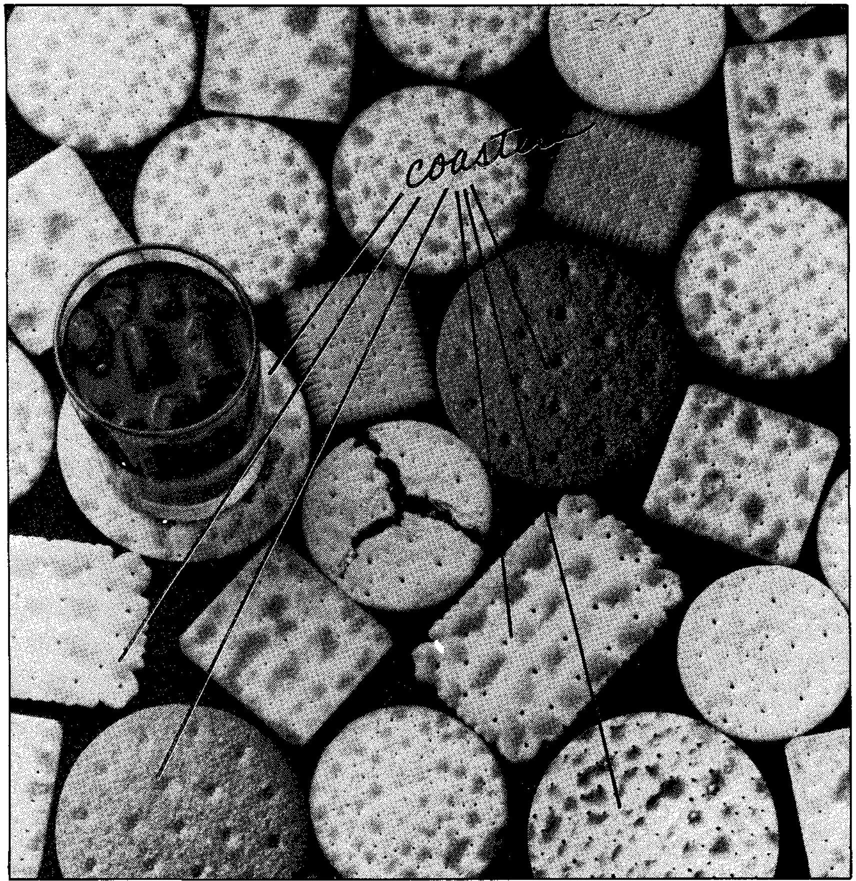
Fungus City

Pennsylvania, we hear, is the mushroom capital of America. But fret not. New York is also well endowed. So we will heed Gary Lincoff, who likes to clump through the brush and brush through the clump, and learn to identify good mushrooms from bad in a four-session course. It couldn't hurt.
MUSHROOMS/*March 9–30, 7–9 p.m./New York Botanical Garden/$32/220-8747*

Going Crackers

They are coasters, of course. No nibbling. The set of six is $10.
BONWIT TELLER/*Seventh floor*

RAEANNE GIOVANNI



Medicine Show

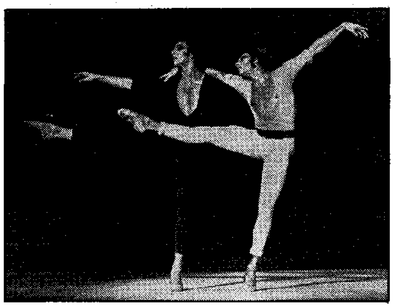
Considering many physicians' apathy (or haste), incomplete medical charts, prescriptions issued over the phone, and many patients' tendencies to swallow one drug on top of another, we should all rejoice in Dr. James Long's *The Essential Guide to Prescription Drugs.* He has listed the drugs generically (from acenocoumarol to warfarin) and by brand name (from Aarane to Zyloprim), and has provided their histories, side effects, and working habits.
THE ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO PRESCRIPTION DRUGS/*By James W. Long, M.D.*
Harper & Row/$25 hardcover, $8.95 paperback

Face Value

Leonard Sillman sincerely hopes that such old *New Faces* as Imogene Coca, Paul Lynde, Eartha Kitt, Robert Klein, Madeline Kahn, Sheldon Harnick, and Irwin Corey will drop by. If not, there's still a pleasant little cast to sing and smile politely while he emcees and tells *Face*-to-*Face* anecdotes.
THE BEST OF "NEW FACES"/*March 15–April 3/Ballroom/458 West Broadway*

Béjarts and Crafts

Here comes the world's most controversial choreographer, Maurice Béjart, with his Brussels-based 80-member Ballet of the 20th Century and a repertoire of pure gold. His guests are Suzanne Farrell (who, with her husband, Paul Mejia, was taken into the Béjart company when things became personally unpleasant with Balanchine); Maya Plisetskaya, belle of the Bolshoi; and La Scala Ballet's Luciana Savignano. The company will present mostly ballets by Béjart, three being *Songs of a Wayfarer,* the savage *Sacre du Printemps,* and, for something new, *Notre Faust,* a full evening's ballet in which Béjart will take part. —**Ruth Gilbert**
BÉJART ON BROADWAY/*March 22–April 3/Uris Theater*

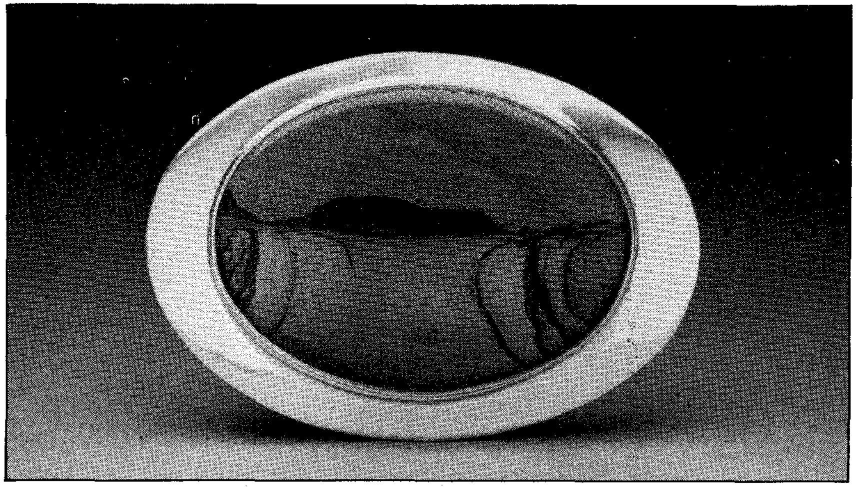


Best Bette

"If Hollywood didn't work out, I was prepared to be the best secretary in the world," Bette Davis declared when she was home free. And we, who would rather see her change costumes than typewriter ribbons any day of the week, can do just that at the Quad's month-long Bette festival. Below: she and George Brent in the victorious *Dark Victory.*

BETTE DAVIS/*March 13–April 12/Quad Cinema/34 West 13th Street*

ARMEN KACHATURIAN



On the Rocks

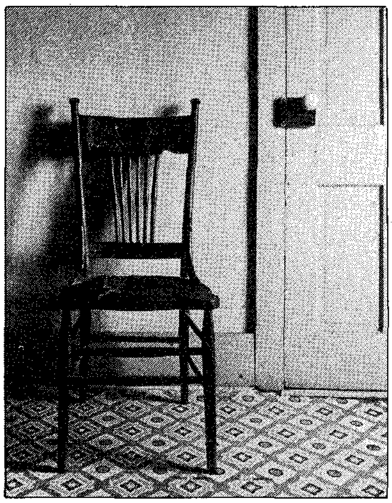
"Greetings from the Pacific Northwest," the missive from God's Creations begins. Indeed. Scenic jasper, which Thomas Colbern and Kyle Henry are setting in sterling silver, is a quartz that, cut in cabochons, does look just like Owyhee desert and horizon. Colbern and Henry, who started out as friends in a post–Haight-Ashbury commune in Taos, first came upon the stone in the public market in Seattle, where they had settled with their families. They set out to tie up such sources as an old miner who had the last of a variety once used for implements by Indian tribes fishing the Columbia River. Well, it sure is an adventuresome, fresh-air change from buying stones wholesale in grubby New York. Bracelets are $116; pendants are $12 to $150. **—Priscilla Tucker**

BLOOMINGDALE'S/*Costume jewelry/Arcade level*

Saint Lewis

Whether they were sweeping the ghetto gutter, sewing seams, picking cranberries, or building the Empire State Building (below), Lewis Hine's subjects were being exploited and he was going to do something about it. He talked and wrote of their horrid conditions, but mostly he photographed them—for the National Child Labor Committee, the Red Cross, the TVA, the WPA, and other federal agencies—to bring about change. "There are two things I wanted to do," he said. "I wanted to show the things that had to be corrected. I wanted to show the things that had to be appreciated." He did both. And then, in 1940, Lewis Hine died . . . in poverty. God bless America.

LEWIS W. HINE RETROSPECTIVE/*March 10–May 15/Brooklyn Museum*



Mr. Wright

Wright Morris, on the other hand, records *things.* "These objects, these artifacts, are saturated with emotion, with implications, toward which I am peculiarly responsive," he says. "I see many of them as secular icons." His photographs of sagging fences and barren fields, tin lizzies and fire hydrants, empty chairs and deserted shacks, will soon be seen at the Prakapas Gallery in his first New York one-man show since 1940.

WRIGHT MORRIS/*March 15–April 23 Prakapas Gallery/19 East 71st Street*

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'Twas Ever Thus

Where are the snows of yesteryear? Not to mention the energy crises, the official decrees against high thermostats, the icy fingers up and down our spines? They're all right here, right now. Nothing is new. According to Marie Antoinette's milliner (whom we quote whenever the situation calls for it): "There is nothing new except what is forgotten." We had indeed forgotten all those posters issued by the government during World Wars I and II, urging us to conserve fuel. But Phyllis Elliott, who owns a shop called Oakenshield, has not. She has a bunch of them for sale, at $30 to $150, from which we have chosen these to show.

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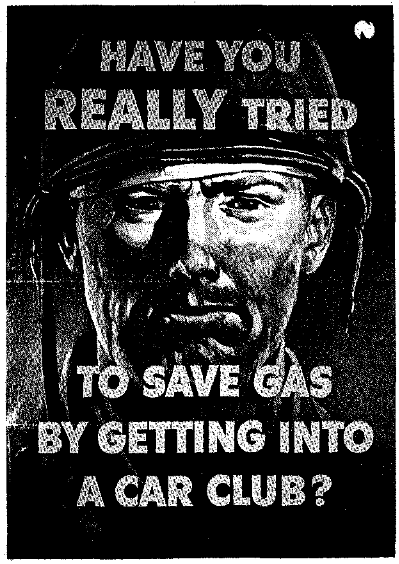
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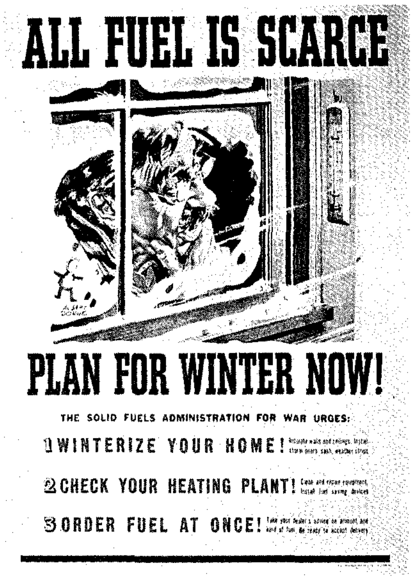
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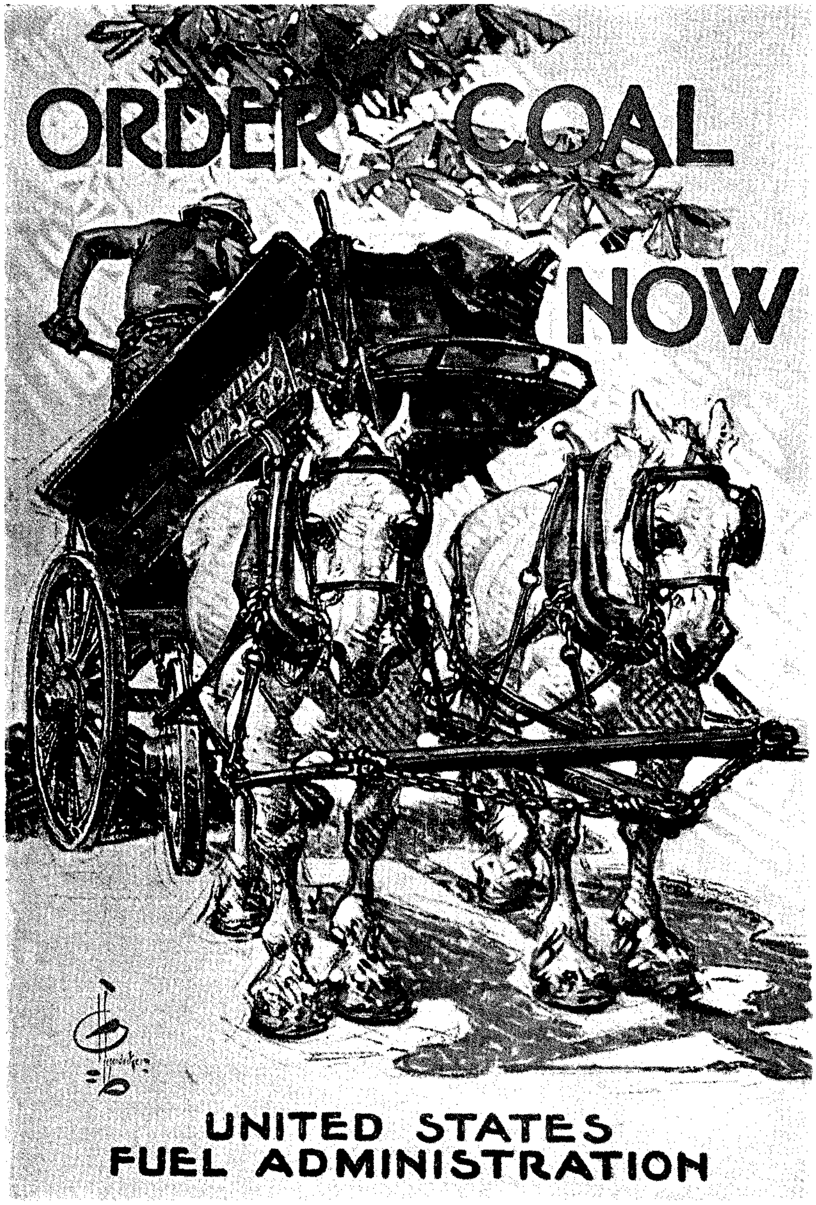
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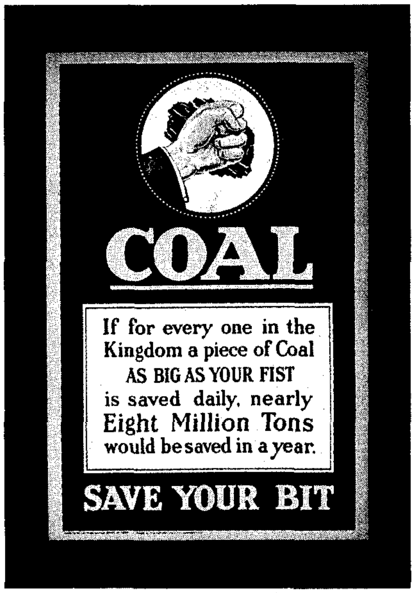
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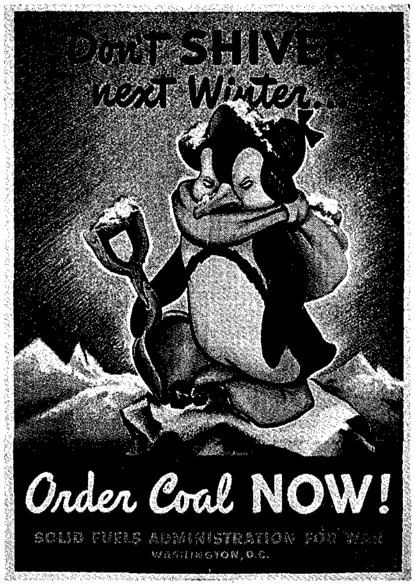
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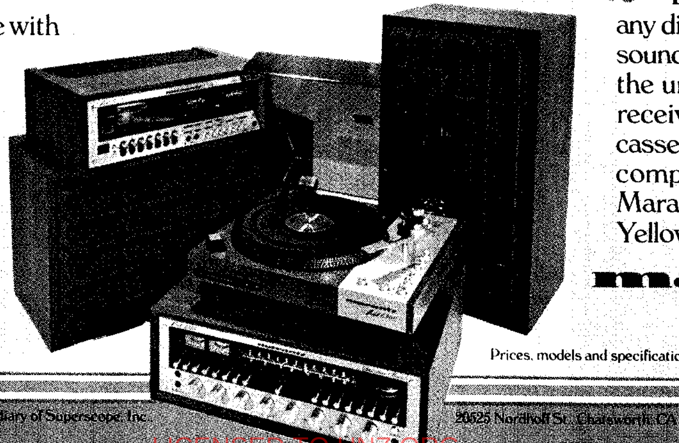

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Movies / John Simon

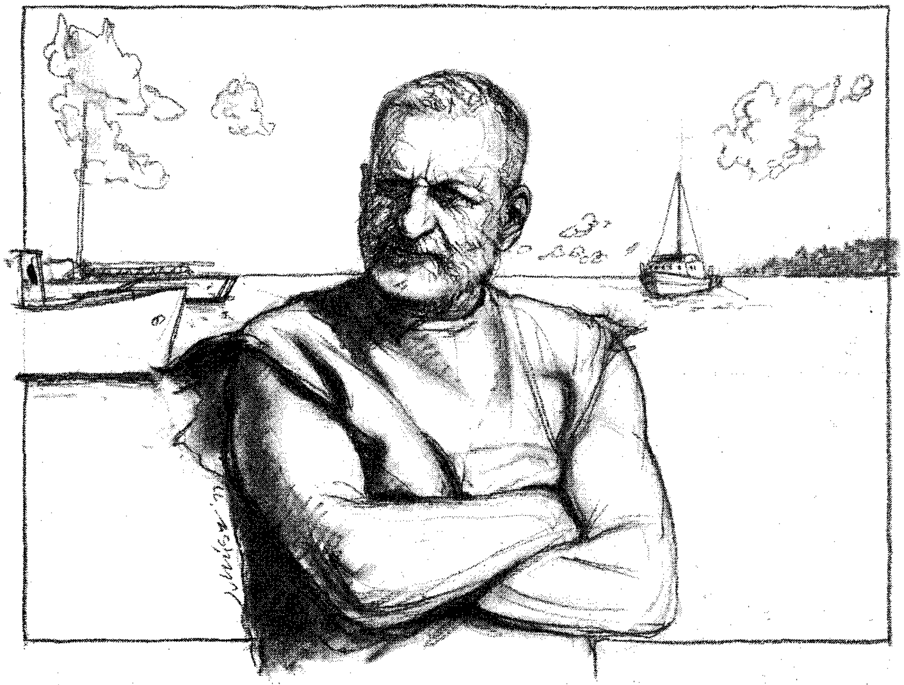
THE UNIMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST

"...George C. Scott's Hudson is solid craftsmanship with enough gusto to keep *Islands in the Stream* at least half alive..."

If ever there was a writer of importance whose values strike me as alien, unworthy, and puerile, it was Ernest Hemingway. Under the circumstances, reading his last and, by all accounts, least novel was and is the farthest thing from my mind. But here it is upon me in film form, and if the book *Islands in the Stream* is only a fraction as bad as the movie, it must be dreadful indeed.

The essence of **Islands in the Stream** can best be defined as senescent adolescent fantasy. We have here the great sculptor Thomas Hudson, on the far side of middle age, whose marriages have failed but what the hell: He has three wonderful boys that come to visit him; a splendid island in the Bahamian sun to work, drink, and fish on; a good, blowsy whore to satisfy his remaining appetites; and a well-appointed house crammed with memorabilia in which to assert his self-sufficient, macho aloneness. He has friends, too, when needed: Eddy, a great-hearted rummy, ex-sailor, brawler, and drinking-and-fishing companion; Joseph, the elderly black deckhand on Hudson's fishing boat, the *Tortuga*, who is more like a brother than a hired hand; Willy, a young, hero-worshipping ex-marine; and Captain Ralph, a Cuban skipper, who smuggles European refugees to safety at great risk to himself. It is, I have neglected to tell you, June, 1940, the times that try men's souls and, as we shall see, test their mettle.

Where does the juvenile dream of glory really assert itself? Hudson (for which read Hemingway) is creating and selling better than ever; though his favorite ex-wife is getting married again, she clearly still loves him; if his eldest son enlists in the Canadian Air Force and gets shot down, he still has two other fine young boys left. At the height of his powers—sportive, sexual, and sculptural—he gets sucked into the war by way of smuggling some Jewish refugees into Cuba. This he does successfully, accepting the outbursts of their gratitude with a virilely self-depreciating nod; later, while brilliantly outmaneuvering two superiorly equipped Cuban gunboats, he gets hit by a stray bullet. As his past resurfaces for him in a pre-extinction apotheosis of bright light (actually overexposure) in which all is love and reconciliation, he gently expires in the arms of his loving Joseph. What a way to go! It certainly beats blowing your brains out with a shotgun on a Montana ranch.



As if this were not enough, there is throughout *Islands in the Stream* a nauseating display of appalling values. For example, if a twelve-or-thirteen-year-old wears the palms of his hands and soles of his feet to a bloody frazzle in the attempt to land an enormous marlin, this is the true *rite de passage* needed to prove him a man and, what is more, a better one than his nonfishing brothers. Worse yet, Hemingway wants to have it both ways. Though he desires the kid to triumph over the fish, he hasn't the courage of his idiotic conviction; to prove Papa's humanitarianism, the fish, though torn and bleeding almost beyond repair, must also get away. So we get the kid saying things like, "In the worst parts, when I was the tiredest, I began to love him more than anything on earth. I'm sorry we lost him, but glad he got away." That's eating your fish and having it too.

When, however, it comes to understanding anything about life and having a little insight into your own evergreen immaturity, there is no such thing to be had. The eldest boy asks Hudson what caused his divorce from his adored first wife, and is told, ". . . It went bad for us. Maybe we loved too much, demanded too much. Hell, I blew it." Later, when the ex-wife shows up on the island, and the former spouses engage in some bittersweet reminiscence-cum-recrimination, no additional light gets shed. And always there is much prestigious name-dropping about places one has been to and grand things done. And what dialogue! "You moved into a part of me that when you moved out became empty." What's so unusual about that? Now, if it had become *full*, that would be worth reporting. Or this exchange between Thomas and his ex-wife, concerning the whore she has glimpsed him with: "Who is your friend at the bar?" "Just my friend at the bar." This sort of thing is meant to provide wit, I think.

I assume that the repeated use of "lay" for "lie" is either George C. Scott's contribution or that of the screenwriter, Denne Bart Petitclerc; but with the following deathbed repartee between the dying Thomas and Joseph, the updated version of the faith-

Illustrated by Victor Juhasz

"... Fassbinder turns out two kinds of movies: bad ones and not-so-bad ones. *Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven* is one of the latter..."

ful black retainer, we are back in the heart of Hemingway country: "Tom, I love you, you sonofabitch. Try to understand that." "I'm trying, Joseph." "Oh, you never understood about anyone that loves you." And consider, too, Hudson's memorable last line: "I know now there is no one thing that is true. It is *all* true." If that were indeed so, one could assert with equal truthfulness that *Islands in the Stream* is a piece of self-pitying travesty and a bloody masterpiece. Unfortunately, only one of those statements is true.

Franklin J. Schaffner, the director, rates somewhere between "deserving" and "plodding" on my scale. Sometimes he inclines more toward the one, sometimes more toward the other. Here he is distinctly plodding, albeit in the best Book-of-the-Month or Literary Guild style. Be it said, though, in his defense, that he gets little support from the script: The characters are all walking and talking fragments, the story all separate episodes that do not build, evolve, or even convey very much. It is as if fistfuls of pages had been torn from a fat volume at random, then filmed and spliced together, with the rest of the novel left to molder between the covers. But even the disconnected vignettes that are in the film have little shape to them, could begin or end elsewhere and be strung together in different order.

Lil, the whore, and Captain Ralph, for instance, acquire neither significance nor even reality, and this is only partly due to the poor acting of Susan Tyrrell and Gilbert Roland. (Though Roland has been in movies a century or so, he has learned nothing; but at least he hasn't changed much physically either, which is an achievement of sorts. As for Miss Tyrrell, it is remarkable that even a part so small and uneventful as that of Lil, which would hardly permit another performer to reveal even lack of talent, is quite enough for her to display genuine awfulness.) Some of the flat-footedness has to be the director's, not least in the great battle between the boy and the marlin (preposterously three times the kid's size), where the disparity between the intercut stock footage and Schaffner's own is considerable. Altogether, the very island itself never comes to persuasive life; a terrible, self-righteous dullness hovers over the entire proceedings.

George C. Scott is an actor always interesting to watch, and though his characterization of Thomas Hudson is unlikely to add an iota to his artistic stature, it is solid craftsmanship with enough gusto to keep the movie at least half alive. In the supporting cast, only David Hemmings has anything like a real part, and he makes Eddy as nearly believable as the writing allows, thus turning in his best performance in years. Claire Bloom, even when she has nothing to do, does it with class; and the three boys are at least inoffensive. The cinematography has the unmistakable Fred Koenekamp gloss to it, rather like looking at the giant transparency in the Grand Central Station Kodak ad, but any kind of pizzazz is welcome here. Robert Swink's editing seems ponderous, and Jerry Goldsmith's music is, once again, unforgivable. I cannot believe that, for a little more money, better composers couldn't be found than the ones currently befouling the sound tracks of American movies.

A festival of a dozen films by Rainer Werner Fassbinder at the New Yorker Theater has been launched with the American premiere of **Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven.** Fassbinder, who started in the avant-garde theater, is a 31-year-old German filmmaker who turns out movies the way other people shed dandruff, and is generally considered the new Godard or, at the very least, the *Wunderkind* of the German cinema. The main influences on him would seem to be Brecht and Warhol, the unendurably static Jean-Marie Straub and the souped-up second-rate American action directors, which shows that, if nothing else, he is catholic to the point of self-contradiction. He works with a repertory company of nonactors who speak with minimal inflection and move with a certain excess of jerkiness or lethargy, whether deliberately or because they can't do any better would be hard to say. He adapts, writes, or coauthors his screenplays, which are usually fairly static, and tend to take place within extremely narrow confines. This cuts production costs, but also makes for feelings of claustrophobia in the viewers.

The plots are usually simplistic tales of the decline or, more rarely, salvation of marginal figures from the petty bourgeoisie or proletariat. These characters are often quite appreciably stupid, and almost always embroiled in sordid family squabbles or squalid lovers' quarrels. Though only one film deals overtly with homosexuals, what strikes me as a homosexual atmosphere hovers over the others: a detached, almost deadpan, account of outrageous goings-on among people in whom a single characteristic is often exaggerated to the point of camp. Obligatory scenes of campy grotesquerie take place in seedy bars or kitchens, Fassbinder's favorite locales, and *Mother Küsters* has its share of these.

The movies are made on extremely low budgets and show it. The Fassbinder acting company, which sometimes includes the director himself, is made up mostly of rather unappetizing specimens of both sexes; one of the few exceptions is Karlheinz Böhm, the son of the noted conductor, who has both looks and talent. An aura of arrogance is everywhere, as if Fassbinder were saying, "I can slap movies together as fast and loose as I wish because I am a *Wunderkind.*" The procedure, I am afraid, makes him into a bit of *Blunderkind.* He turns out, as I see it, two kinds of movies: bad ones and not-so-bad ones. *Mother Küsters* is one of the latter.

This is the story of elderly, working-class Mrs. Küsters, whose husband suddenly goes berserk and kills one of his factory bosses and himself. While the press exploits the good woman in various ways, her children also more or less abandon her. She seeks help wherever people will talk to her and aid her in restoring her husband's good name. This is offered her first by the Communist party, then by the anarchists, but both finally leave her high and dry. At last, she goes home with the janitor at the magazine building where she has gone to stage a sit-in; the chap is a widower and has a good dinner waiting at home.

It is a perfectly serviceable story, but Fassbinder develops it with his customary mixture of heavy underscoring and cavalier offhandedness. Occasionally there is some satiric bite, but more often the film contents itself with facile and predictable observations, which the director now shoots with greater assurance than before, but still without particular distinction. Here the ending happens to be happy; it could just as easily have been otherwise. The acting is generally rudimentary or, in the case of the repellent Irm Hermann and Gottfried John, downright poor; only the aforementioned Böhm and, at times, Ingrid Caven seem to know what they are doing and how to do it. Michael Ballhaus's cinematography is just adequate, and does nothing to counteract the general air of stasis and insignificance. Still, the film is not offensive, which for Fassbinder is pretty good. ■

Theater/Alan Rich

LITTLE EGYPT, LESS SHAW

"... Harrison & Ashley remind me of a pair of fading provincials in a concert reading of a script not in their native language..."

Friend Clive, who has been known to locate eternal artistic verities in the Chekhov of Gene Feist and Andrei Serban, now has attempted his own novel explanation of the debacle currently at the Palace. **Caesar and Cleopatra**, he tells us by way of exculpating those responsible for the new perversion of Shaw's fine script, isn't a very good play anyway. Mr. Barnes leaves unclear which play he is subjecting to his scorn, because there are, after all, two. One is the work Shaw himself put on paper in 1899: a sly, graceful attempt to deflate the mystique of power and leadership by treating great historical figures like characters in a parlor comedy. The other is Ellis Rabb's version at the Palace, wherein nearly everything that relates to the basic wisdom of the play—meaning, for the most part, discussions on morality involving Caesar and some of his political underlings—has landed on the cutting-room floor. With some 40 minutes missing out of a show that now runs (with intermission) just over two hours, it seems to me rather senseless to be discussing the demerits of a play which doesn't exist.

We are, of course, left with a few dribbles out of the play's juicier moments, which gives us lots of Caesar and Cleopatra if not necessarily the play by that name. But even if Rex Harrison were, someday, to master his lines, there isn't a shred in his style or bearing that belongs to Shaw's conception of the role. A mumbling, bemused Caesar, bouncing around like Foxy Grandpa, bereft utterly of either Shavian majesty or Shavian twilit wisdom? Or a Cleopatra (Elizabeth Ashley) without tone or bearing, rising at her best moments only to a possible semblance of Wilde's Gwendolyn—something, in other words, miles aesthetically and geographically from Shaw's tiger-kitten? One has the impression, in watching these high-priced "stars" at work, of a pair of fading provincials struggling with a concert reading of a script not in their native tongue.

At that, there might have been some whacky charm in such wrongheaded casting, if the show itself were mounted with some sense of fun, or even movement. It is not. Rabb's pacing is ludicrously ponderous, aimed apparently at masterpiece-culture on a theater-party level. Not a member of the cast rises out of this prevailing torpor: certainly not the tittering, tottering Ftatateetah of Novella Nelson; nor the slimy, effete Apollodorus of Thom Christopher; nor the wan, witless Britannus of James Valentine. To the sturdy Rufio of Paul Hecht and the weighty Pothinus of Patrick Hines I will accord a point or two. Ming Cho Lee's wide-screen sets have a certain interesting arrangement of line and perspective, but—especially for an expensive production up from Kennedy Center—are poorly executed. Jane Greenwood's costumes are lavish and numerous (Ashley seems to get a new one every time she turns around), but this is not a style in which Greenwood works best. (That would be the eighteenth century, or modern dress.)

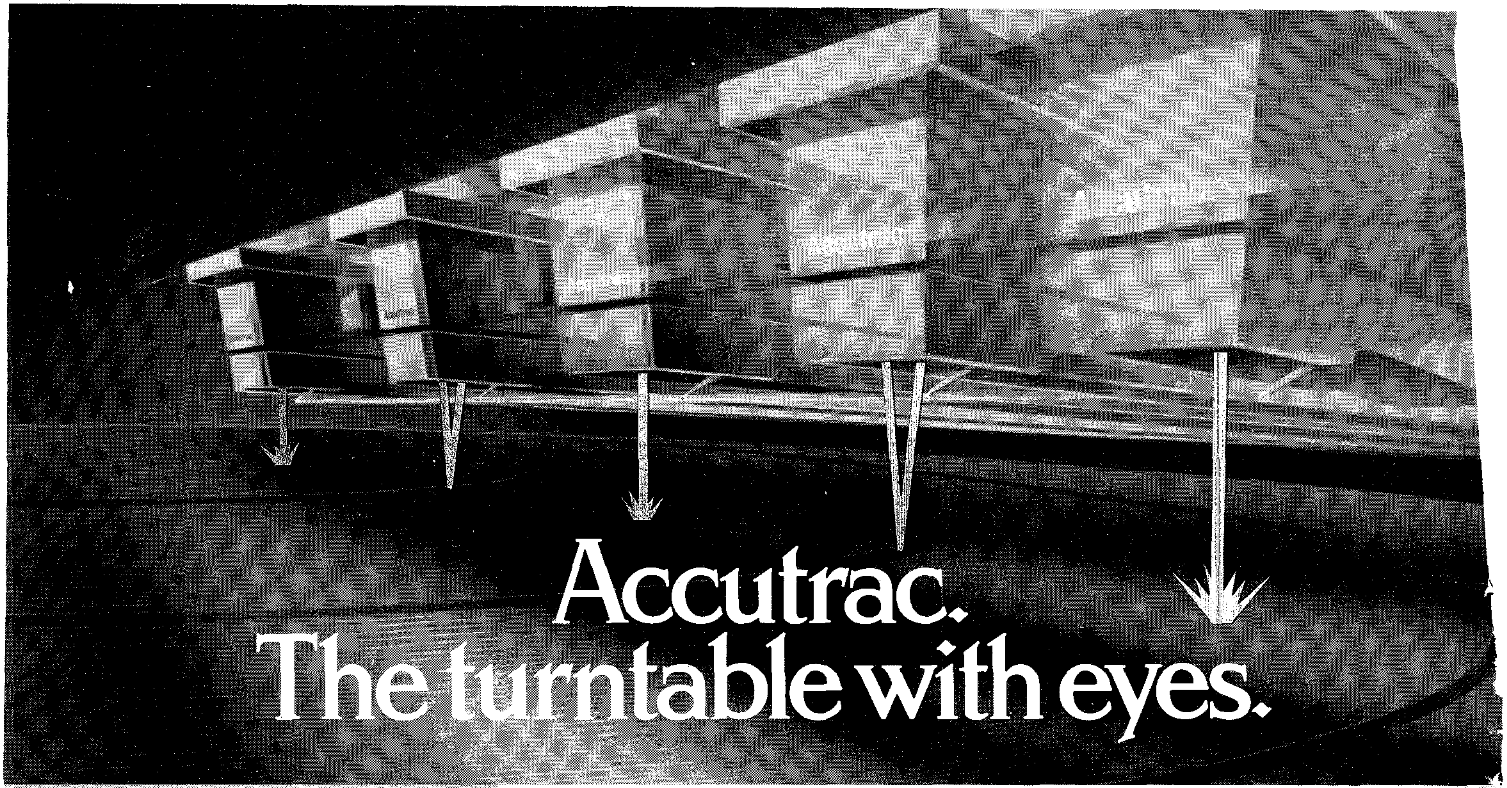
At the Hudson Guild on West 26th Street there is Christopher Hampton's **Savages**, in a production brought here from the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. It is a strong, absorbing play, and exceptionally well done. Hampton's script concerns a British diplomat kidnapped, and eventually murdered, by urban guerrillas in Brazil; this plot is intercut with other scenes relating to the annihilation, by Brazilian authorities, of Amazonian tribes whose villages were in the way of projected superhighways. The dramatic parallels are, of course, obvious, but Hampton has neatly sidestepped the temptation for mere agitprop writing. His chief guerrilla, a wavering, overeducated rich kid at war mostly with his own conflicting origins, cares not at all for the fate of the Indians. As Mandy Patinkin plays him (in what must be the first worthwhile performance of his career), he comes to dominate the play, a tough, mercurial center to a drama that wisely avoids easy answers.

Comparisons to such a work as the Costa-Gavras *State of Siege* are inevitable. Insofar as message-plays can stand against message-films, *Savages* stands up very well. Unlike the movie, it is a drama about strong, fleshed-out characters, rather than mere abstractions, caught up in dangerous, explosive situations. I admire the play's enveloping sense of ritual; its ideas transcend the specifics of the situation.

Gordon Davidson, who directed the Los Angeles production, has mounted the play beautifully, simply, with a marvelous feeling for atmosphere in which the lightest touch—an Indian totem, some dances, a beat or two on the drum—makes compelling points. An excellent cast is involved: Joseph Maher as the murdered diplomat, Stephen Joyce as a liberal (and, therefore, disillusioned) anthropologist, some splendid character actors as the Indians. Except, perhaps, in the size of its budget, *Savages* so towers above *Caesar and Cleopatra* as important theater as to render comparisons futile.

Being of strong Savoyard predilections, I will journey any reasonable distance for a promising Gilbert and Sullivan evening. Even so, I was unprepared for the extremely high quality of a group called the Manhattan Savoyards, which produced **Patience** at the St. John the Baptist High School Auditorium in West Islip, Long Island, last weekend. Despite its name, this professional group spends most of its time on tour. This was its first *Patience*, with a glorious set by Ursula Beldon, handsome costumes by Dean Reiter, solid conducting by Ronald Noll, and an absolutely first-rate cast. Bob Singer, who sang the Colonel, also directed, and I wish the company could be brought into New York, which badly needs G&S of this high quality. ■

Illustrated by Phyllis Herfield



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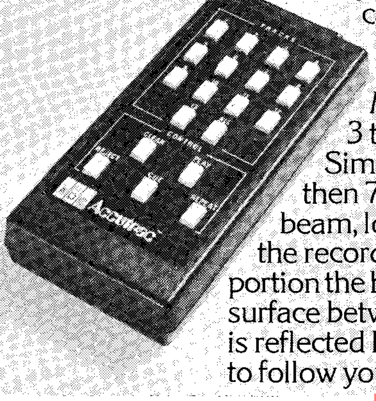

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Music

TWO DUMPLINGS IN LOVE

"...The Met's new *Bohème* is handsome; the singing is high-voltage and moving..."

A Bicentennial **Bohème**? There is an intruder in Pier Luigi Pizzi's second-act set in the Met's new production. Off in the distance, behind the Montmartre street scene downstage, stands Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi's *Liberty Enlightening the World* (the Statue of Liberty to you), unfinished, scaffolded, but unmistakable. It adds a charming, if kooky, touch, certainly no more incongruous than the basic *Bohème* Act Two question: what people are doing dining outdoors in Paris on Christmas Eve. Fabrizio Melano, the stage director, confounds that question by bringing on some seminude acrobats.

This is a handsome, highly satisfactory *Bohème*. The sets have their share of inventiveness, but their best quality is sparseness, leaving plenty of room for action. Melano's direction is also simple; he lets people stroll about with considerable ease, which is the way this fiendishly communicative opera makes its points. The tableaux create splendid drama, without impeding what the music makes blatantly clear. I particularly liked one moment in the last act: Schaunard, standing alone atop a spiral staircase in the garret as Mimi and Rodolfo are reunited below, a nice visual counterpoint to the aching drama of that moment. Gil Wechsler's lighting is also splendid—especially his murky, foggy colors for the third act.

The singing on opening night was high-voltage and most moving. Renata Scotto's Mimi is her best role here this season, with that old purity of tone that has been missed, and a strength of phrase that goes right to the heart. James Levine, the conductor, allowed her space to spin out a most radiant soft top C at the end of the "Addio," and one has to go back a long time for memories of that phrase produced so meltingly. Luciano Pavarotti was also in grand, er, shape; his pianissimos, especially one taken open-throat at the end of the "Racconto," again bespoke a most valuable singer at the top of his powers. Of acting, there was little: two dumplings in love. But that is the glory of Puccini's clever score; any Mimi or Rodolfo who can manage the notes becomes graceful and beautiful.

Among the other bohemians, Maralin Niska wore nice costumes beautifully but made some rather harsh sounds in her big second-act scene. Ingvar Wixell, the Marcello, was extremely good, as was the Colline of Paul Plishka. Better yet, however, was the Schaunard of Allan Monk, a young singer moving up rapidly at the Met.

Any presentation of early music must go on with the ghost of Noah Greenberg in the wings, since it was Noah's Pro Musica that created the audience for this music, and proposed the notion that even in far-off times there was music with blood and dramatic power. Noah's ghost was probably smiling at Tully Hall the other night when Frederick Renz's Ensemble for Early Music, a group including several Pro Musica alumni, gave over a whole evening to **Remède de Fortune**, a set of songs and poems by the fourteenth-century French genius Guillaume de Machaut.

A poet-composer of extraordinary sensibility, whose manuscripts have been unusually well preserved, Machaut worked at a time when music was beginning to take on a genuine compositional complexity, and there are pieces in *Remède* that are quite astounding in their interplay of simultaneous, clashing rhythms, and in the way their melodic lines push ahead to lush, expressive cadences. These aren't tonal cadences, of course; ears that have heard Mozart tend to listen to medieval music as a string of delightful wrong notes. The problem, therefore, is to get singers and instrumentalists to perform this music for its strength, rather than its strangeness. This Renz's group does very well. The two leading singers—Daniel Collins and Nancy Long—sang without vibrato, which was unsettling at first but stylistically accurate; more important is that they sang expressively, with none of the preciousness that many performers of old music still seem to feel necessary (a legacy of the old Pro Musica Antiqua of Brussels). The evening was slightly marred by a translation of the spoken text into unmetrical English, read by Robert Krebs with excessive lip-smacking. But the music—pure, vital, and enchanting—made amends. **—Alan Rich**

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

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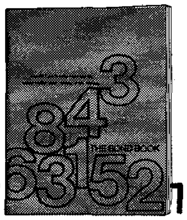

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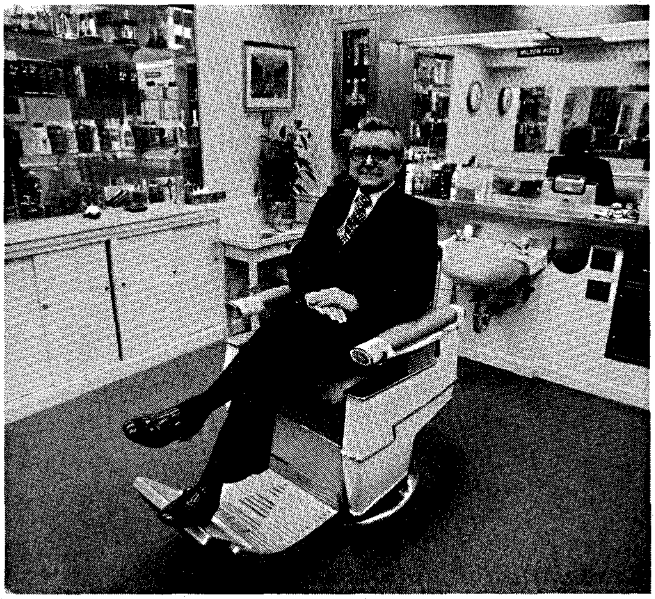
NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Barber Lathered Over Being Cut From White House Staff

TIME-LIFE



Pitts: Feels he was not treated courteously by Carter staff.

Milton Pitts, the official White House barber for Presidents Nixon and Ford, thought he had made the transition with Jimmy Carter but now claims he was given a raw deal and treated badly by the Carter White House. Pitts, who cut and styled hair in the White House for seven years, has been replaced by Georgetown barber Rod Morales, who had cut presidential aide Tim Kraft's hair.

What upset Pitts was the way he was treated by the White House. The barber says the Nixon and Ford people always treated him well: "They were very cordial and friendly." But the Carter people, particularly the "lower echelons," says Pitts, "are very skeptical of anyone not from Georgia." He found out from friends and newspapers that Kraft had brought in another barber to cut the president's hair. Pitts called Kraft, and "he told me he was reviewing the barber situation." So Pitts "got the message" and said he'd leave. He requested from Kraft a letter asking him to resign, but so far he hasn't received one.

When Pitts went to the White House on a Saturday to pick up his equipment, his pass had been revoked and a guard escorted him to his office. "I was going to give them the pass when I was through anyway. Why, I've been coming through these gates for seven years."

Although he never clipped Carter's locks, Pitts cut and offered styling suggestions to several administration figures —Vice-President Walter Mondale ("his hair is too long in front and is always falling in his face"), budget master Bert Lance ("his hair is too short; he needs it fuller on the sides to make his face look thinner"), and Attorney General Griffin Bell ("he was skinned; I suggested a fuller cut would give him a better image"). Pitts said the Cabinet officers were pleased with his suggestions. He added, "I've always been nonpartisan. Some of my best customers are Democrats."

Well, Pitts won't be putting his clippers away. In a hotel barbershop in Washington, his regular customers still include former Secretaries of State William Rogers and Henry Kissinger, and Senator Lloyd Bentsen.

TV Cop Shows Scoff at Law

The March 19 issue of *Saturday Review* will feature a fascinating story on "How TV Cops Flout the Law." In the piece, two attorney-professors analyze TV police shows from the point of view of constitutional law. They found "the overall image the shows project is clearly one that is alien to the Constitution. . . . Today even the most blatantly illegal and unconstitutional behavior of police officers is glorified by an endless stream of television police dramas. The result, we believe, is that what started off as merely fictional entertainment has now begun to have the political effect of 'softening up' public opinion and making it more accepting of such police conduct." The professors note another ironic point: "Such TV abuses of constitutional rights and basic political values are not new, but they do seem to have increased dramatically shortly after the election of Richard Nixon on a hard-line, law-and-order platform."

ABC News

News flash—Roone Arledge, ABC sports czar, will be introduced at the network's annual affiliates meeting in May as the new president of ABC News.

And the latest gossip about the dynamic duo: Now Harry's out and Barbara's in.

Senior Citizens' Porn-ucopia

Good news on the senior-citizen front: The Cinart movie theater in Brooklyn told the trade paper *Variety* that in future it will show hard-core X-rated movies from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. daily and then shift to gay porno films from six to midnight. But for both segments of the program, senior citizens will be admitted to the theater for half price.

'WWD' to Make Headlines

JILL KREMENTZ

Fairchild: Will he step down?

The *Wall Street Journal* is working up a major piece on *Women's Wear Daily.* What's the story about *WWD*? The fashion trade paper has just turned in another solid financial performance, with ad sales and profits both up.

But there are a few warts: Circulation is down to 75,000 from a high six years ago of 84,000; the paper's biweekly and very handsome consumer spinoff, *W*, sells only around 175,000 copies per issue, while *Vogue*, a major competitor, has soared to more than 800,000; some advertisers charge *WWD*'s fashion critics play favorites; and, perhaps most crucial of all, publisher John B. Fairchild may be reaching the end of his contract.

When the Fairchild family sold out to Capital Cities Communications (negotiations began in December, 1967, and closed the following May), John signed a ten-year contract. In recent seasons, he has been spending more time in Switzerland, where he owns an apartment, and there has been speculation he might step down.

Meanwhile, *Fortune* magazine has assigned writer Thomas O'Hanlon to do a big story on Fairchild's parent company, Capital Cities, and its chief, Thomas Murphy. Capital Cities is the formidably profitable, but very low-profile, company that recently paid $125 million for the Kansas City *Star*.

Ins and Outs at the 'Times'

Eder: Next on the aisle?

Clive Barnes is out as the New York *Times* drama critic, or so the *Times* announced last week. Although the *Times* said no successor has been named, word is that Richard Eder will get the job.

Other people may be out of jobs at the *Times* Sunday magazine. Insiders are saying that new editor Edward Klein, who came recently from *Newsweek*, is "forcing staffers out to bring in his own people." Adds one *Times*-person, "He's trying to run the Sunday magazine like *Newsweek*. Story conferences are being run like encounter groups. It's just not the *Times* style—at all."

'Beast' Too Fierce for Dustin

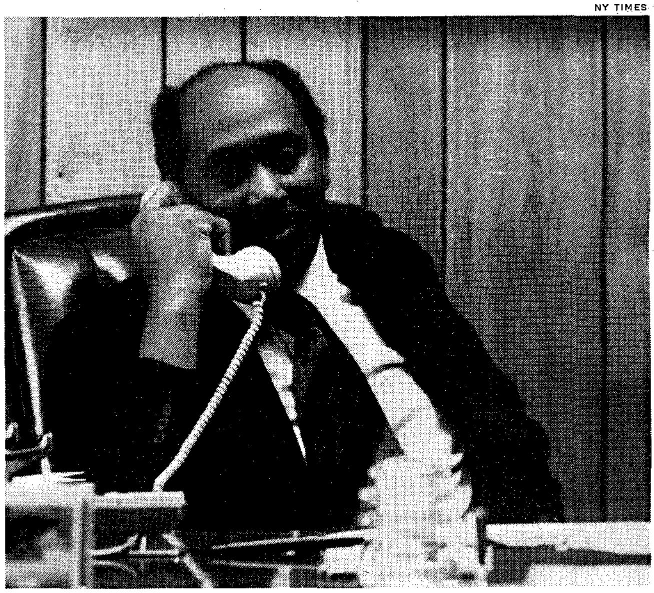
The debut of Dustin Hoffman as a director won't take place anytime soon. The actor, who was to direct *No Beast So Fierce,* changed his mind. Hoffman decided that both directing and playing the lead role in the film about an ex-con readjusting to society "was too much to tackle." According to spokesmen at First Artists Production Corporation, the movie is a "very heavy piece with a demanding lead role." Although First Artists says no decision has been made, it's rumored that producer-director Ulu Grosbard, who directed Hoffman in *Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?,* will be asked to step in.

GLOBE PHOTO

Hoffman: Backs out as director at last minute.

Is There Bias at Plains Airport?

NY TIMES



Wallace: Concerned about discrimination charges.

The Plains (Georgia) airport is for sale. Owner Tom Peterson, who'd flown Jimmy Carter around the country campaigning, is now being considered for a job with the Federal Aviation Administration. But there's more to the story than that. A black pilot at the airport, Bill Turner, whom Peterson hired during the rush of the campaign season, feels he's being discriminated against. After the inauguration, business slacked off, and Turner found himself working only several days a week, alternating with another (white) pilot. But Turner feels some local whites won't ride with him because of his color and wants Peterson to assign customers in turn to him. Peterson doesn't think the discrimination charge is true, and argues that customers ask for pilots they are familiar with. Turner, by the way, served as a copilot for Jimmy Carter and journalists during the campaign. Turner has called on multimillionaire Queens businessman Charles Wallace for help. Wallace, who was born in Georgia, and is building a $300-million refinery, says he is investigating the situation. He threatens, "If there's discrimination, we'll see to it Turner gets his own plane, and then the Federal Aviation Agency and other government agencies will make sure he gets treated right." "We" is the Concerned Citizens for Minority Businessmen, a group interested in the case. They might possibly make an offer for the airport.

There She Is...Miss Gay USA?

Miss America, Miss Teenage America, Miss Black America, and *Miss Gay USA, Mr. Gay USA,* and *Miss Transsexual USA?* Add the last three titles to the growing list of annual American beauty pageants. Later this fall, New York will be the site of the eastern regional competition for the gay-America triple-header. And this is no joke. The organizers of the beauty contest are "very serious about it."

In fact, we're told the pageant will be set up like the Miss America contest. Competitors for the titles of Miss and Mr. Gay USA will be judged by "well-known straight stage, movie, and political personalities" in four categories—formal attire, swimsuits, personality, and talent. The national final competition will be held sometime in 1978, and the winner, like Miss America, will be awarded top-dollar prize money and contracts for product endorsements and personal appearances. By the way, Anita Bryant has not been asked to sing "Here She Comes, Miss Gay USA" as the winner sweeps down the runway.

Brief Lives / Harold T. P. Hayes

ROBERT BENTON: FROM OUT TO IN

"... This movie director's air of fragility is quite authentic, but, like a snake egg, it derives from a context of violence..."

Benton, the writer and director of *The Late Show*, came to New York City on a Continental Trailways bus out of Texas, first in 1951, bearing the terrible responsibility country boys have for preserving the city's sophistication against the vulgarities of people already here. The great Harvard historian Oscar Handlin has explained this odd impulse for the rest of us: "The social elite within any community is defined by those excluded from it." Benton and his roommate, Harvey Schmidt, codified big-city chic in a small but definitive work, advanced beyond its time, entitled *The IN and OUT Book*. Basic criteria were stated in the first few sentences: "There are two kinds of people in this world: IN and OUT. A thing can be IN for three reasons: a. Because it is so classic and great. Example: The Plaza Hotel. b. Because it is so obscure. Example: Veda Ann Borg movies. c. Because it is so far OUT even the OUT people won't touch it. Example: Tchaikovsky."

At first Benton tried to live up to his arbitrations by wearing army shirts to the office (easily a generation before they had become uniform for civilians) and by driving about the city in a worn Citroën of the wood variety used then for taxicabs in Paris. To this day he wears strange shoes that look like army boots from a forgotten war.

For one in his circumstances, however, it was a self-liquidating life-style. "To be poor," warned Benton/Schmidt, "is OUT. To be rich is IN. To be *nouveau riche* is best of all." Through the fifties, Benton was old-line, sodbusting poor, having been fired from a succession of jobs as an art assistant because of congenital messiness. Eventually he was appointed art director of *Esquire*, a magazine where, in the early sixties, neatness was OUT. It was, however oxymoronically, an IN position to hold, and Benton made the most of it, although he remained poor. When his creditors became too pressing he freelanced to his indulgent employer new installments of the IN/OUT oeuvre. Thus, *Esquire*'s advice to the urban provincial in those days seemed endless: "Son of IN and OUT," "IN and OUT Goes West," etc. In such fashion did Benton and Schmidt manage to keep themselves in fresh croissants until Schmidt, with their third roommate, Tom Jones, wrote *The Fantasticks*, the postwar *Abie's Irish Rose*, which, by IN/OUT dicta, brought Schmidt enough IN not to bother anymore.

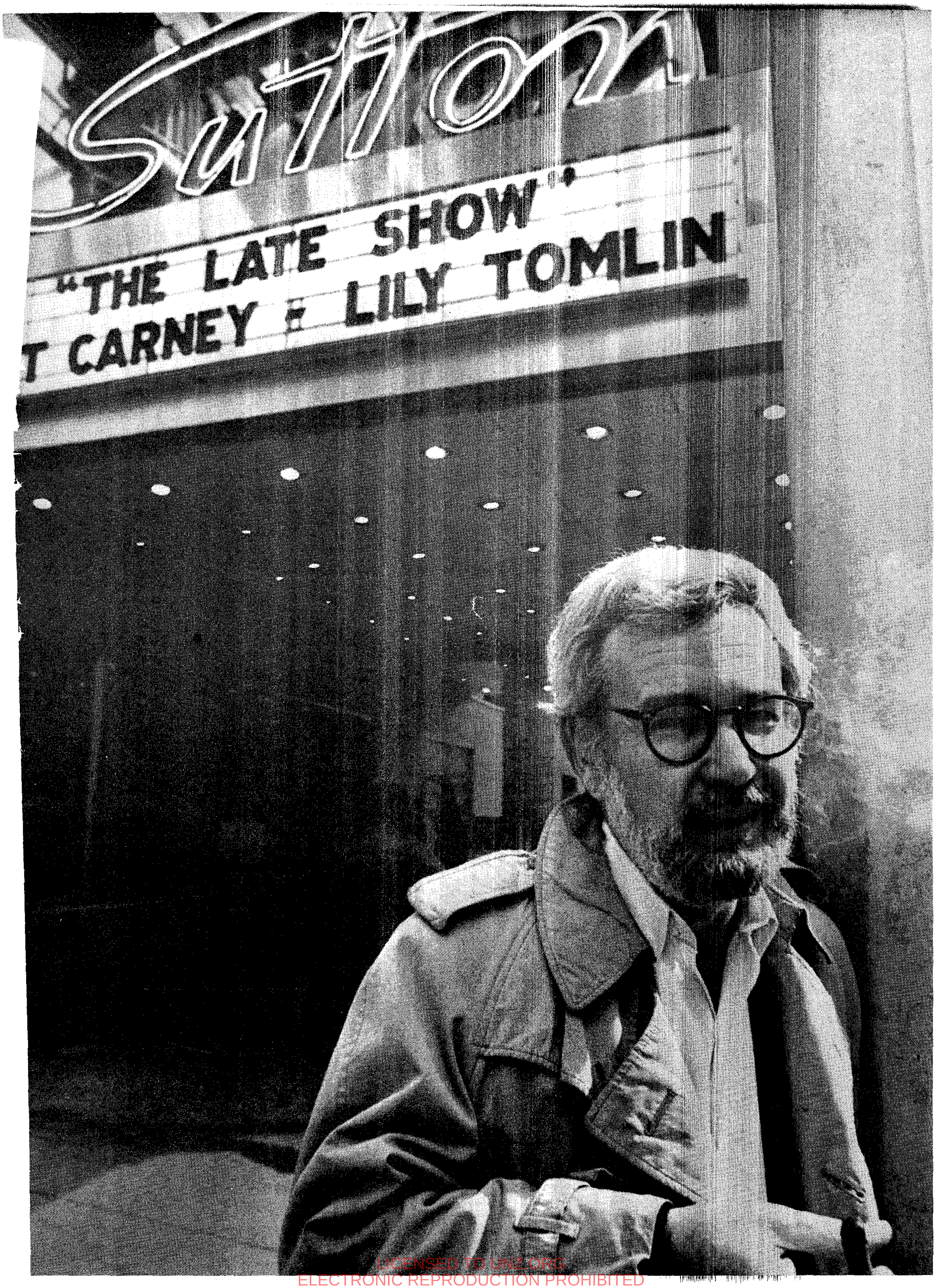
Friends call him by his last name out of a sense of desperation. Robert Benton, which he calls himself, somehow isn't right. He is short and thin and he looks fragile, even when smoking cigars. He wears glasses, like Schroeder. When I first saw him at *Esquire*, he struck me right off as the sort my mother, in the South, would always single out as "a *nice* boy." Many react to him in this way, especially women, sensing instantly the need to protect him from the rest of us. This is where the frustration begins. Benton comes from a hardscrabble cotton town called Waxahachie (population then 1,500), where his father slept with a pistol under his pillow for reasons probably having to do with the fact that two of his uncles were murdered. The air of fragility is quite authentic, but, like a snake egg, it derives from a context of violence. Once when I let him have it over a layout, he drew himself to his full height—roughly that of Gary Cooper sitting down—and said, "Never yell at me like that. I mean it." I could see that he did. The brusqueness of "Benton"—of calling him by his last name—is an intuitive acknowledgment by all of us that the protection we would otherwise smother him with may be inappropriate to his needs.

In spite of his messiness, he was a first-rate art director at *Esquire*. He was an enthusiast, the kind who looked for talents greater than his own; his undisguised delight in good work was in itself a delight to see. The best description I ever saw of him was a pantomime imitation by his admiring assistant Pat Del Vecchio, who was himself obsessively neat. Holding a transparency pointed toward the overhead light, a cigarette dangling from his lips, and his feet planted in the middle of his desk, Del Vecchio/Benton squints in myopic rapture until the ash is longer than the butt. Transfixed, he sighs, "Bee-*you*-tee-ful . . ." and as he gazes on, lost to the ecstasy of the image, he takes the cigarette from his mouth and taps absently at the butt, spreading ashes from his collar to his fly.

His days as an art director were limited by his own restlessness. He read too much and too widely to trust an idea to be expressed wholly as illustration, and so he began to drift toward more complex forms—picture/text features, hip and resonant, aimed at the sixties sensibility. He preferred to collaborate. After Schmidt came Gene Lichtenstein; next, Gloria Steinem; and finally, fourteen years ago, David Newman, then a young editor out of Michigan who instantly locked into Benton's bittersweet, crazy-legged point of view. Giggling and whooping in Newman's cubicle, while supposedly working on *Esquire* features, they began *Bonnie and Clyde*. They eventually left for better things—*Superman* (a Broadway musical; more recently they've worked on the screenplay), *Bonnie and Clyde*, *There Was a Crooked Man*, and many others (including screenwriting collaboration with Bogdanovich and Buck Henry on *What's Up Doc?*).

Where Newman begins and Benton leaves off is hard to say now—neither is certain—although there remains for me at least something unique about Benton's humor, which is solely his own but hard to define. Since *The Late Show* is all Benton's and it is there, too, I asked him, with some exasperation, if he could say what it was.

"It's southern, I guess, and it has to do with letting humor intrude in places where you don't expect it or perhaps where it shouldn't. You remember that old story about the preacher in a tent revival, asking the congregation to testify what the Lord has done for them. One by one, they come forward. 'The Lord saved my house from a tornado,' one man says. . . . 'The Lord brought rain to my thirsty crops,' and so on. Finally one man is left out there. He is a terribly crippled old farmer, so bent he can hardly move, and the preacher says, 'Now come on, my man, come forward and tell us what He's done for you.' The cripple hobbles up to the pulpit and says, 'Well, He damn near ruined me.' " ■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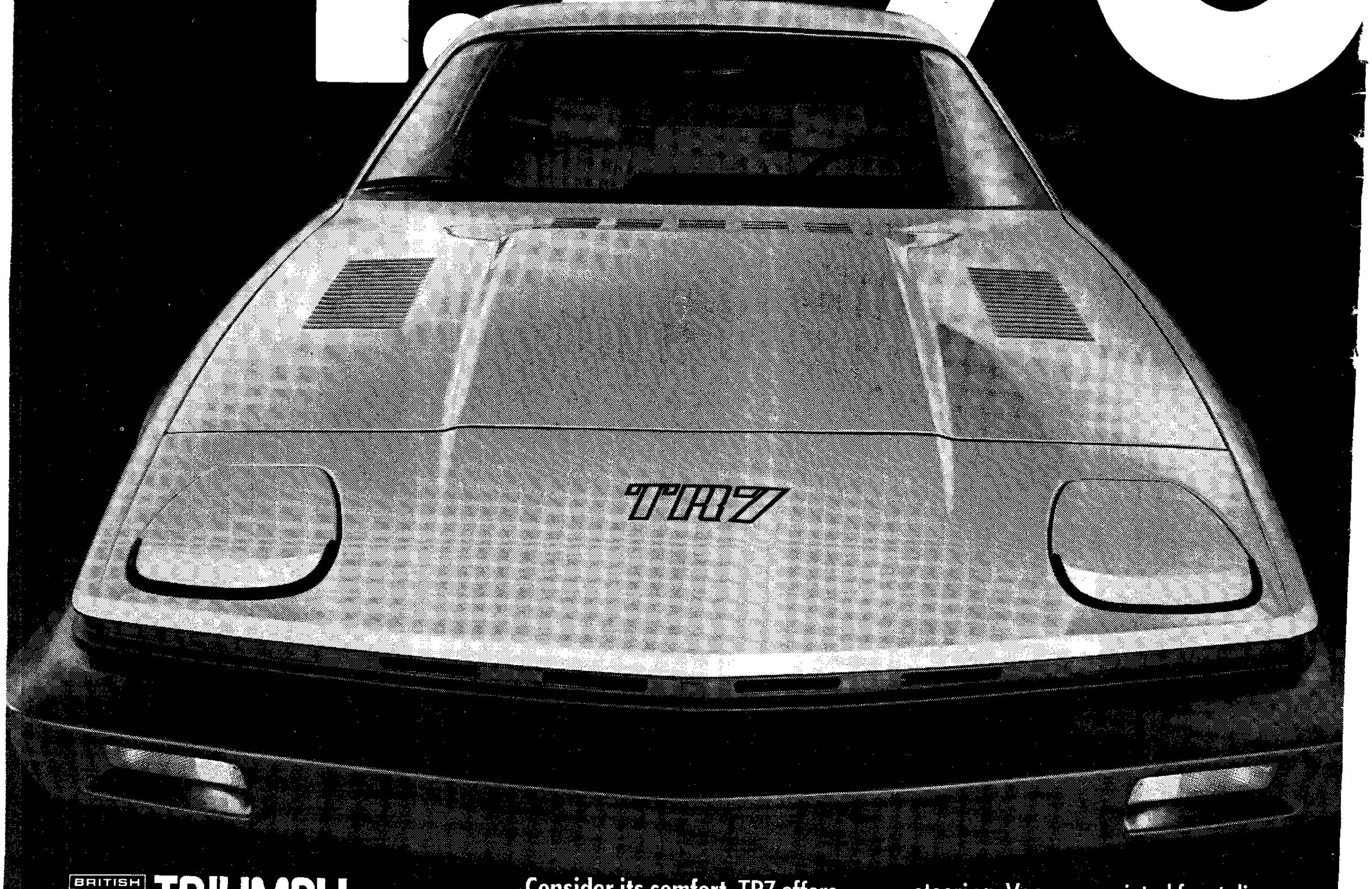

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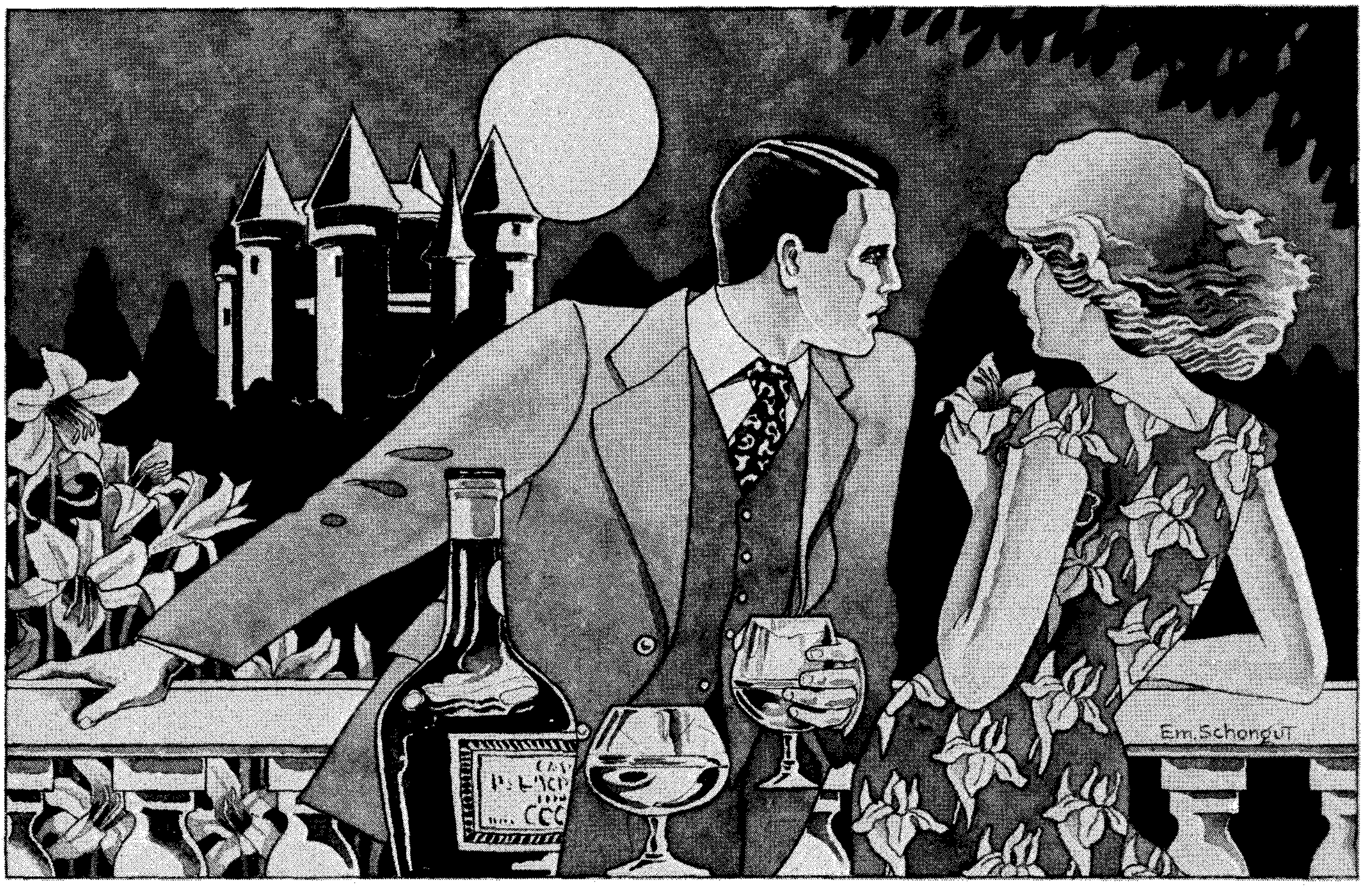

Cognac: What Matters Is the Age, Not the Vintage

On my first visit to Cognac a dozen years ago, my hosts were reluctant to let me taste the white wine of the region—with good reason, as I quickly discovered. The wine is thin, low in alcohol, high in acidity, and differs from one year to the next only in the extent of its tartness. Yet this unpleasant wine is distilled into cognac, the most famous brandy of all.

Ten or twelve barrels of Charentais wine, now made almost entirely from the St.-Emilion grape (the local name for the Ugni Blanc), are needed to produce a barrel of cognac by the double-distillation process traditional in the region. The resulting cognac is 140 proof, which may seem high when compared with the strength at which cognac is bottled—80 proof, or 40 percent alcohol—but is low compared with brandies produced elsewhere in the world. Many of these brandies are distilled at 170 proof or higher, and the result is a light, clean brandy that is comparatively neutral in taste. Cognac begins with more flavor and complexity, and with more congeners, or flavoring elements. These distinct flavors are modified by aging in wood, but they give even the raw distillate its unique personality.

The new brandy, which is colorless, is put into oak casks. The character of cognac has traditionally been attributed to the special properties of the local Limousin oak. It is in short supply these days, however, and almost half the barrels in Cognac are now made of Tronçais oak, from a forest 200 miles away. The wood provides tannin, color, and a distinctive taste of oak. Cognac, like all brandies, ages only as long as it remains in wood, and undergoes no changes once it is bottled. Thus a cognac distilled in 1870 and bottled in 1875 and one distilled in 1970 and bottled in 1975 are both five-year-old brandies, nothing more. Nor is the first necessarily better than the second. That is why bottles bearing very old vintage years are less interesting than one might think. Even assuming that cognacs labeled, say, "1811" or "1848" were in fact distilled in those years (which is highly unlikely), it is not the vintage that matters, as with wine, but rather the number of years spent in wood, which is not stated.

New oak gives brandy more flavor and color, but some firms prefer to market cognacs that are softer and more delicate, and therefore put their best brandies in used oak casks, whose effect is gentler. One result is that an

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older cognac may be lighter in color than a younger one matured in new oak. For this reason, cellar masters of the cognac houses often pour brandies into blue-tinted glasses when evaluating them, in order not to be misled by the color of a sample. Although cognac picks up color from the wood, harmless coloring matter is usually added before bottling to maintain a continuity of color from one shipment to the next. The color of a cognac is therefore unreliable as a guide to its age or its quality.

The key to cognac is age, and to make up its better blends, a cognac house needs a supply of older cognacs, which, added to the younger, round out the blend and give it elegance and style. Unfortunately, not only do large stocks of cognac involve a tremendous capital outlay, but the investment evaporates at a rate of about 3 percent a year. The amount of cognac that evaporates in a year is now equivalent to 20 million bottles, which is more than is shipped to the United States. A barrel of cognac kept in a cellar for twenty years without being topped up would shrink by almost half its volume. This explains not only why fine cognac is expensive, but also why the cognac you drink is probably much younger than you think it is.

The most important word on a bottle of cognac is the appellation "cognac" itself, which guarantees that the brandy was distilled in the traditional manner from wines made in the Charente. This appellation is stringently controlled: There are California wines labeled "champagne," "port," and "sherry," but California brandy cannot be called "cognac." Many of the other words and designations on a cognac label are not as meaningful as they seem. Most shippers market their brands within a system based primarily on age. There are two basic categories—cognacs traditionally labeled "Three Star" or "Five Star" (which I refer to here as "Three Star"), and those labeled "VSOP" (Very Superior Old Pale). Most well-known Three Star brands sell for $9 to $11, most VSOP's for $12.50 to $15.* The stars on a bottle of cognac are completely meaningless, except to place the brandy in the lowest category. By French law, a cognac must be aged at least eighteen months, but fed-

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**New York State law requires retailers to mark up all spirits a minimum of 12 percent over cost. Distillers and importers usually suggest a markup of 25 to 33 percent, but since quite a few retailers, both large and small, sell all their spirits, including cognac, at the minimum markup, the prices quoted in this article are the minimum required by law for a fifth. Naturally, any price may be increased from one month to the next.*

eral law here stipulates that all brandy must be at least two years old. Because stars have no legal meaning, and because many other brandies have now adopted the star system originated in Cognac, some shippers have dropped this designation from their labels. Thus Hennessy's least expensive cognac is labeled "Bras Armé" (with no reference to stars); other examples are Monnet Régal, Camus Célébration, and Denis-Mounié Gold-Leaf. Martell has replaced its Three Star label with one bearing the letters VSP; Bisquit, Courvoisier, and Otard use VS; and now Hine Five Star Sceptre and Gaston de Lagrange Three Star Selection are each being replaced by a VS designation. None of this means any more than the basic appellation—cognac.

However, VSOP does have a specific meaning: Any cognac so labeled must be at least four years old. Again, some firms prefer to feature a proprietary name rather than, or in conjunction with, the term VSOP. Hennessy Bras d'Or, Martell Médaillon, and Baron Otard are three. Clearly, the increasing use of the terms VS and VSP is an attempt not only to get away from a meaningless star system, but also to blur the distinction between younger cognacs, which account for 80 percent of sales, and the VSOP's. Ironically, Hennessy has just reintroduced a VSOP in this country in recognition of the fact that it is easier to sell than its proprietary Bras d'Or. There is one other age designation: The word *Napoléon* can only be used on the label of a cognac that is at least five years old. No cognac can legally be designated as older than five years because the French government will no longer issue age certificates for cognac beyond five years, on the logical assumption that it would be too difficult to monitor the nearly 2 million barrels of cognac currently aging in the cellars of Cognac.

In addition to these two basic categories, Three Star and VSOP, there are a few very inexpensive cognacs to be found, including some shipped in bulk and bottled in this country. While they are technically in the Three Star class, I feel their low price puts them in a separate category.

There is also a more expensive category of cognacs, shipped by a few firms, which cost $25 or so a bottle, as well as a limited selection of cognacs selling for $50 to $75 a bottle, some of them shipped in specially designed crystal decanters. Many shippers market cognacs in two or three categories, some market only a Three Star product (or its VS or VSP equivalent), and others, like Rémy Martin, sell nothing younger than VSOP in New York.

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The Popular Cognacs: An Evaluation

In blind tastings with numbered glasses, I evaluated the 30-odd cognacs most readily found in stores here. I tasted each cognac at least a dozen times in various combinations, and I found a surprising consistency, not only in my own notes, but in the notes of the dozen or so people who participated in one or another of these blind tastings. Difficult as it is to taste spirits, the quality and personality of each cognac does come through.

One thing I discovered, unfortunately for the consumer, is that when you buy cognac, you get what you pay for. Within each price group, certain cognacs rate higher than others, but it's not difficult to pick out one or two VSOP's in a group of Three Stars, or one of the $25 cognacs in a group of VSOP's. Although I soon realized there were no dramatic bargains in cognac, I still expected, as did most of the other tasters, that the smaller firms would produce finer cognacs than the larger and more commercial firms. This was not borne out by the tastings. Apparently, the expense of aging cognac and maintaining large stocks is such that big firms are at least as capable of producing fine brandies as small firms are.

I also made a second discovery that is much more disturbing. As it happens, two years ago I bought and tasted examples of two dozen popular cognacs, and I still have these bottles. Although an opened bottle of cognac will, if anything, lose some of its freshness and distinctiveness, I found that in virtually every case the current example of a particular cognac, purchased this year, was less good—younger, less defined, and frequently harsher—than the one purchased two years ago. If you think your favorite cognac is less good than it was, you are probably right. And if you have been ordering the same brand for several years, this may be a good time to experiment.

Three Star and VS Cognacs

The least expensive cognacs I tasted were Comandon ($7.63), Lambert VSOP ($7.49), and Maison Jacquin

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VSOP ($7.78). All three cognacs are younger and lighter-bodied than the more expensive Three Stars listed below, and might find their best use in a brandy and soda. Comandon, light but clean and well made, is the best of these. Maison Jacquin was a small but quite acceptable cognac when it was introduced about two years ago, but recent bottlings seem rather raw. Furthermore, the VSOP designation with which the importer of Jacquin and Lambert has chosen to label its two American-bottled cognacs is completely unwarranted by their quality, which is well below even that of the better Three Stars.

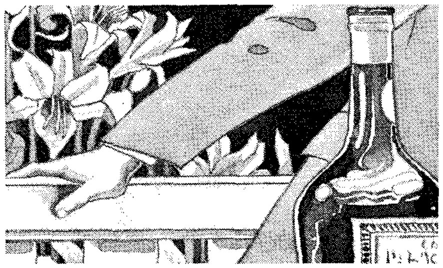
The more important group of Three Star cognacs I tasted included Bisquit VS ($10.44), Courvoisier VS ($10.88), Camus Célébration ($11.02), Denis-Mounié Gold-Leaf VSP ($8.99), Gaston de Lagrange VS ($9.33), Hennessy Bras Armé ($10.94), Hine VS ($12.59), Marnier-Lapostolle Three Star ($9.62), Martell VSP ($10.19), Otard VS ($9.92), Château Paulet ($8.99), and Salignac VS ($8.95).

The attractive cognacs within this category fall into two basic groups—those that are light-bodied and more or less elegant, and those that are fuller-bodied, with a more or less pronounced taste of wood. I found Martell to be the best of the first group, with some style. Marnier-Lapostolle is a light-bodied, sound, and correct cognac, although lacking definition. Otard, which is labeled the "Light Cognac," is indeed the lightest of all in color and in body, but unfortunately it also tastes quite young.

Courvoisier seemed the most distinct of the second group, with an assertive taste, although Hine, surprisingly flavorful, was more appealing. Camus, with its very pronounced woody taste, will appeal to those who enjoy flavor rather than finesse. Bisquit falls between the two groups, not big, but nicely balanced and with some taste of wood. Two years ago I found Hennessy Bras Armé the most elegant and well balanced of all the cognacs in this group, but the current product, although still flavorful, is younger and less distinguished.

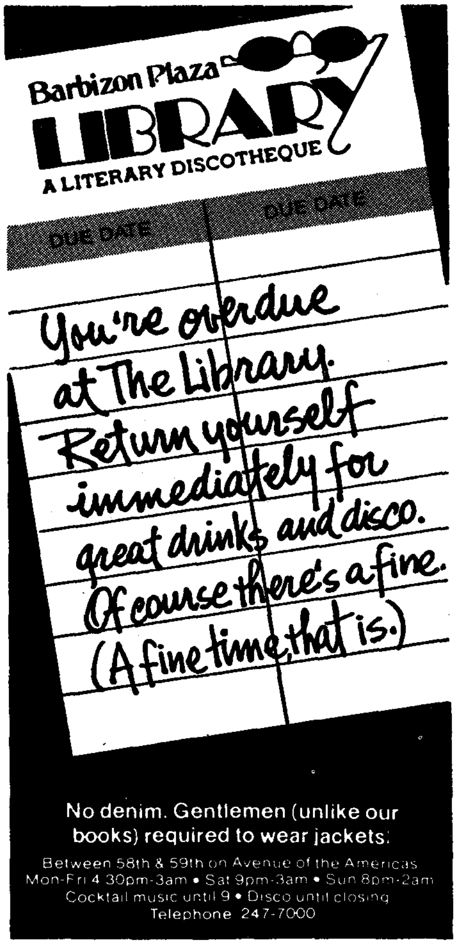
Of the less expensive cognacs in this category, Denis-Mounié shipped a clean, light-bodied, and attractive American-bottled cognac in the past, but the current French-bottled product is quite different—darker, richer, and fuller-bodied, but marred by an oily taste. The full Château Paulet and the lighter Salignac both have a harsh finish, and Gaston de Lagrange's VS is comparatively coarse, although preferable to its heavier and woodier Three Star, still to be found on some retail shelves.

Costlier Cognacs



Although the VSOP category accounts for a much smaller percentage of cognac sales than does the Three Star, it has certainly made a much greater contribution to the reputation of this brandy. In addition to "VSOP" and "Napoléon," the only two legal indications of age on a cognac label, there are also two phrases found on some bottles of VSOP that have legal significance with respect to origin. The Cognac region is subdivided into six specific districts. The two with the highest reputation, situated in the heart of Cognac, are Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne, which account for about 30 percent of each year's production. Cognacs from these districts cost about 20 percent more than those from the less desirable areas. If a cognac label bears the phrase "Grande Champagne" or "Grande Fine Champagne," the brandy must come entirely from this district. Cognac labeled "Fine Champagne" must come exclusively from Grande and Petite Champagne, with at least 50 percent from the former. Because of the importance given to these words, some inexpensive cognacs are labeled "Fine Cognac," and two, Salignac VS and Château Paulet, call themselves "Grande Fine Cognac," a phrase as meaningless as it is misleading.

Until a few years ago, most cognacs at the VSOP level were also labeled "Fine Champagne." Some firms have now dropped the "Fine Champagne" appellation, while others, notably Rémy Martin, have emphasized the importance of this appellation. Although cognacs from the two best districts are consistently finer—in barrel—than those from other districts, my own experience suggests that—as shipped—cognacs labeled "Grande Champagne" and "Fine Champagne" are not necessarily better, nor do such cognacs have a distinctive and recognizable style based on their origin. Just for the record, in the following list of the VSOP cognacs that I compared, those labeled "Fine Champagne," are indicated with an asterisk: Bisquit VSOP Napoléon* ($13.84), Courvoisier VSOP ($13.84), Denis-Mounié VSOP ($10.29), Hennessy VSOP* ($14.19), Hine VSOP*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($14.29), Martell VSOP ($13.53), Prince Hubert de Polignac VSOP* ($10.76), Baron Otard VSOP* ($15.40), and Rémy Martin VSOP* ($14.55). Denis-Mounié is a Grande Champagne, as are three other cognacs I included in this tasting—Hennessy Bras d'Or ($15.95), Delamain Pale & Dry ($16.92), and Château de Fontpinot ($17.06).

In the past, the finesse and elegance of Hine and the body and richness of Martell provided an excellent contrast among VSOP cognacs. Today, both are less defined and less interesting. The newly introduced Hennessy VSOP seems to me the most appealing and well balanced of the major brands, and the more expensive and less readily found Château de Fontpinot seems the most elegant and stylish of all. The best value is Denis-Mounié, a good, medium-weight brandy with some fullness. There is an interesting comparison to be made between Courvoisier, characterized by an assertively woody taste, and Rémy Martin, agreeable but surprisingly light, and certainly lighter than it has been in the past. Prince de Polignac, which, despite its grand name, is actually produced by a cooperative cellar, is rather woody; Baron Otard is full but dull; and Bisquit, fairly rich, has a young finish. Many people might prefer the comparatively big and flavorful Bras d'Or of Hennessy to its VSOP, but I found it less defined in taste. Delamain proved something of a surprise, given its excellent reputation. I found it well balanced but comparatively small and without character. No one placed it first in any of the tastings, and of several brandy drinkers who announced Delamain as their favorite before tasting, only one placed it in the top six.

VSOP Cognacs

Apart from a shipper's particular style—full-bodied and rich or light and elegant—the primary element that distinguishes expensive cognacs is age. If most popular cognacs are comparatively young, then the really aged cognacs are all the more unique. Just as a good VSOP is well worth $3 or $4 more than a Three Star, there is no question that cognacs priced beyond the VSOP's are considerably finer than less expensive cognacs.

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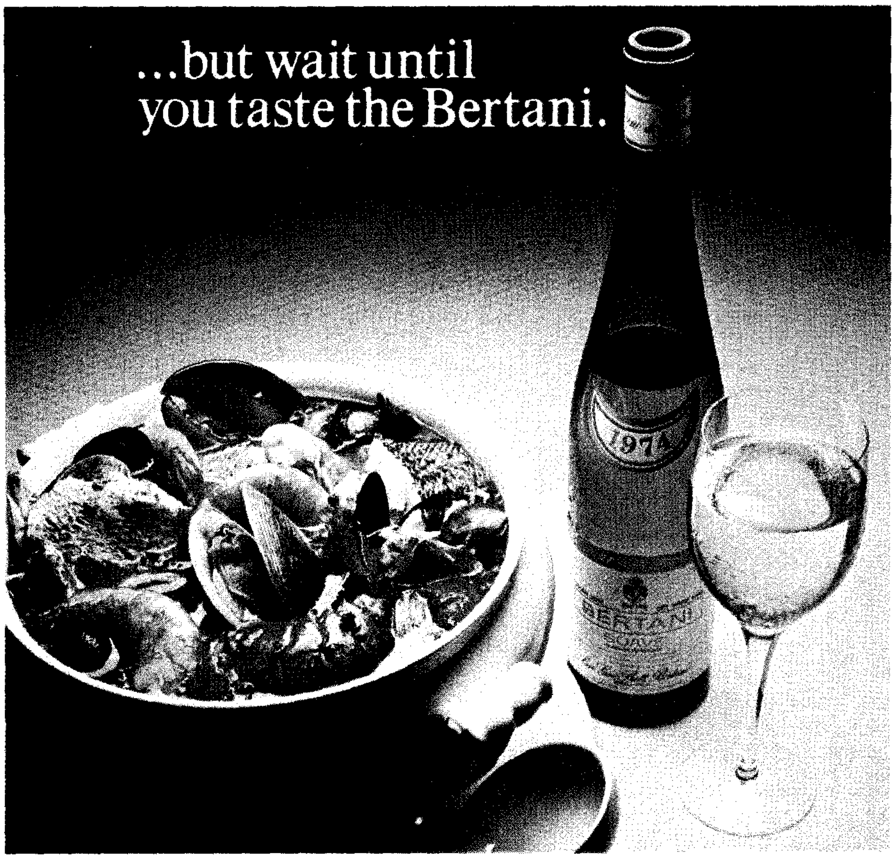
I compared three well-known cognacs: Hine Triomphe ($27.37), Martell Cordon Bleu ($24.16), and Hennessy X.O. ($31.68). The Hine is characterized by delicacy and lightness, Martell by fullness and body, Hennessy by balance and finesse. Incidentally, the Hine is from Grande Champagne, but the Hennessy and Martell are not even labeled "Fine Champagne" and are no less good for that. Other cognacs in this price range include Rémy Martin Napoléon ($30.17), Courvoisier Napoléon ($23.13), and Camus Napoléon ($23.50). The connection between Napoleon and cognac is tenuous at best, although the use of his name on cognac labels is traditional. In addition to the many Napoléon cognacs available from the cognac shippers, about 30 or 40 bottles of 1811 Napoléon brandy are auctioned off every year at Christie's and Sotheby's for about $150 each. Michael Broadbent of Christie's believes that they are cognacs bottled around 1903. Although they have little, if any, 1811 in them, he considers them well-made brandies with the heavy, somewhat caramelized taste that was preferred by the Edwardians. They certainly have nothing whatever to do with Napoleon.

Cognacs even more expensive than those listed above include Courvoisier Extra Vieille ($41.85), Hennessy Extra ($73.07), and, from Martell, Cordon d'Argent ($50.29) and Extra ($71.08). There are older and more expensive cognacs to be found as well, although there seems to be a limit to just how long a cognac can be aged. Even Grande Champagne cognacs are not often kept in wood for more than 50 years—they are put into large glass demijohns to stop further evaporation and to avoid their acquiring an excessively woody taste. Some cognacs, even rarer, are kept in very old wood for 100 years or more. Such old cognacs are used, very sparingly, to add depth and resonance to special blends. I have tasted some nineteenth-century cognacs and found that their distinguishing characteristics are simply age and wood. Nevertheless, they are unique and remarkable brandies, and to be treated with veneration. This I learned on one of my visits to Cognac, tasting through a series of young cognacs, spitting out the samples, as did my host. We finally arrived at *le paradis*, that part of each shipper's cellars where his oldest cognacs are kept in wood or in demijohns. I was offered a small glass of an 1875 Grande Champagne that had been aged for 60 years in wood, and after rolling it around in my mouth, spat it out.

"When we taste such an old cognac," my host murmured gently, "we permit ourselves to swallow." ▬



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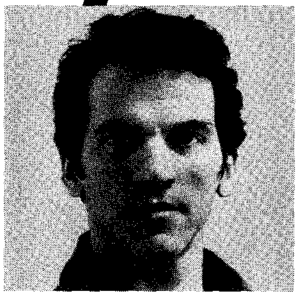

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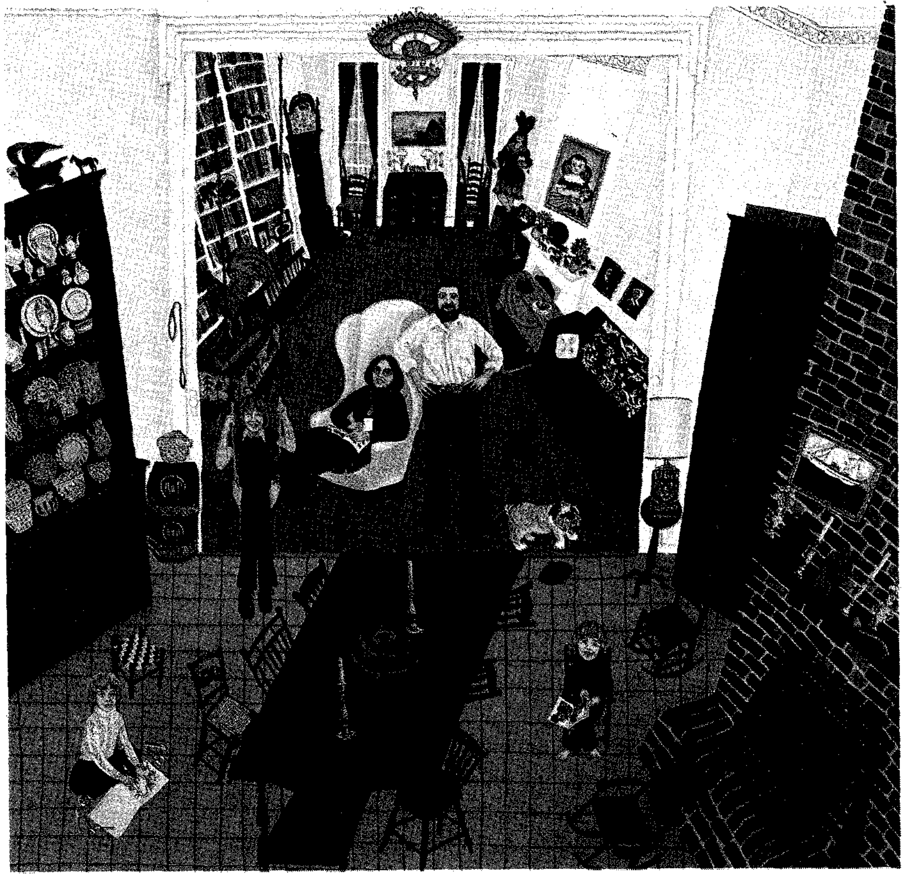
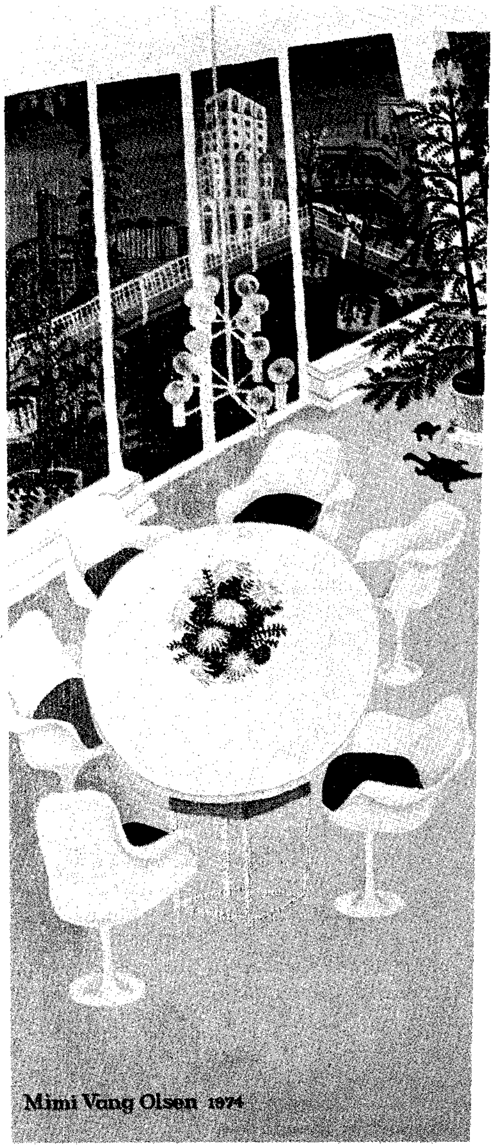
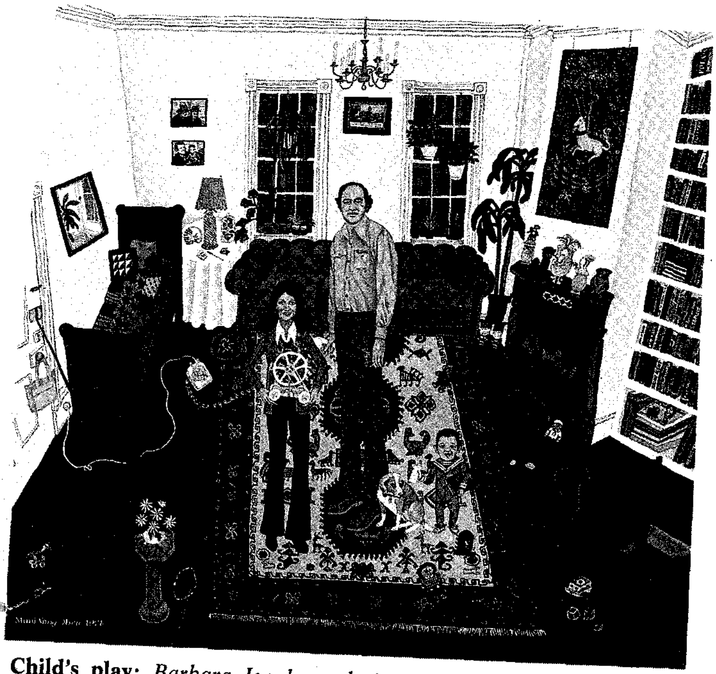


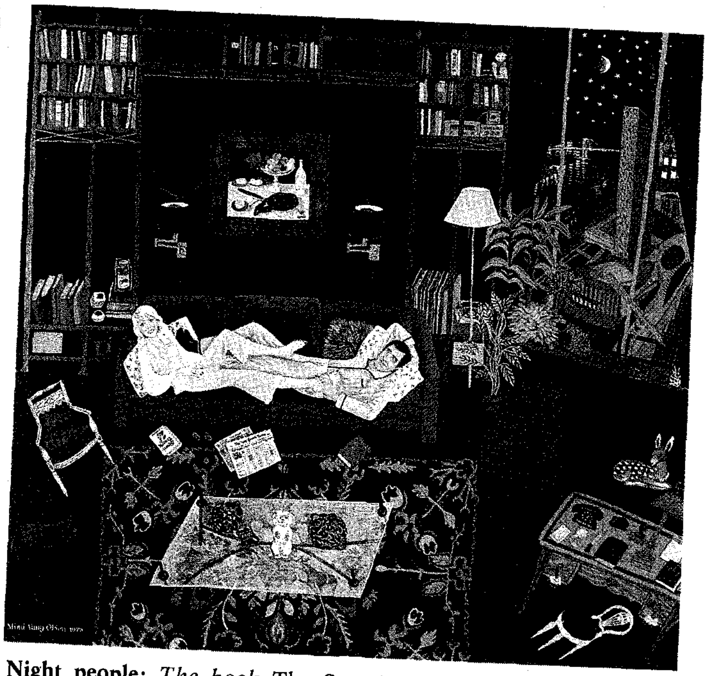
Inner space: *For Patricia and Sanford Smith and their three children, traffic between living room and kitchen is constant. Mrs. Smith's collection of American antiques is reproduced in fine detail. In honor of Mr. Smith's profession—he owns funeral homes—a book has been bound in black. (This canvas is the artist's standard 30 by 35 inches.)*



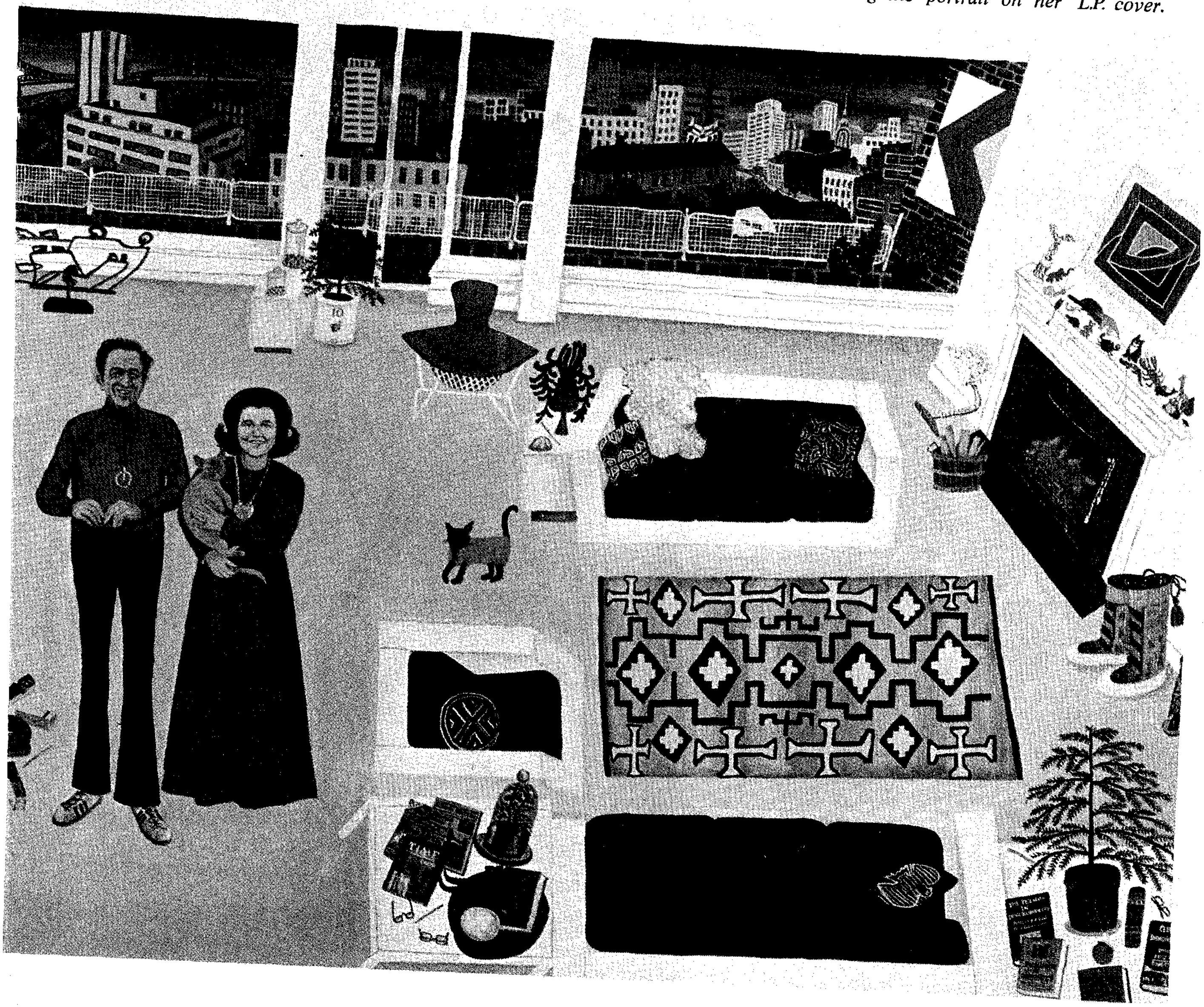
The good doctors: *Dr. Robert A. Good and his wife, Joanne (right), are both immunologists, so the Norfolk pine in their portrait is embellished as a tree of evolution. On the terrace hangs the logo of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, of which he is president. The* Time *with Robert on its cover is a reproduction of the original. He scatters spectacles and lecture slides in his wake and wears sneakers with everything.*



Child's play: *Barbara Isenberg designs toys; her son tests them (above). Husband Steven, painted by Mimi at the end of the Lindsay administration (he was chief of staff), looks justifiably haggard.*



Night people: *The book* The Securities Market *identifies Henri Moreault as an investment banker (above). His wife, singer Trudy Richards Moreau, is using the portrait on her L.P. cover.*



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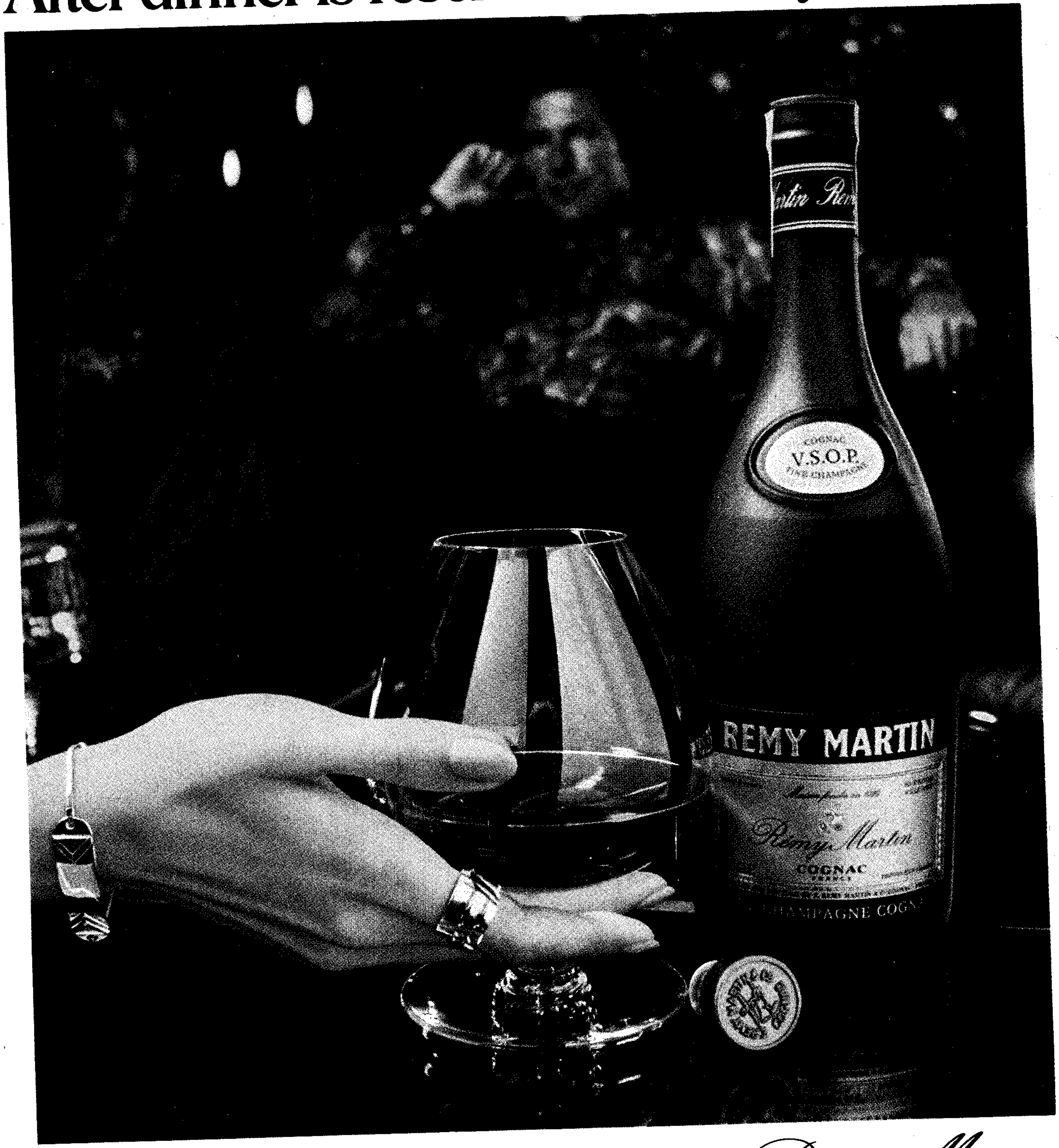
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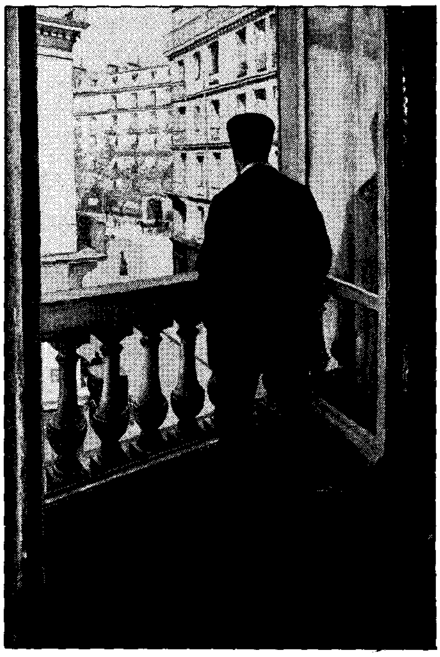
"Through *délicatesse* I lost my life," wrote the prodigious Arthur Rimbaud in 1872. He could have been describing the secret tragedy of **Gustave Caillebotte,** 1848–1894, whose brief career, with its flare-ups of high insight among stretches of tedious competency, is surveyed in more than 100 paintings and drawings at the Brooklyn Museum (through 4/24).

Because he didn't push himself forward, because he committed unforgivable sins of generosity, helping such friends as Renoir and Monet when they desperately needed money, he has been largely forgotten—except as a collector. He formed one of the great holdings of Impressionist paintings, buying most of them from the artists themselves. Evidently he had premonitions of dying young; when he was only 28 years old, he wrote his will, leaving his collection to the French nation (i.e., the Louvre), which, characteristically, did its best to renounce the bequest. What are now the prime treasures of the Jeu de Paume museum had to be forced down a bureaucracy's craw.

Caillebotte followed every conventional recipe for failure. He was born rich, a full member of that hothouse world which the late-nineteenth-century bourgeoisie devised for its creature comforts. A cliché dating at least from the Romantic era defines well-to-do artists as dilettantes (the cliché stays in circulation, in spite of the examples of Cézanne and Manet, both sons of rich families, to say nothing of Delacroix, who probably was the illegitimate and well-protected son of Talleyrand). Also, Caillebotte was openhanded, modest, cultivated—a man who loved café talk with friends and sailing small boats—and it's well-known that your truly great artists are, all of them, miserly, illiterate, antisocial water-funks.

It's too easily forgotten—in the thoughtless haste to blame Caillebotte's eclipse on his charms and privileges—that van Gogh was well-born and Toulouse-Lautrec even better; that Renoir was generous, Pissarro warmhearted; and that Monet so loved water he requested that his ashes be preserved in a bell buoy.



Dual focus: *In* Man at the Window, *Caillebotte stressed interplay of near and far.*

The *délicatesse* that proved fatal to Caillebotte's art, if not to his life, was probably a function of the art itself—even if its deeper roots might be traced, in some Grodeckian fashion, through the personality to a longing for failure; the "eye," after all, as Leo Steinberg reminds us, "is a part of the mind."

Caillebotte came to painting relatively late in life, after a start as a law student and half a year fighting the Germans. He hit his stride in 1875 as Impressionism was bursting into spectacular climax. He exhibited in the second Impressionist show in April, 1876, and stayed close to this most brilliant of avant-gardes for the rest of his life. Renoir was an executor of his will.

The Impressionists were developing an art of bright colors, spontaneous touches, spaces flattened to a plane that emphasizes the basic support of the painting. For them, the "higher truth," which is the motive of all art, concerned the nature of the pictorial medium.

Caillebotte, on the other hand, felt that the "higher truth" could be ascertained through a study of modern optics, which include the lenses of the camera and the photographic image. He shared the Impressionists' love for "the heroism of modern life" (the phrase is Baudelaire's), for ephemeral moments of leisure at a picnic, during a stroll, while reading or snoozing. He wanted to fix the exact topology of such transient episodes from photographs or from tracings of their outlines on the ground glass of a camera viewer.

Professor J. Kirk T. Varnedoe of Columbia and his colleagues, in the remarkably thorough catalog that accompanies the exhibition, have gone to great lengths to reconstruct Caillebotte's optics, with their multiple vanishing points, rushing convergences, and distended proportions. It's a brilliant, tenacious research job. Consider the vertical painting titled *In a Café,* 1880, of a man lounging against a table in front of a mirror. Varnedoe unravels its space clues across reflections and reflections of reflections that stretch the image horizontally, accordion-fashion, to about three times its width. Caillebotte's compression becomes a paradigm of the modern dilemma—no matter how solid a derby hat may seem, it's trapped in the paradoxes of duration as poignantly as the spectators who look at its sunny image in the Brooklyn Museum and who smile a bit at the quaint costumes and handlebar mustaches, signifiers of a lost "here and now." In 1880, they were tokens of modernity.

Varnedoe is a sharp, patient observer. He counts things. He detects a chime of numbers in *In a Café*—four figures, four saucers, four hats—and properly infers that they must have something to do with Caillebotte's organized sensibility. Overorganized?

Consider the man who stands at a balcony and looks down at the sunlit streets. He inhabits an opulent apartment. The camera perspective opens wide the windows. The bright light on the facing buildings and streets is harsh; it seems to wall in the marinerlike figure, posed feet apart, as if balancing on a rocking deck. Is this an allusion to the artist as voyeur, the reclusive,

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learned man, drawn to, yet detached from, the world? Like the *Doppelgänger* in the café, he remains apart from the scene so that he can manipulate it through lenses, mirrors, panes of glass. A horse-drawn cab is glimpsed through the window balustrade. Farther back stands a woman. Judged by the scale of the cab, she's about twenty feet high. Beyond her is another cab. Either its horse is the size of a dog, or the cab is about 500 meters away. Caillebotte obviously took a magician's delight in such puzzles and sleight-of-eye anomalies.

He loved reflections—on water, windows, well-waxed floors and tables, on the thousands of mirrorings that are tucked into the everyday environment. The lens of the camera is another reflection. "Reflection" (*"reflexion"*) is another way of saying "thought." Caillebotte thought about visual doublings and redoublings, hoping to find at the end of the long-drawn series a transcending verity; hoping, that is to say, that the eye is a camera and that the mind is the ultimate in light-sensitive films.

Almost everything was sacrificed to this passionate research. Caillebotte was a gifted draftsman, yet he hardened his edges to silhouettes in conformity with optical projections. There is something eerie in these crisp shapes of top hats and hoopskirts. Especially when Caillebotte sets them in timeless poses, in moments of relaxation so brief that they'll never be remembered, or in gestures done thoughtlessly, by rote—walking or rowing or toweling your back. Seurat tried similar mixtures of the ephemeral with the eternal. But Seurat never trusted photographs. His shapes are deduced from nature and the old masters. They never become as brittle and alien as Caillebotte's. Seurat's figures fit the landscape. Caillebotte's cross it like automatons.

A system of ordinated lenses, mirrors, reflections, thoughts, is one way to keep the world at a distance. Painting a photo image can be compared to caressing a beloved object while wearing mittens. Sensuous contact is kept to a minimum. Of course, you gain time for meditation and acute observations. And there are no bothersome transports. The artist doesn't get distracted by the unexpected twang of a particular hue or the squirm of a happy accident.

Like all the other elements, Caillebotte's colors were held in tight control. He was fond of certain milky blues that correspond to his favorite motifs—running water and mirror images. Other colors seem keyed to it according to some theory. It lends his pictures a sense of consistent gravity. It also limits their scope. There's little room for

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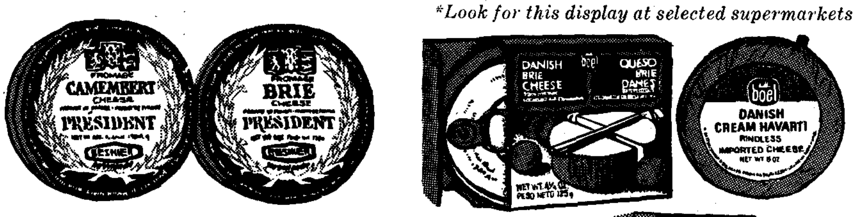

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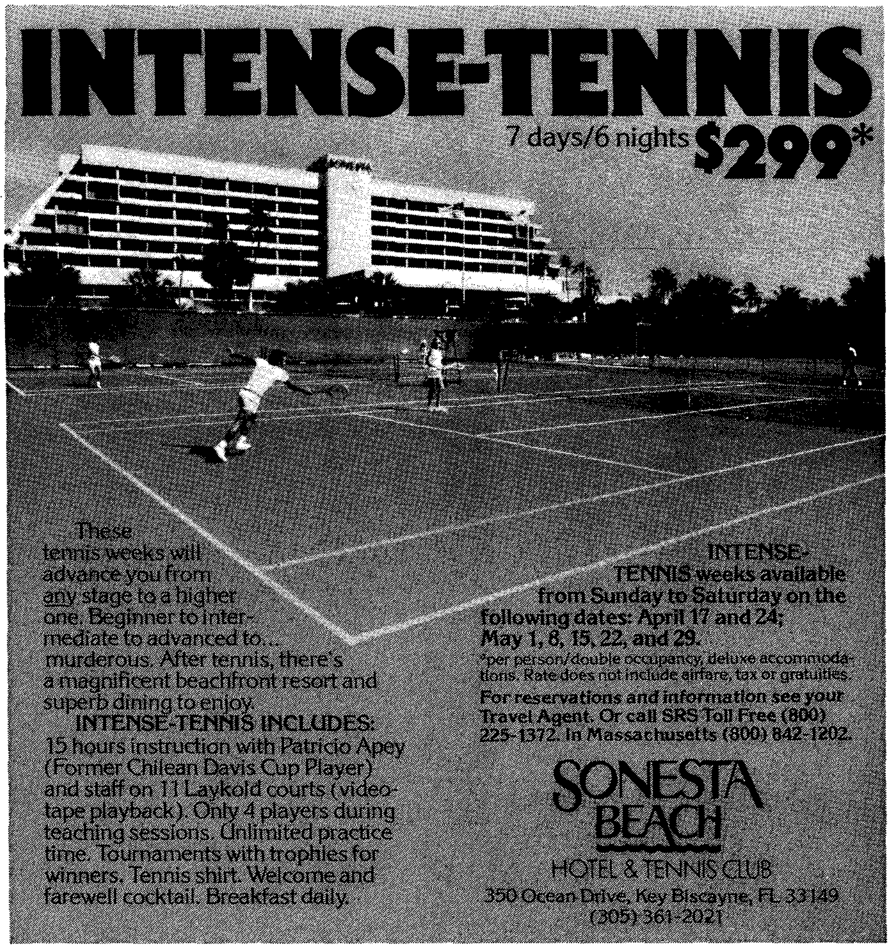

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NEW YORK

error—or for wildness or greatness.

Just below the level of greatness, there's ample room for excellence, for fine artists of the second order with first-class minds. Caillebotte seems to have realized toward the end of his career that he had been on the wrong track. He moved from the city with its hallucinatory perspectives to the country, where he cultivated lush dahlias, roses, and chrysanthemums. He painted them without any noticeable pleasure. He never could understand what bliss Monet found among fields of poppies or ponds of water lilies. And he kept using his cameras, checking out vanishing points in a cutting garden.

Perhaps he kept to his optical disciplines because he was convinced of their philosophic correctness. More likely, he was too tired or too timid to risk a violent break with his own past. Was a fresh start beyond him? Van Gogh, Cézanne, Renoir, even Monet had the temperament for sweeping revisions. Caillebotte didn't. He was as loyal to concepts as he was to friends. And here, I suggest, lies his particular *délicatesse.*

Varnedoe, acting on hints from Mario Praz and Lorenz Eitner (two specialists in the nineteenth-century bizarre), connects Caillebotte with James Tissot and Max Klinger, two minor artists, both of them capable of flights from kitsch to the visionary. All three share a weakness for top hats worn with a rakishness that Oedipus himself would envy, for ladies and gents in glamorous overclothes leaning against the winds of perspective, for corridors of diminishing space and thickening shadows that reverberate with the unheard footsteps of a fever dream. From Klinger and Tissot, it's only a step to de Chirico and Surrealism, which is a strange place for Caillebotte's skiff that started on the purling stream of Impressionism to bump ashore. He had affected the arts of Manet, Cézanne, van Gogh, Bonnard. Still, he remains a strange, almost eccentric master.

Despite all Varnedoe's researches, there's almost no firsthand evidence about him. You are stuck with hearsay and deductions. Although he lived in a great age for diaries, letters, and explosive witticisms, Caillebotte is almost never quoted. People talked about him (his kindness, his talent); you never hear his voice. After studying the late nineteenth century, you feel you know Renoir intimately, and Manet, Monet, and Cézanne—even Degas. Van Gogh can be your hero; Delacroix, an exemplar. Caillebotte remains in silence—in the overstuffed quiet of the high-bourgeois salon. Trusting his prisms and lenses, he led a model life. And still trusting, he lost it. ■

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Gael Greene (restaurants) and Alex Bespaloff (wine) ve taste buds educated to a fare-thee-well. John Simon (movies) and Thomas Hess (art) have unblinking eyes for the good — and the bad.

Alan Rich (classical music) and Nik Cohn (pop music) have ears undeafened despite too many amps. And Dan Dorfman (finance) has steady fingers on Wall Street's sometimes unsteady pulse.

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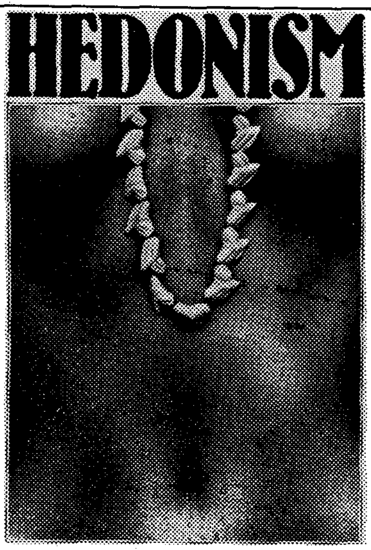

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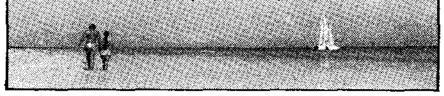

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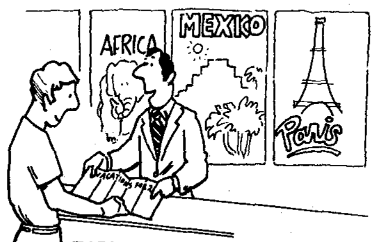

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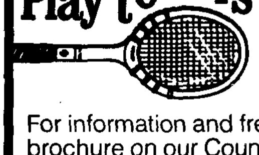

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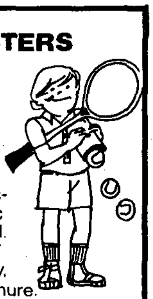

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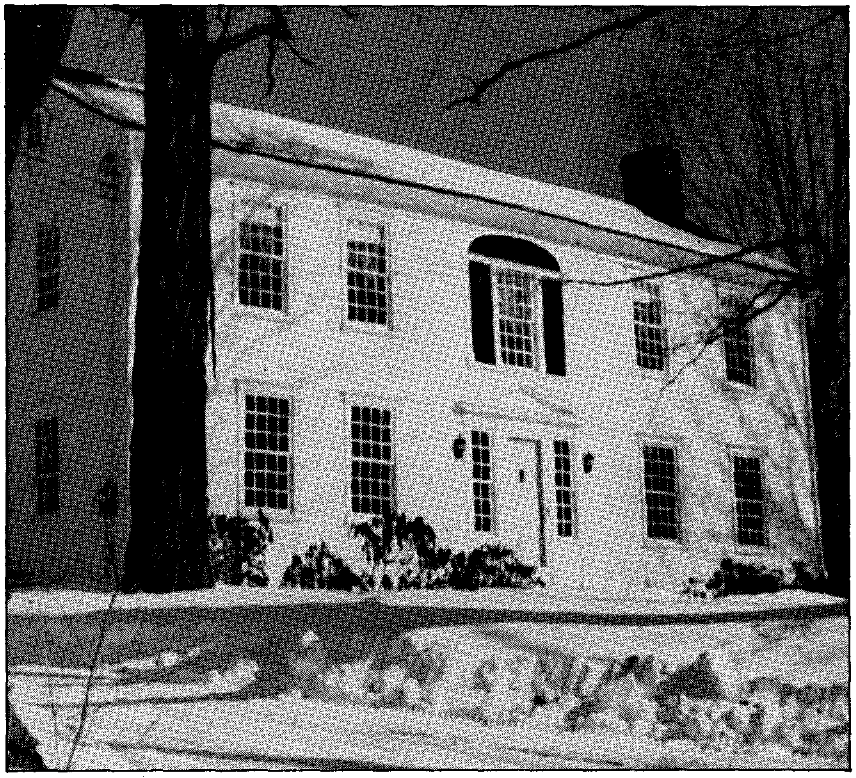
TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Rates for this section are as follows: 1 time ad—$134 per inch; *2 consecutive ads—$117 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$109 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during one year—$100 per inch each.* Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. *Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.*



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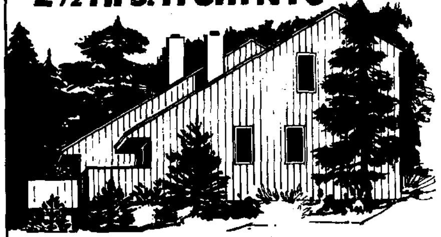

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BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Hairstyling—Learn to style and blow-dry your hair. Classes for both men and women will be held at this hair salon on Wednesday evenings. They will be conducted by 2 or 3 top stylists, as well as by the salon's owners, Marc Abitbol and Peter Lamas. Fifteen to 20 persons accepted every session, and a few participants selected for demonstration purposes. Each session costs $5, but an introductory price of $3.50 will hold thru 4/6. Wine and cheese will be served. *The Reapers, 847 Lexington Ave. near 64th St. (288-7100); Wed. at 7 p.m. by appt.*

Kilim—Bold in color and pattern, kilim rugs are ideally suited to modern settings. The kilims here are handwoven, have been collected from Iraq and Iran, and vary in age from 20 to 60 years. A group of some 300 pillows, all-wool and filled with nonallergenic polyester fiber, are offered here at lower-than-wholesale prices of roughly $10 per sq. ft. for a 1-side-kilim pillow, minimum $10 per pillow. Also, all-wool kilim runners, 28"–33" wide, averaging 7 ft. long, now 50 percent off, from $62.50 for a "kilim-type" to $100 for a real kilim, depending on age, condition, and quality. BankAmericard, Master Charge, checks accepted; all sales final. *Kilim Concepts, 192 Columbus Ave. between 68th and 69th sts. (873-8710); Mon.–Sun. 10 a.m.–8 p.m.; thru 4/3.*

Copper—A special purchase of Portuguese tin-lined copper for kitchen use and ornamental Dutch copper (milk pail with delft handle, usually $65, here $42) brings the retail prices way down: 7-piece utensil set (including wall rack), usually $30, here $18; 4-qt. covered stockpot, usually $45, here $26.75; 2-qt. covered chafing dish, usually $65, here $35.50; pots, pans, casseroles, au gratins, decorative molds, etc., at similar savings. Master Charge, checks accepted; refunds, exchanges made. *Home Base, 2335 Broadway at 85th St. (724-5959); Mon.–Fri. 10:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Day camp—Briarton Day Camp takes boys and girls, ages 4–15, and is situated on 15 acres outside of White Plains. It has 2 filtered pools, 2 tennis courts, a gymnastics area, 5 athletic fields, and a converted-barn theater. An early-bird special for children who register before 3/25 for the 8-week session gives NYC residents free daily transportation (regularly $50 per season) and free hot lunches (regularly $40 per season). Similar reductions for 4- and 6-week camp sessions. Call directors Sy and Doris Rosdeitcher for literature or an appt. to view the premises. *Briarton Day Camp, 19 Bradhurst Ave., Hawthorne, N.Y. 10532 (914 793-2813); thru 3/25.*

Consumer Aware

Art for art's sake—Creative Artists Public Service program (CAPS) supports New York artists with funds from the New York State Council on the Arts and other public and private sources. It has just issued a limited edition of 20 portfolios of the work of 14 New York State graphic artists and photographers. Each work is matted and the portfolio is handsomely boxed. The works include screen prints, etchings, photographs, an electrophotograph, and a collograph. Artists represented: Marsha Feigin, Bonnie Gordon, Ed Grazda, Marty Greenbaum, Richard Haas, Scott Hyde, Katherine Kadish, Seong Moy, Hiroshi Murata, Tetsu Okuhara, Lois Rheingold, Aubrey Schwartz, Jack Sonenberg, Joel Swartz. The prices for the portfolio: $500 to New York State nonprofit organizations, $650 to New York State businesses and residents, $700 to out-of-state businesses and residents. The profits go back into the CAPS program. *The "Graphics Sampler" may be viewed by calling Ms. Barbara Lapcek at CAPS for an appt. (247-6303) or writing directly to CAPS, 250 West 57th St., NYC 10019.*

Con alert—"The Door-to-Door Career Con" is the title of an 8-page "comic book," drawn by Michael Kanarek, written by Stephen Newman, and published by the Consumer Law Training Center at New York Law School. It is aimed at alerting consumers to the unscrupulous practices of some vocational schools which use high-pressure sales techniques to sign up the unwary to expensive courses, while falsely promising new careers and financial security. The comic book also contains a general warning against door-to-door salesmen. To order, send 25¢ (bulk rates available) to *Consumer Law Training Center, New York Law School, 57 Worth St., NYC 10013.* ▬

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

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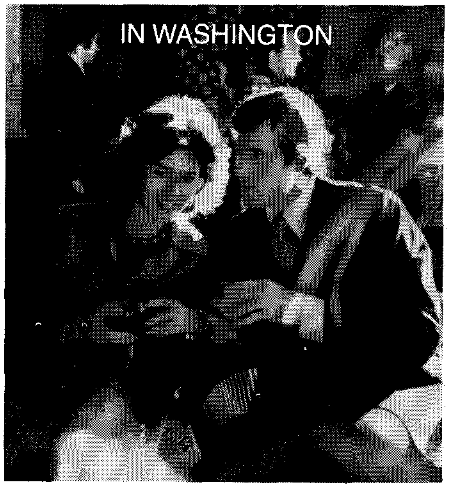

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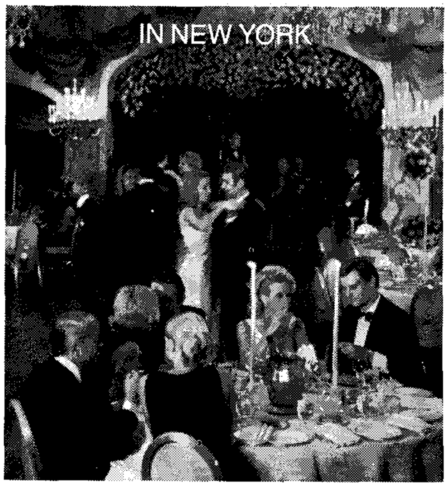

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"Defy tradition. Make your next martini with white Puerto Rican rum. I recommend it emphatically."

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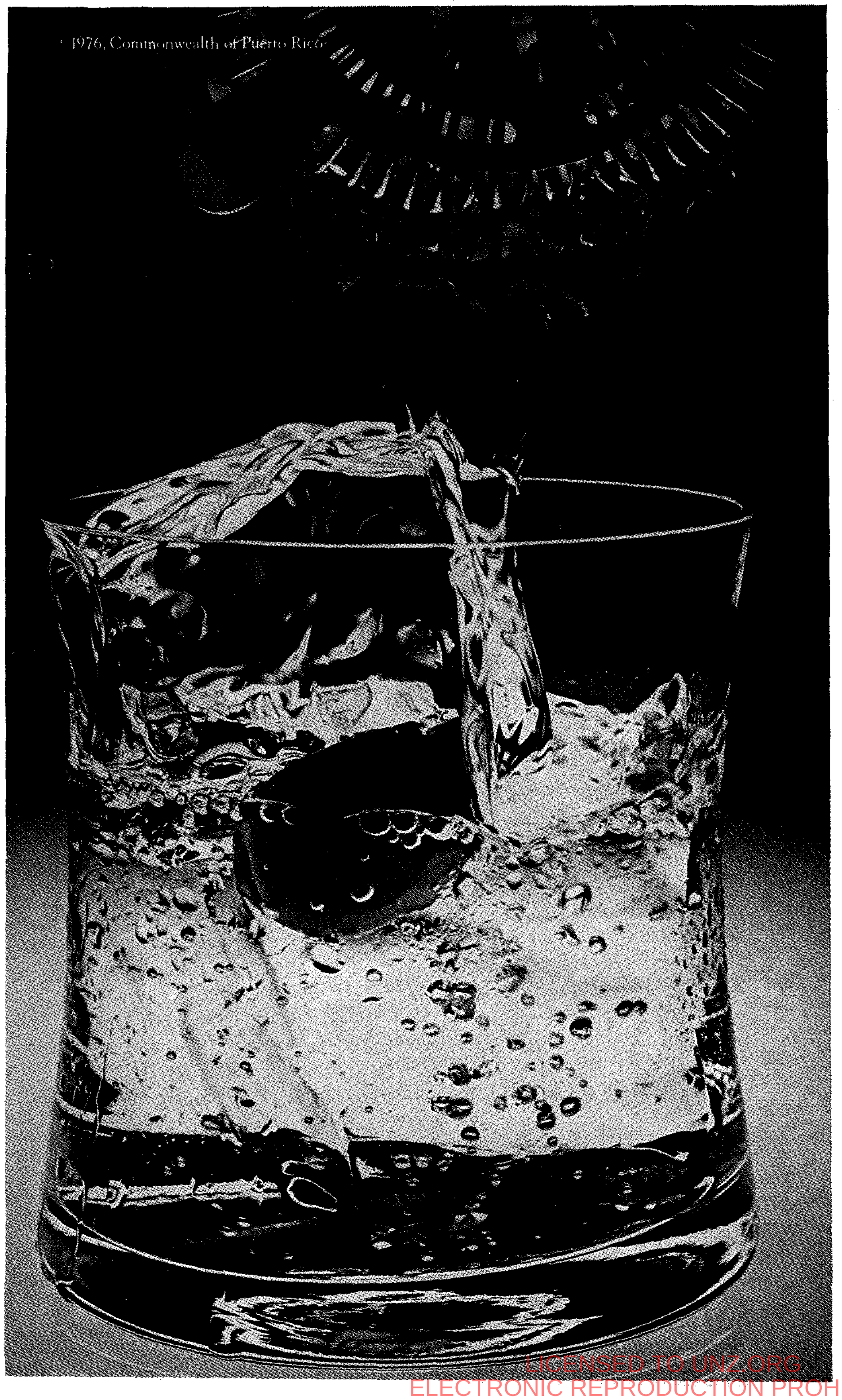
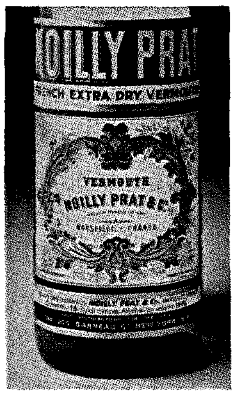

© 1976, Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

As the long-standing partner of gin and vodka, Noilly Prat is uniquely qualified to make a value judgement about martinis.

The fact that they recommend a martini made with white rum will come as a surprise only if you've never tasted one.

White rum makes a smoother martini.



Smoother than a gin martini. Smoother than a vodka martini. The Government of Puerto Rico has seen to that by requiring all white rum to age in white oak casks for at least a year.

Noilly Prat heartily approves. They know what a difference aging makes to the taste of a drink, including vermouth. After all, dry vermouth was invented by a Frenchman named Noilly.

Noilly Prat also knows that in a large-scale taste test against gin and vodka, white rum emerged the clear favorite in taste and smoothness.

To the Noilly Prat people, who care passionately about the taste of the martini, the handwriting is on the wall—just as it was when vodka surpassed gin not too long ago.

Tonight defy tradition. Combine five parts white rum from Puerto Rico with one part Noilly Prat vermouth.

We think you'll find it hard to go back. **PUERTO RICAN RUMS**

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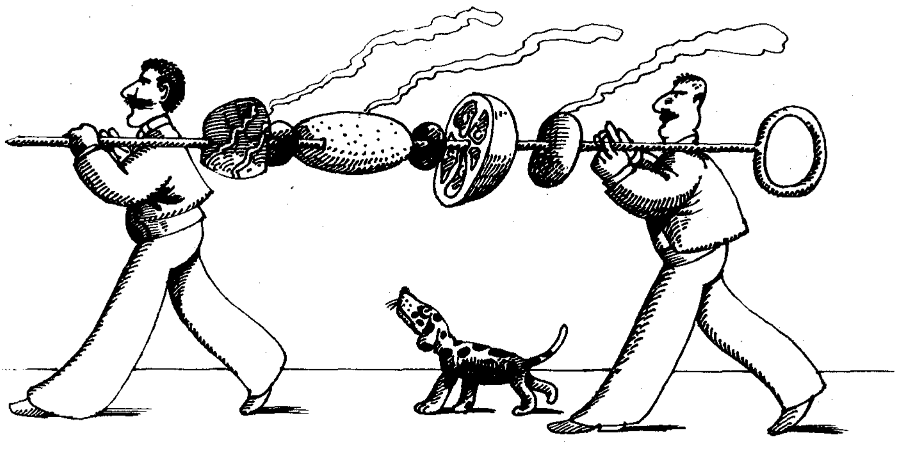
The Underground Gourmet / Gertrude Snyder

BABA GHANNOOJ AND COUSCOUS TOO

Marhaba! Welcome to the **New Near East,** 139 Court Street, just off Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn, 834-0376. The redoubtable Almontaser family has taken over space previously occupied by a Moroccan restaurant, and absorbed offerings of Moroccan origin into its Yemeni cuisine. The room is large, and daylight floods through the two street windows. As soon as you have been seated, a basket of warm Arab breads and a plate of butter pats are placed on the table.



Appetizers consist of several Middle East standards: hummus bi tahina (mashed chick-peas in sesame butter) and baba ghannooj bi tahina (mashed eggplant in sesame butter), author's choice. Both are tasty dip dishes, each 85 cents. Other appetizers include imported black olives, 45 cents; white Syrian cheese, 60 cents; and lebben (yogurt), 65 cents.

Hot hors d'oeuvre range in price from 70 cents for a seafood crepe and a dish of mushrooms in a special sauce to $1.75 for meat-filled grape leaves.

The New Near East has a way with salad, combining iceberg lettuce, tomato wedges, green peppers, onion rings, olives, and goat cheese, 85 cents. Order it with the house dressing, which carries cumin to new heights, or choose Russian, French, or Roquefort.

Also offered are a Near East onion soup, 50 cents, and a soup du jour, 40 cents.

For dinner, chef Kaid offers his version of tajine chicken (the tajine, a clay pot shaped like an inverted funnel, is used in Morocco for slow cooking). Pieces of chicken are sautéed, baked in a light tomato sauce, and then sparked with black olives and fresh lemon. Large potato slices, well browned, complete the dish, $3.25. Tajine lamb is a drier dish, slowly baked with prunes and almonds. It's the author's choice, $3.50.

A superb couscous is served in a large soup bowl, hot to the touch. Atop a layer of hard durum wheat (the couscous) and beneath a scattering of plump white raisins is chicken or lamb with slices of celery, minced onion, and thin sections of carrot. A remarkable dish, ample for sharing (no charge for the extra plate). However, you must ask for the hot sauce, a standard accompaniment to couscous. Author's choice, $3.25.

The aroma exuded by Kaid's interpretation of bestela pigeon pie pervades the air, and the portion served is more than generous. Chicken (not pigeon, alas) is minced, then mixed with almonds, raisins, and butter. Blended in its own broth with beaten eggs, the filling is flavored with cinnamon and encrusted in filo, which is baked until brown. The serving is topped with powdered sugar and slices of peeled fresh orange, cinnamon-dusted, $3.75.

One dinner-entrée platter is breast of chicken "guasmonda" (a Kaid-coined word). The boned white meat is breaded, hidden beneath slices of mushroom —all on a bed of spinach—and covered with a delicate tomato-flavored sauce, $3. The same price will bring coq au vin (half of a broiled chicken with string beans and almonds), chicken fricassee with wine sauce and dried mushrooms, or turkey supreme, which is served with pineapple rings.

Six slices of sautéed veal piccata share a platter with a wide stripe of saffron rice, one tip of which has been turned orange by a ladling of pale-red tomato sauce. Veal dishes are all $3.25, and other choices include veal marsala, veal cordon bleu stuffed with Swiss cheese, veal cacciatora, and veal francese with peaches (each with rice).

"Shrimp with scallops sautéed with wine sauce and Mideast spices served with rice pilaf" is just that, $3.50. Chopped green pepper, mushroom, onion, and flecks of parsley are added to the wine sauce. Fillet of sole amandine, shrimp peccanti with wine sauce and capers, shrimp curry with wine garlic butter, and a combination seafood platter with seasoned newburg sauce also are each $3.50. Nearly every dish is served with rice.

Lamb entrées range from grape leaves stuffed with lamb, $2, to okra or string beans with lamb and rice, $2.75, to shish kebab with rice, $3.25.

The Middle East specialties are a special buy—all again served with rice. One is a combination of shish kebab and kafta kebab (chopped lamb mixed with onions and Mideast spices), $3. Others offered: baked kibbe (ground baked leg of lamb), $2.95, and saba glaba (fine chunks of lamb sautéed with onions, peppers, garlic, and Mideast spices), $3.25.

The dessert roster lists cheesecake and baklava, 75 cents; ice cream, 55 cents; fruit crepes and kammer al-din (apricot pudding), 75 cents. Arab coffee flavored with cardamom seed is a must at 35 cents. Also to drink are soft drinks or milk, 35 cents; hot coffee and tea, 30 cents; hot Sanka and iced coffee, tea, and Sanka, 35 cents.

The New Near East has pledged itself to maintain its high standards and low prices: The meats, fish, and vegetables used are all fresh, and you will find everyone on the staff eager to be of help. Prices listed are for dinner dishes; many of the same offerings are available for lunch at reduced prices.

Seats 64. Open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. Monday through Sunday. Okay to bring your own wine. Wheelchair access. ■

Food—good to excellent
Service—good to excellent
Ambience—good
Hygiene—good

Television / Harriet Van Horne

PRESIDENTIAL TIMBRE

"...The latest episode of *Eleanor and Franklin* covers the turbulent years 1932 to 1945. All the highlights are here..."

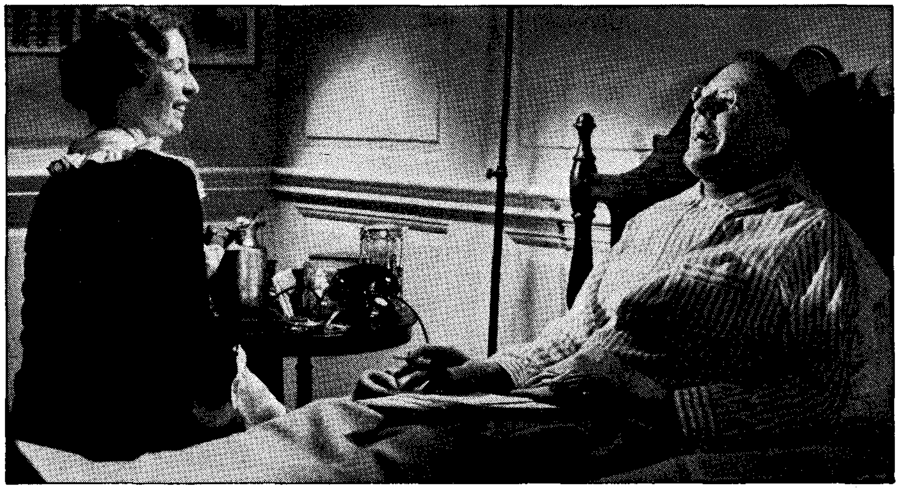
Why is it that the history we have lived through reduces us to tears when it is played out again on the screen, while the history that happened before we were born leaves us untouched? Proust could explain it. I can only say that I wept like a fountain during the three-hour screening of the latest **Eleanor and Franklin** episode, coming to ABC next Sunday, March 13.

Edward Herrmann and Jane Alexander carry on as President and Mrs. Roosevelt, their accents, inflections, and attitudes all perfect. James Costigan's script covers the turbulent years 1932 to 1945. All the remembered highlights are here: Mrs. Roosevelt square dancing with coal miners, visiting the battle areas, inviting Negroes to the White House for tea, resigning from the DAR, and looking the other way as FDR carried on with Missy LeHand.

Daniel Petrie has directed with so much taste and tenderness that one hates to quibble over small imperfections. But some of the smaller parts are glaringly miscast.

Unfairly, perhaps, when we are watching history we have lived, we require that the actors bear a resemblance to the real people. By that standard, the Harry Hopkins (Donald Moffat) is all wrong. So is the James Roosevelt (Ray Baker—much too short). Most jarring of all, though, is the Anna Roosevelt (Blair Brown), a pert-faced cover-girl type. The real Anna had a profile straight off a Greek coin—a leather-and-tweed type, bony, toothy, always with that touch of class.

Quibbles aside, don't miss this one. It's on from 8 to 11 P.M., with IBM graciously taking time for only three commercials.


Bedside manner: *Jane Alexander and Edward Herrmann in ABC's* Eleanor and Franklin.

It's that time of year again. Hounds of spring on winter's traces . . . ergo, it's **Pledge Period on Public Television** (March 5–20). The goal this year is a whopping $10 million. With matching grants—avarice spurring industry—this year's take should be $13.5 million. That buys a lot of congressional hearings, *Sesame Streets*, and visits to cannibal villages in New Guinea.

Now, to make sure your attention stays riveted to Channel 13 for the next two weeks, a lavish spread is in the offing. As always in pledge period, each program will open a few minutes late. This allows some Glittering Name to chide you for not sending in your donation. They grow tiresome, these appeals, but it's a small price to pay for the splendors and oddities of PBS.

Of the eighteen special programs aimed at getting you inside the tent with your checkbook, one third are British. Some were chosen for their antiquarian value, others because they are, to use PBS's word, "blockbusters."

Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes From a Marriage* falls into the latter category. It's in six parts, on Wednesdays, beginning March 9 at 10 P.M., and on Sunday nights at 11:30, beginning March 13. There will be repeats *in Swedish* (with English subtitles) for purist viewers every Saturday night at nine.

Then there's *Rock Follies,* a jolly British mini-series about three twitchy lasses who form their own rock group. It's called the Little Ladies and we may assume the title's ironic. The Little Ladies and their follies are on view every night this week (March 7 at 10 P.M., March 8–11 at 11 P.M.). In an ear-splitting marathon, all five episodes will be beamed, in order, on Saturday night, March 12, at eleven. If you live in an apartment, keep the volume down.

You don't have to be Jewish to enjoy *Bar Mitzvah Boy,* on view Thursday, March 10, at 8:30 P.M. It's funny, tender, wise, and hysterical. "Frightfully ethnic," the WASPs would say. And marvelous besides. It's beautifully acted in broad cockney laced with Yiddish.

The story concerns a sensitive boy who looks at the adults in his family and rejects the ceremony that would raise him to official manhood. Midway in the ritual, wearing his yarmulke and shawl, he suddenly bolts the synagogue.

Jeremy Steyn, a gifted young actor with a fine command of Hebrew, makes the boy entirely credible. This BBC drama is one of the week's best.

Following *Bar Mitzvah Boy* there's one of those historic items movie buffs will love. *The Epic That Never Was* (March 10 at 10 P.M.) is a documentary on Josef von Sternberg's star-cross'd attempt to bring the novel *I, Claudius* to the screen. Dirk Bogarde narrated this 1964 essay, which was shown at the New York Film Festival in 1969.

Charles Laughton is brilliant as the crippled, stammering Claudius. Emlyn Williams has some droll moments describing the costumes he was obliged to wear as Caligula—"two hostess gowns and a cocktail number." Though we see only snippets, it's clear that *I, Claudius* might have been superb.

An all-Strauss concert by the Vienna Philharmonic will be offered Saturday, March 12, at 8 P.M. More specials—some of them considerably more colorful—will be on view during the second week of Festival '77. ■

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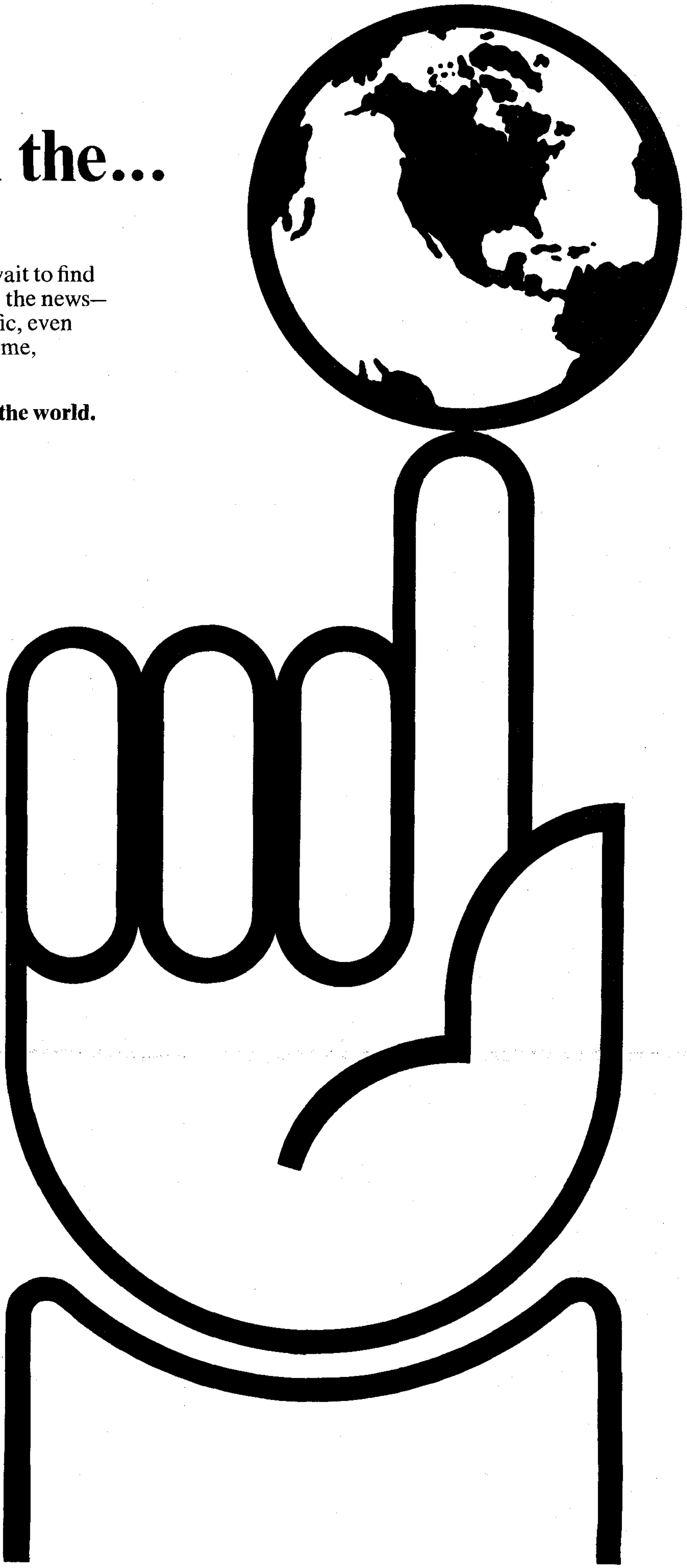

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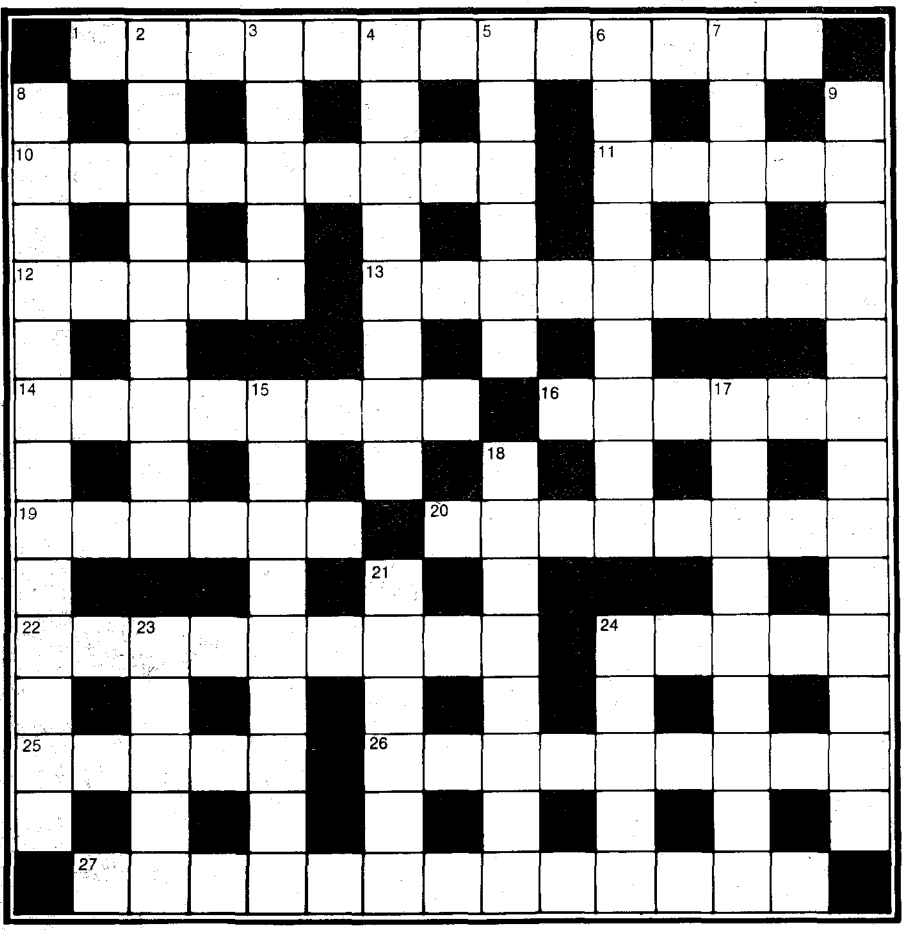

Clues

ACROSS

1 What's going on here, then? What's the game? (6, 7)

10 Mopers put out first. (9)

11 Fine Scottish novice in a fight! (5)

12 Command in sequence. (5)

13 Want a drink? Toss a true coin for it! (9)

14 Fashionable specialist is far from adroit. (8)

16 "The long majestic march . . . divine" (Pope). (6)

19 Scales which only half the game must break. (6)

20 Cues held a particular way for use with this table. (8)

22 Flies through the air with the greatest of ease. (9)

24 Bounder and in France a military trainee. (5)

25 Barrier guard? (5)

26 Frank has funds, demonstrating his generosity? (4, 5)

27 After a long time, shows signs of temper—all because of collector's pieces. (7, 6)

DOWN

2 Futile hope going up in smoke? (4, 5)

3 Not so well done! That's even more uncommon. (5)

4 Unintelligent foreign priest won't improve you quickly. (4, 4)

5 Bird to the smallest degree is a choice item. (6)

6 Girl emerged when the volcano piped up. (9)

7 Edict applying to Britain and specifically the East. (5)

8 Life story of a car-dealer? (13)

9 The stars can't be seen in these conditions until the blow comes. (6, 7)

15 Increase the money for the house—that will raise a tear! (3, 2, 4)

17 By way of a change, drop Turin for the return journey. (5-4)

18 They plan to mess up the manuscript—cheers! (8)

21 Clothing for the artist who turns up in the ditty. (6)

23 Travelled towards the ring in the horse-show. (5)

24 Catch the gunner? How nutty! (5)

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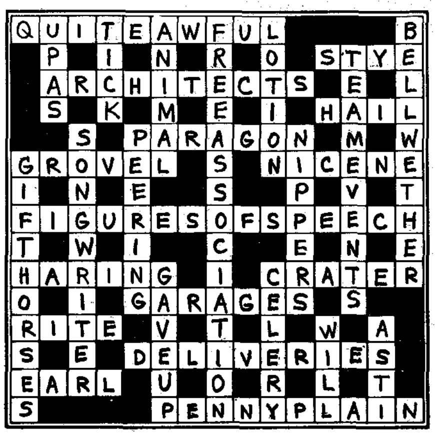
Solution To Last Issue's Puzzle.



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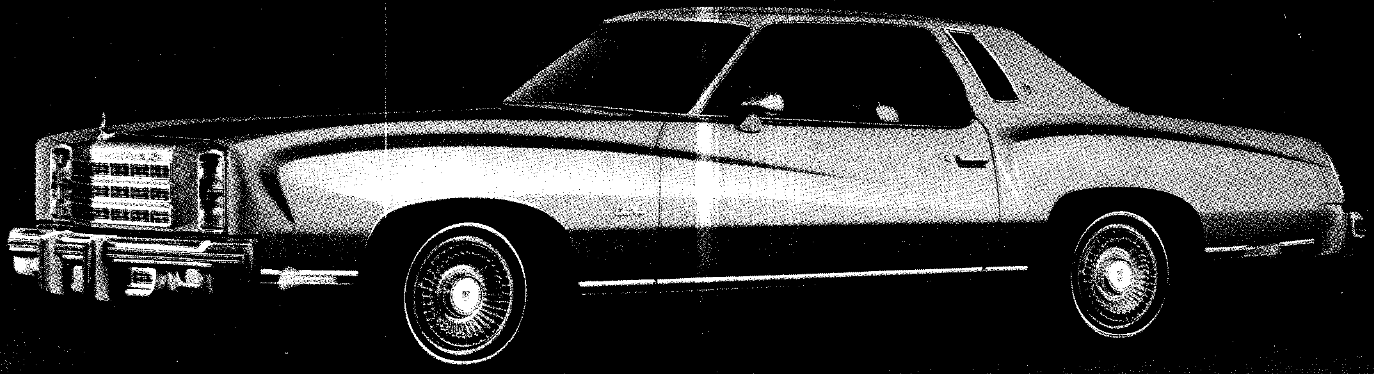
that's character.



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Just a reminder that the most impressive thing about Chivas Regal is what's in the bottle, not what's on it.

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